



No. 73

JUNE...TEN CENTS



# ACTION COMICS





# SUPERMAN

by JERRY SIEGEL  
AND  
JOE SHUSTER

OKAY, YOU KIDS!  
HAND OVER  
THAT IMMY  
COLLECTION!

**T**HE WORLD IS AN ATTIC LOADED WITH ODDS AND ENDS, THE FLOTSAM AND JETSAM OF ACCUMULATED CENTURIES WHICH ARE NEVER DISCARDED BECAUSE EACH MAN IS A BORN COLLECTOR DELIGHTING IN HIS ARRAY OF BOOKS, HIS STAMP ALBUMS, HIS BRIC-A-BRAC. BUT WHEN LAWLESS COLLECTORS OF MONEY SEEK TO KIDNAP CLARK KENT, SUPERMAN'S SECRET HOBBY IS REVEALED! HOWEVER, ALL ENDS WELL AND THE LOCAL WARDEN'S COLLECTION OF CROOKS IS MADE COMPLETE WHEN THE MAN OF STEEL MAKES HIM A PRESENT OF...

**"THE HOBBY ROBBERS!"**

THE HOME OF JONATHAN SPENCE IS ADORNED WITH MANY FINE AND EXPENSIVE ART TREASURES...



YET, THEY ARE NOT TREASURED BY SPENCE HALF AS MUCH AS HIS CURIOUS COLLECTION OF OLD POWDER HORNS!

499 OF THEM DATING FROM THE YEAR 1500 TO THE LAST POWDER CANISTER MADE IN 1890! AND NOW...



THIS OLD IVORY PERSIAN HORN MAKES IT AN EVEN 500! THE THOUGHT OF IT ALMOST STUNS ME... AGGH!

STUNS... IS PRECISELY THE WORD!



WHAT DO WE TAKE FIRST, BOSS... DE STATCHOOS OR DE PAINTIN'S?

NEITHER, MOOCH! THEY ARE MUCH TOO EASILY IDENTIFIED TO SELL! INSTEAD, YOU AND DIPPER WILL LOAD THESE POWDER HORNS ON THE TRUCK!



BUT, BOSS, DAT'S DOUBLE-TALK! IF DIS ART STUFF IS TOO "HOT" TO SELL, DEN WHY DESE... DESE POWDER, ROCKETS? WHAT'S DE PERCENTAGE?

THE PERCENTAGE IS SOME VERY NICE GREEN PAPER CALLED M-O-N-E-Y! YOU SEE, I ALREADY HAVE A CUSTOMER FOR THESE HORNS!



LATER... AFTER THE POWDER HORNS "HAVE TAKEN A POWDER"...

FINE, AND NOW I'LL LEAVE THIS

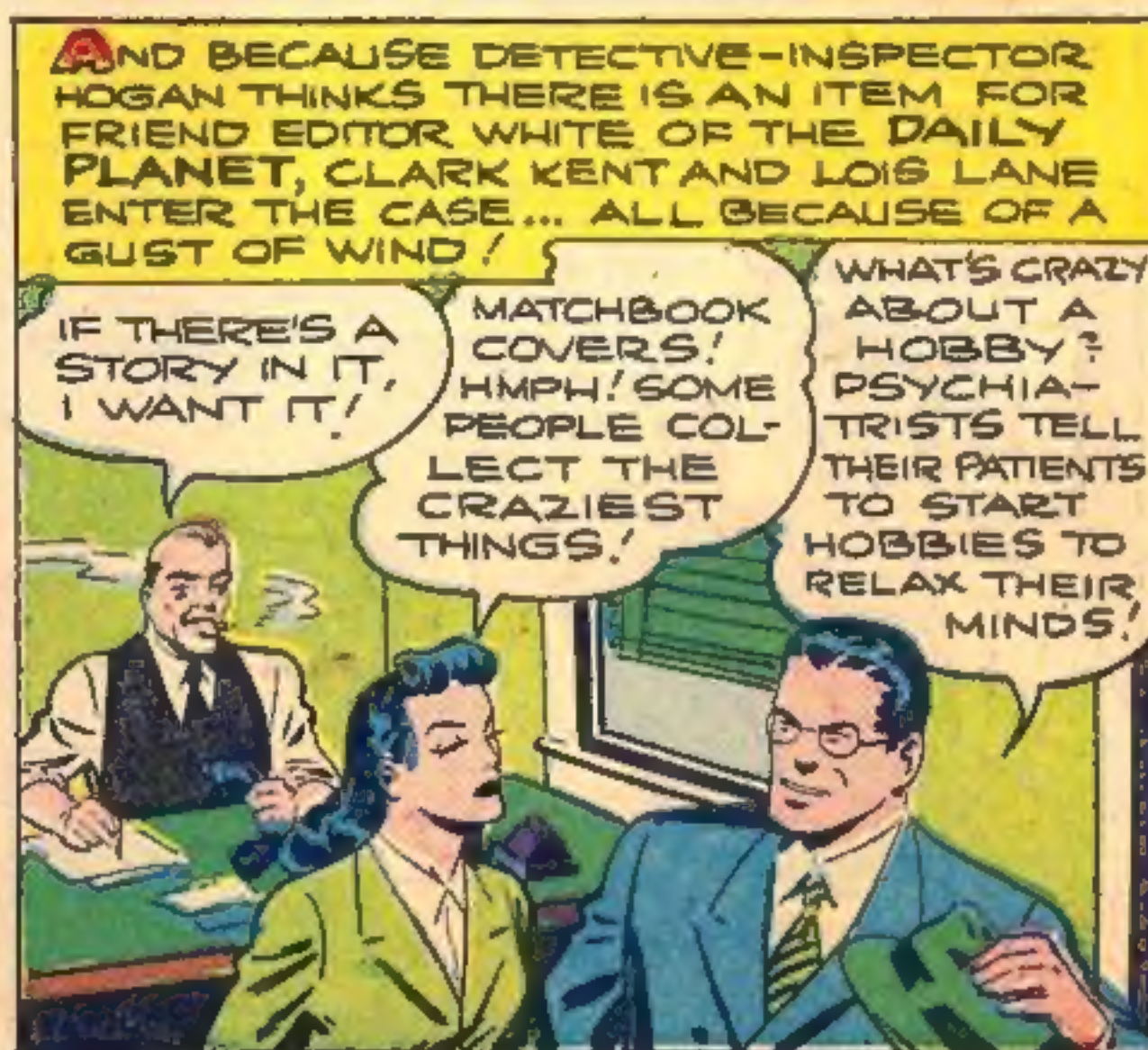
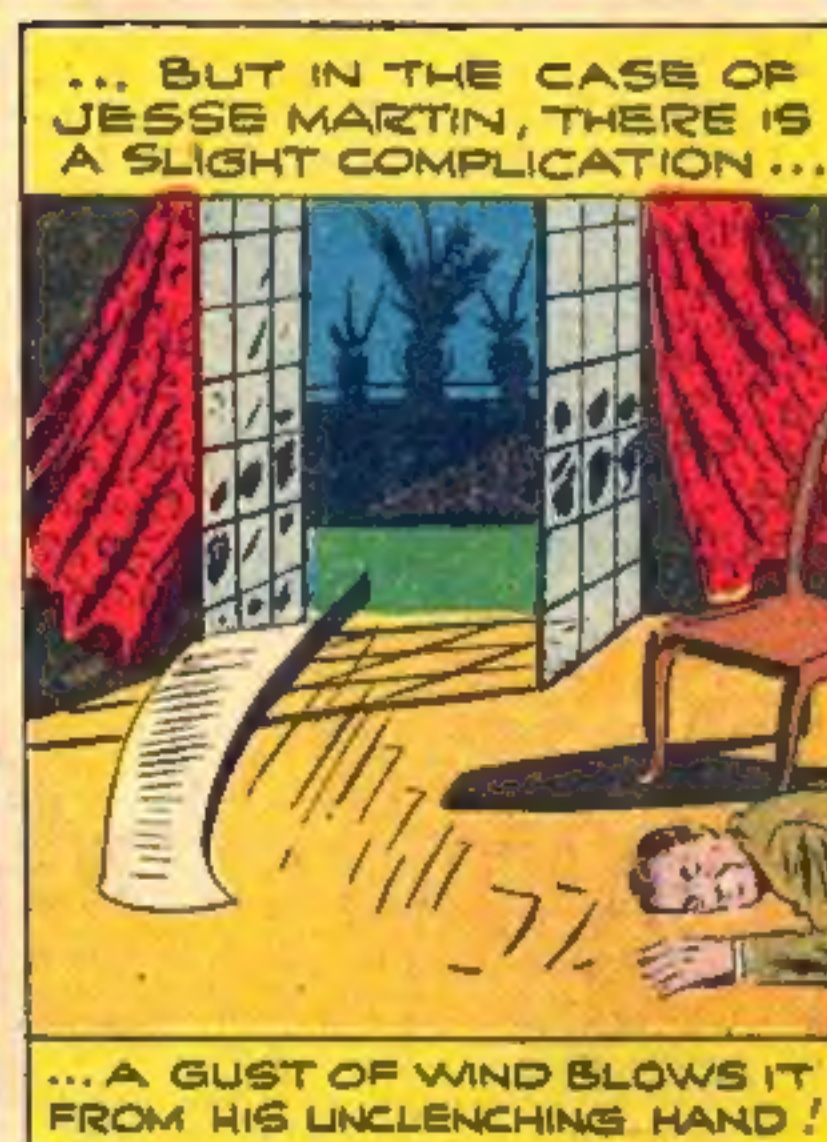
LETTER OF INTRODUCTION WITH MR. SPENCE! I'M SURE HE'LL FIND IT INTERESTING!

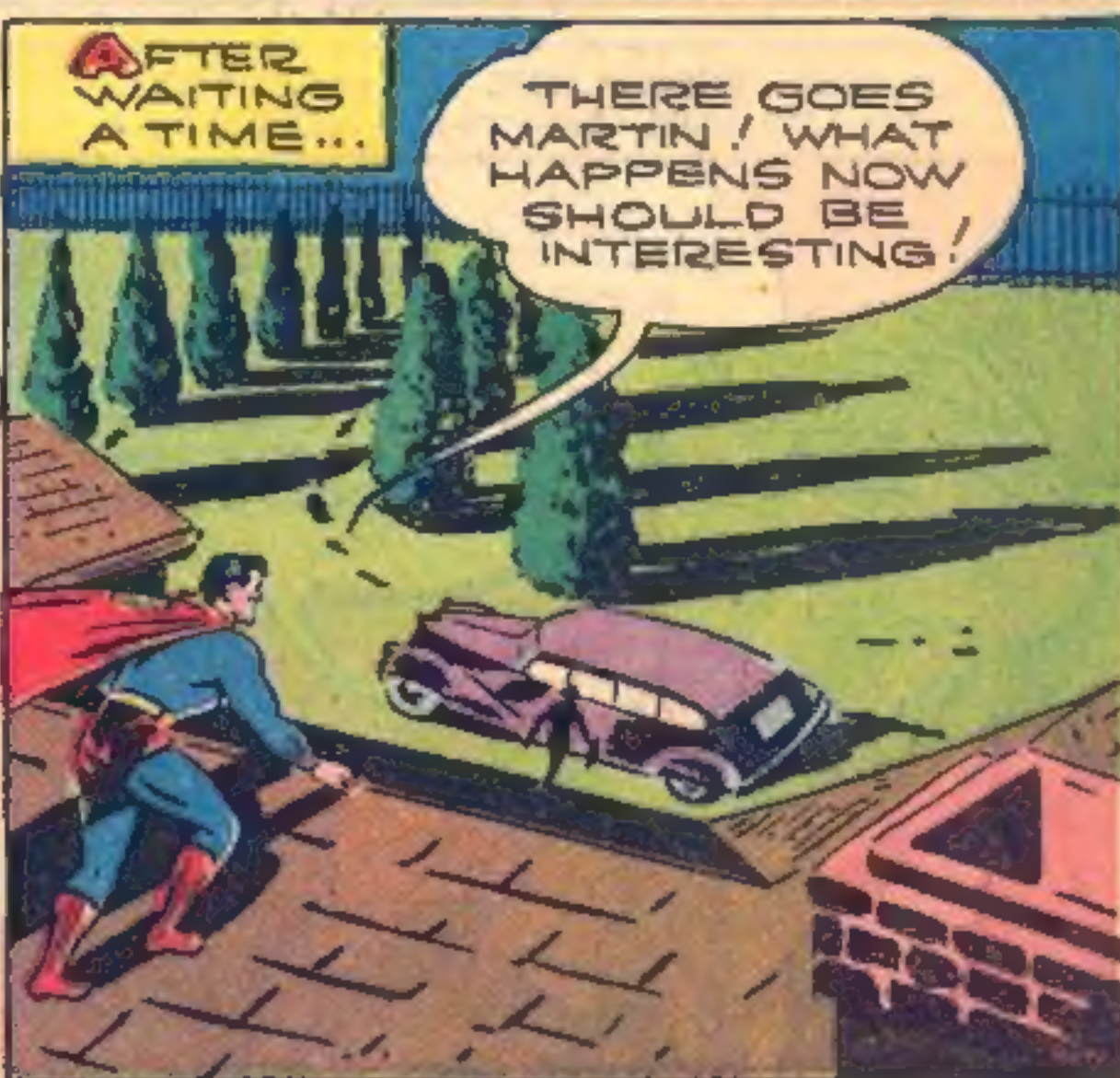
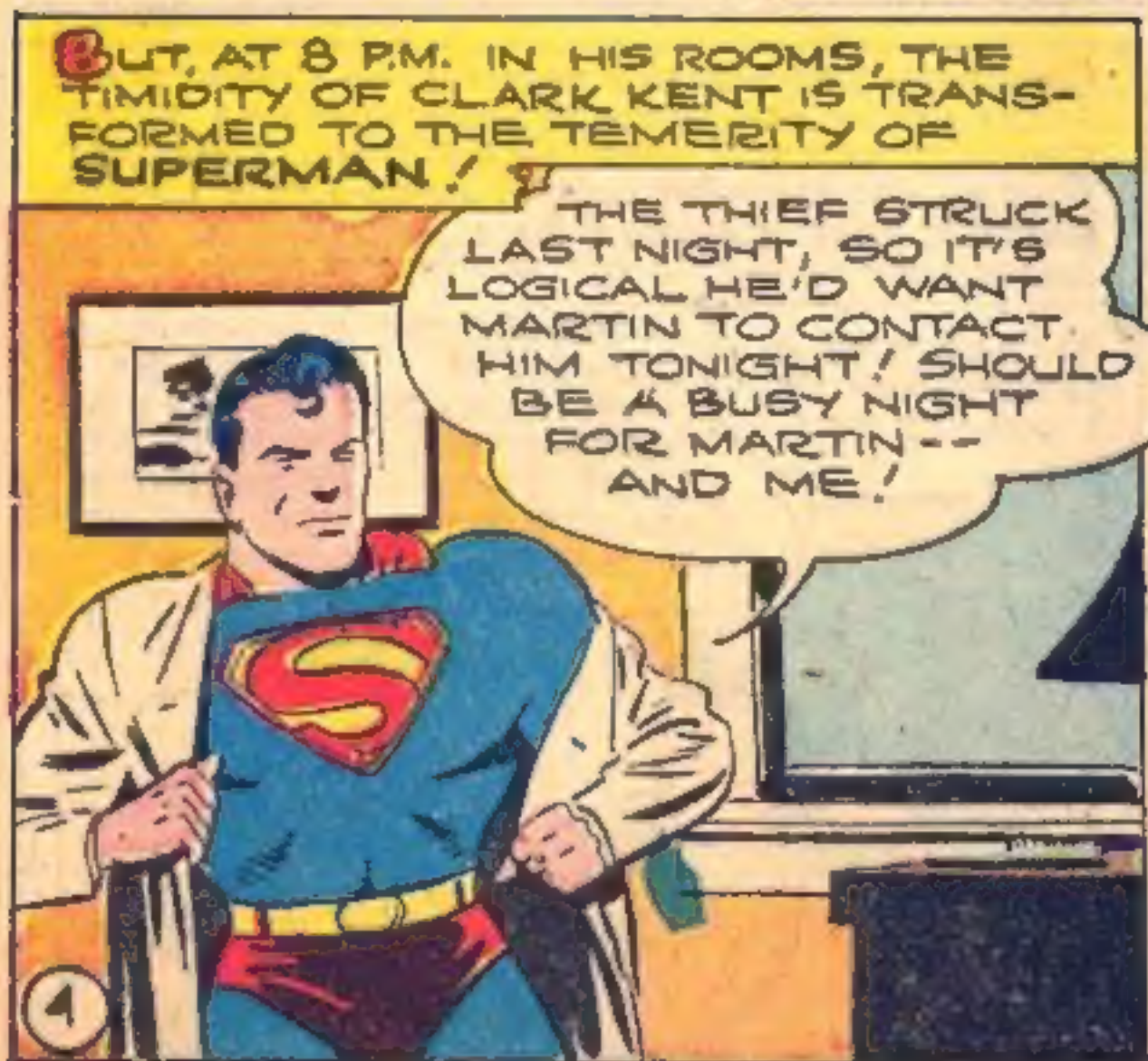
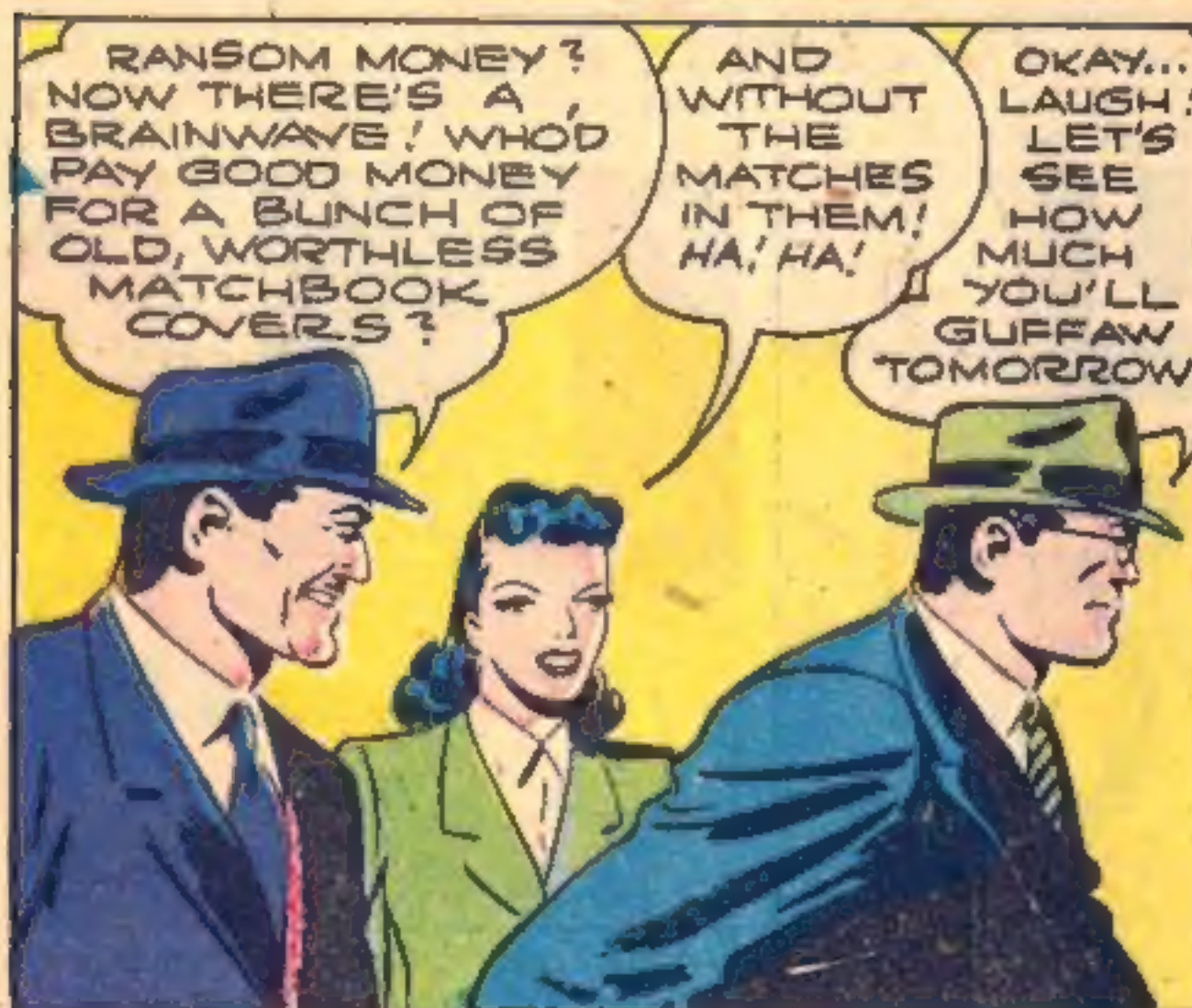
ALL SET, BOSS!



"INTERESTING" IS AN UNDERSTATEMENT!

My Dear Mr. Spence,  
If you wish to regain your magnificent collection of powder horns I suggest you place \$25,000 in the split oak at Hudson Road and Woodie Turnpike on tomorrow eve at exactly 9 P.M.  
A WARNING: Any conversation with the police will mean the loss of your collection -- and possibly your life!





**L**ATER... AT A RAILROAD CROSSING...

HERE'S YOUR NOTE AND MY MONEY! WHERE'S MY COLLECTION! WHERE IS IT?

IT'S A PLEASURE TO DO BUSINESS WITH YOU, MR. MARTIN! YOU DON'T QUIBBLE ABOUT MATTERS! JUST A MOMENT AND I'LL GIVE IT TO YOU!

I'LL TAKE THAT, IF YOU PLEASE... AND IN JUST A MOMENT I'LL GIVE YOU SOMETHING, MR. HOBBY-NAPPER!

SUPERMAN!

OOH! I FEEL SICK!

A PROPHETIC REMARK!

UGH!

**B**UT AS SUPERMAN WHEELS TOWARD SPRUCE...

A HAND GRENADE!

YOU HAVEN'T GOT ME YET, SUPERMAN! LOOK!

BOOM!

**F**OR A MOMENT, SUPERMAN STANDS STUNNED... THEN A TRAIN WHISTLE PENETRATES HIS STUPOR...

UNLESS I DO SOMETHING QUICKLY THERE'S GOING TO BE A TRAIN WRECK! ONLY ONE CHANCE...

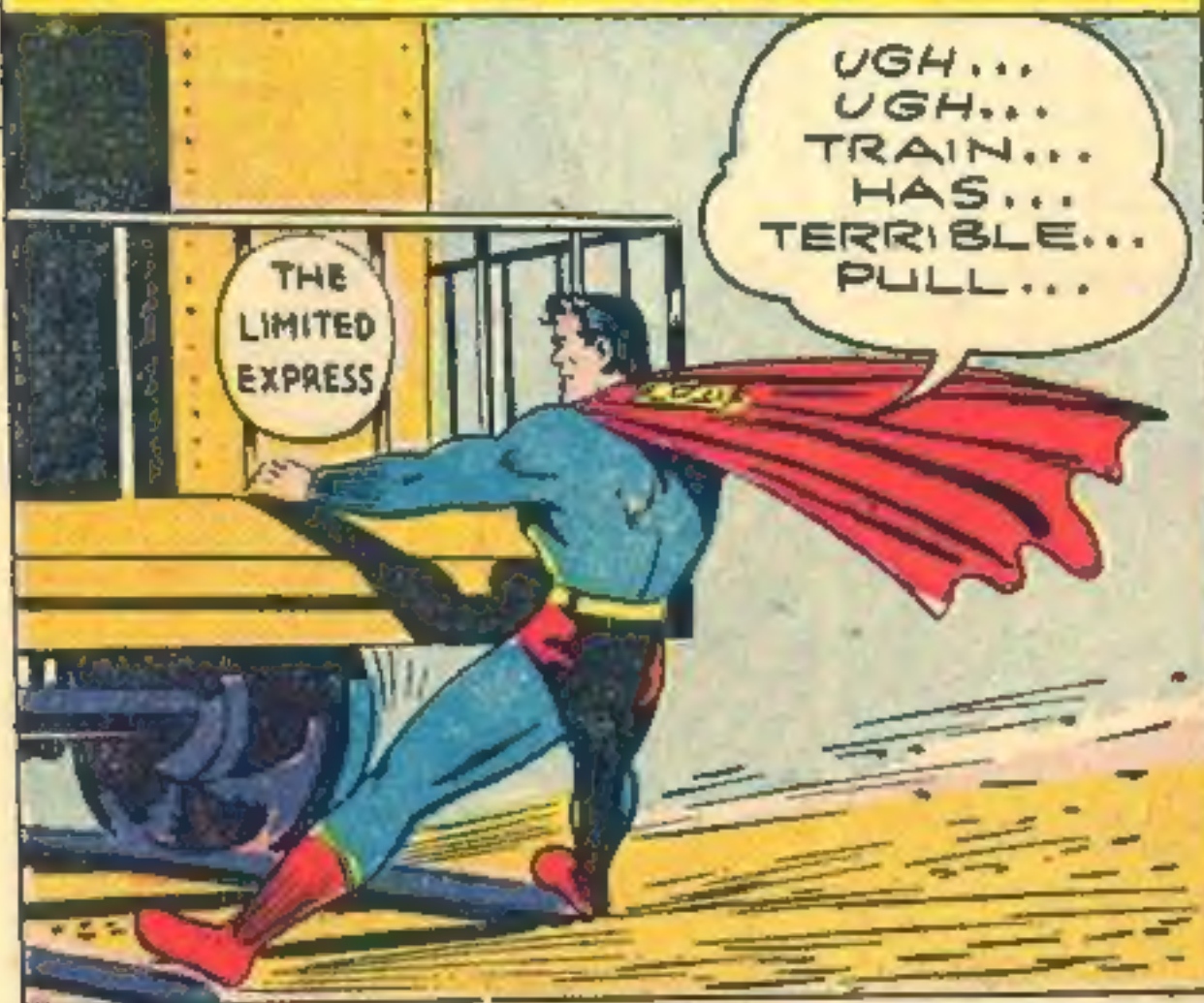
**R**ACING BESIDE THE TRAIN, HE WAVES HIS HAND FRANTICALLY, BUT THE ENGINEER THINKS IT'S A FRIENDLY GESTURE AND WAVES BACK!

OH, THE FOOL! I DON'T DARE PULL THE BRAKES NOW! TOO LATE! THE SUDDEN SHOCK WOULD FLING THE PASSENGERS FROM THEIR SEATS!

**O**NE EXPLOSIVE LEAP... AND SUPERMAN HURTTLES OVER THE LENGTH OF THE TRAIN!

SECONDS TO ACT NOW!

**HIS HANDS CLOSE ON THE LAST CAR! HE HEAVES BACK... BACK...**



**FLANGED WHEELS SCREECH IN PROTEST... SPARKS FLY OFF HOT STEEL AS THE MAN OF STEEL WAGES A TUG-OF-WAR WITH DEATH!**



**... ANOTHER LEAP FORWARD BEFORE THE TRAIN ITSELF... AND SUPERMAN BRACES HIMSELF... TO BRING THE TRAIN TO A DEAD STOP!**



**RETURNING TO THE RANSOM POINT, SUPERMAN FINDS BOTH HOBBY-NAPERS AND THE GUILT-STRICKEN MARTIN GONE... BUT HIS EYES SEARCH AND FIND...**



**AND SO, HOGAN SOON SENDS OUT A HURRY CALL...**

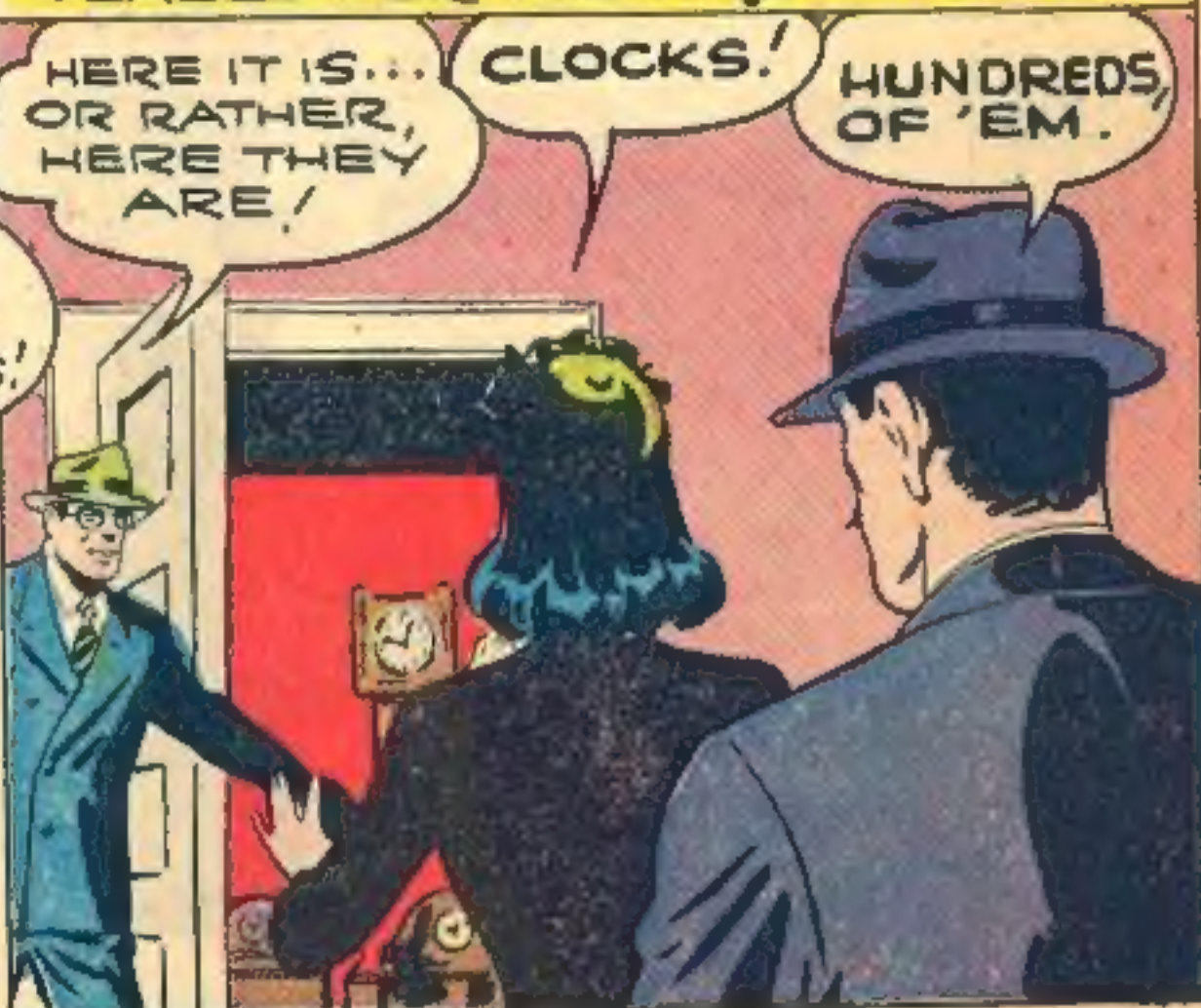
**...AND SUPERMAN SAID YOU CALLED HIM IN ON THE CASE! HOW YOU KNEW ABOUT THE RANSOM BEATS ME!**

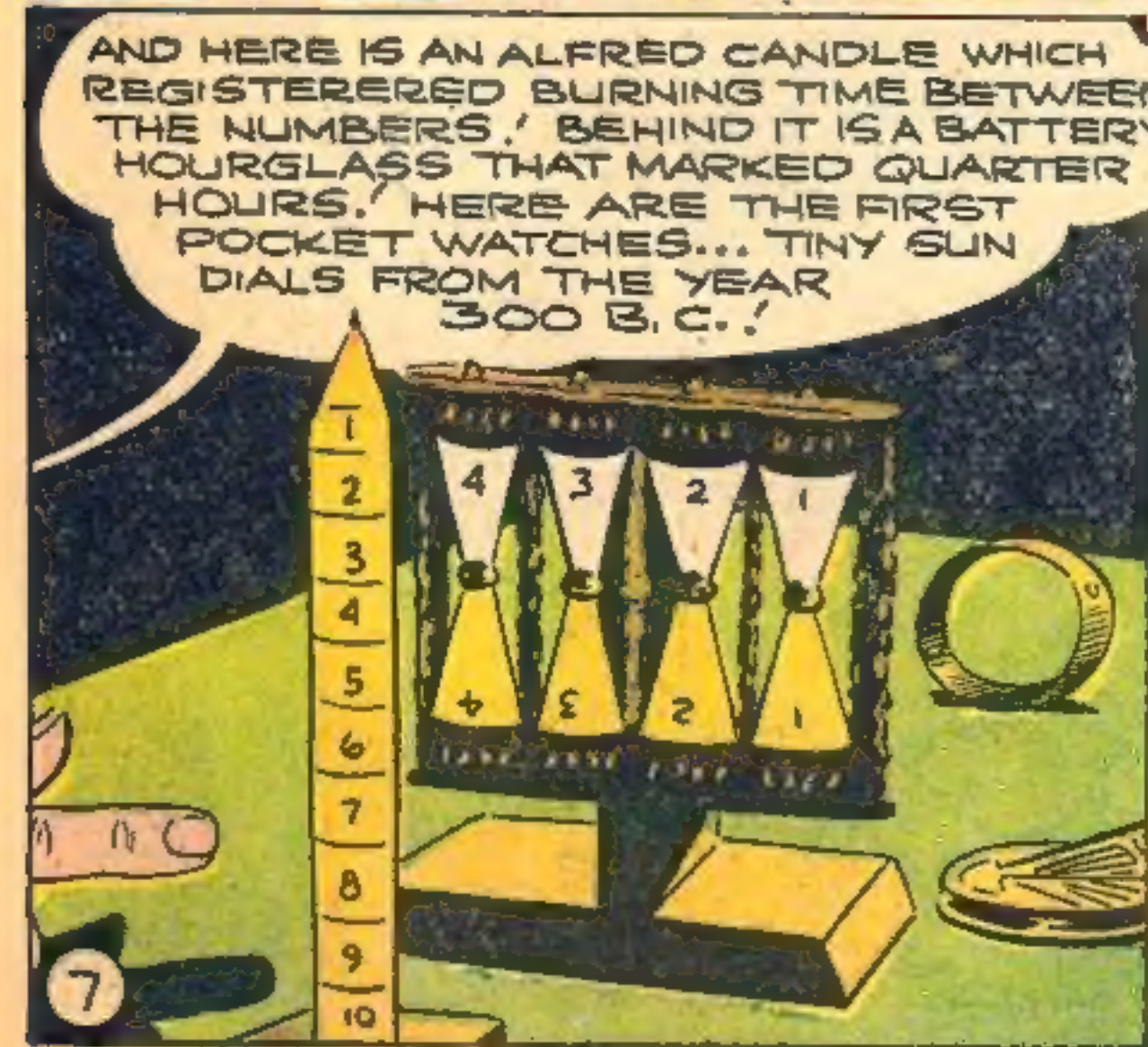
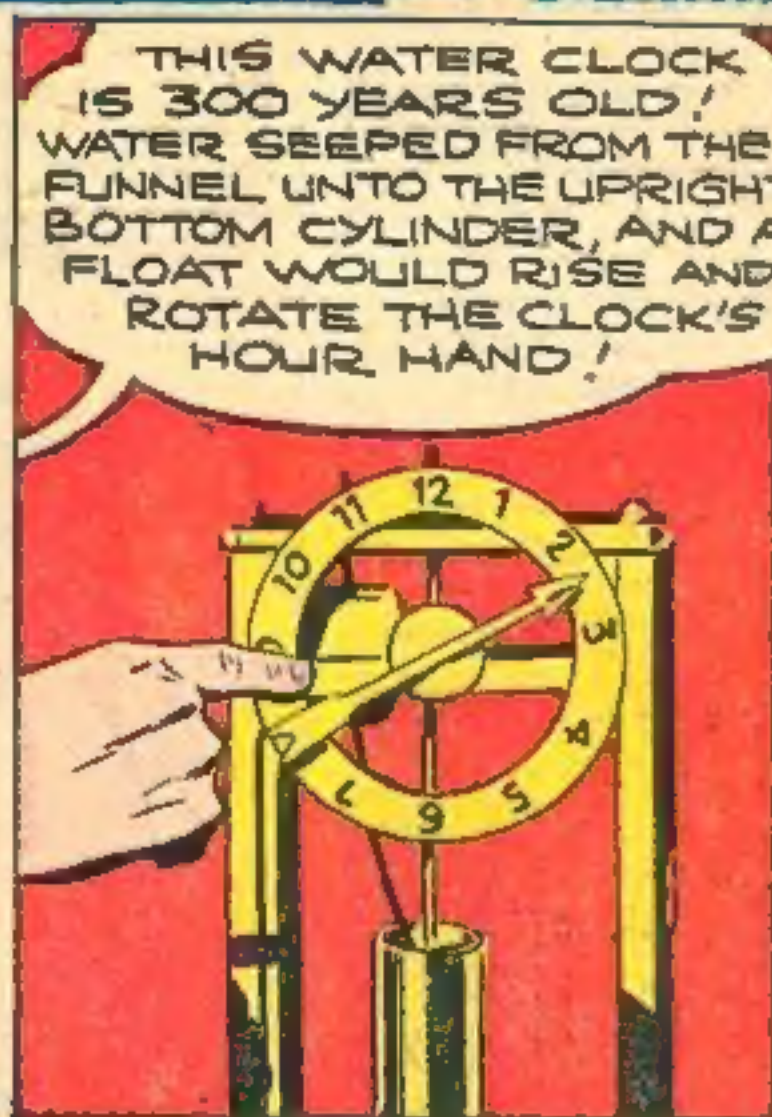
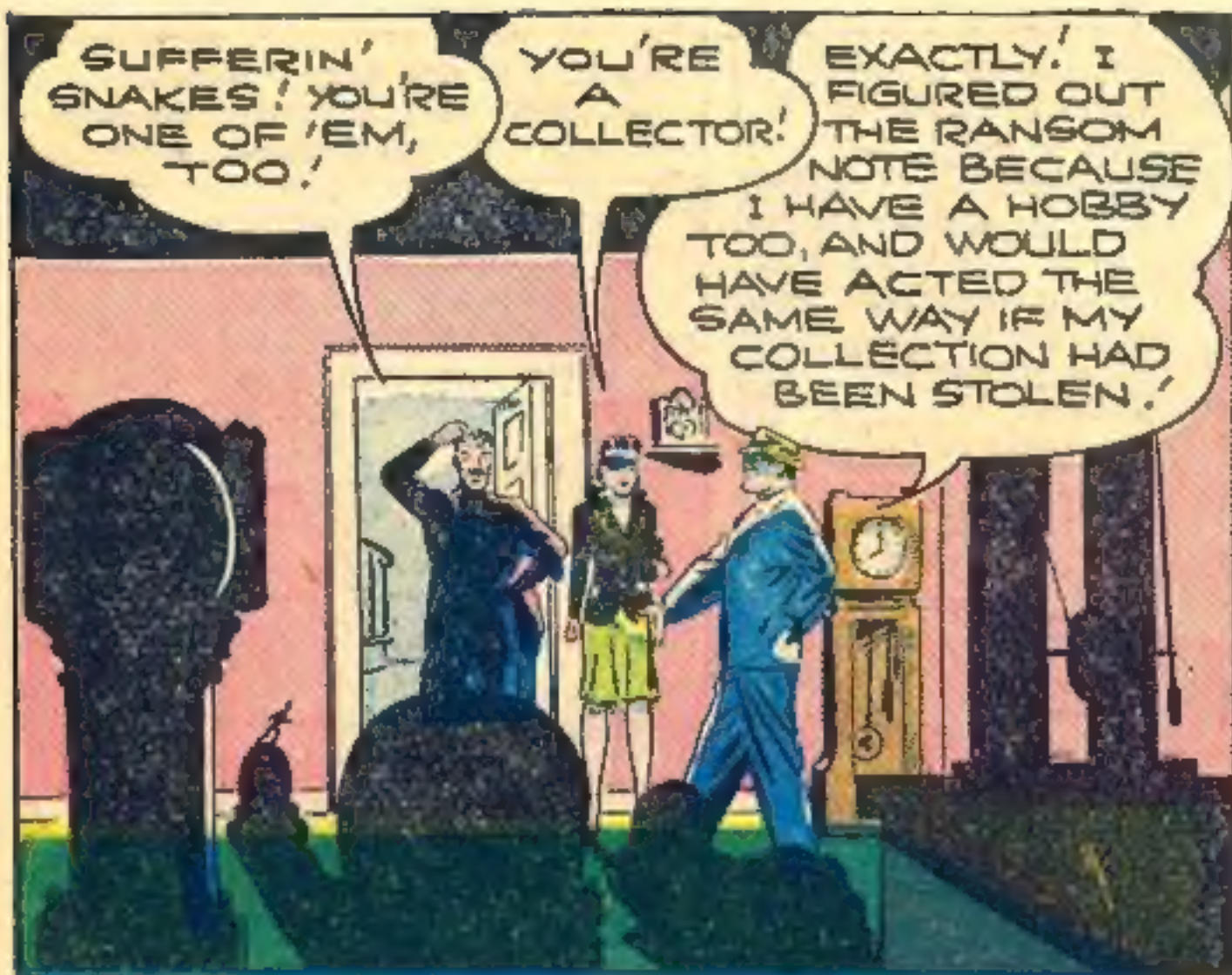
**HOW DID YOU KNOW, CLARK?**

**THE ANSWER LIES IN A LOCKED ROOM IN MY HOME! I'M GOING TO UNFASTEN THE DOOR AND LET YOU SEE IT FOR YOURSELVES!**



**LATER... THAT DOOR IS UNLOCKED... AND AN AMAZING SECRET IS REVEALED FOR THE FIRST TIME!**





**BUT WHY COLLECT CLOCKS?**

OH, BECAUSE I'M A REPORTER AND ALWAYS CONSCIOUS I MUST BE ON TIME TO MEET THE PAPER'S DEADLINE! (—ACTUALLY IT'S BECAUSE I AM THE MAN OF TOMORROW AND BECAUSE TIME SEEMS TO STAND STILL WHEN I EMPLOY SUPER-SPEED!—)

**THAT NIGHT, LOIS LANE WRITES TOMORROW'S HEADLINE'S!**

**DAILY PLANET**  
**DAILY PLANET REPORTER EXPOSES HOBBY-NAPPER RING**  
CLARK KENT, HIMSELF A COLLECTOR OF CLOCKS, PLAYS HUNCH AND ENLISTS AID OF FRIEND SUPERMAN TO CRACK DOWN ON LATEST CRIME RACKET!

CLACK  
CLACKETY CLACK  
CLACK

**AND AN INTERESTED READER IS LUCIUS SPRUCE, HEAD OF THE HOBBY-NAPPERS!**

SO CLARK KENT WAS RESPONSIBLE FOR THE ENTRANCE OF SUPERMAN! AND HE COLLECTS CLOCKS! WHAT A DELIGHTFUL COMPLICATION!

**NEXT DAY, CLARK RECEIVES A LETTER WHICH HE READS AND PROMPTLY TEARS UP...**

LOVE LETTER, CLARK?

ER...NO... JUST A CRANK LETTER! (—I KNEW BY SHOWING LOIS MY COLLECTION SHE'D WRITE A NEWS-PAPER STORY THAT WOULD CATCH THE EYE OF THE HOBBY-NAPPER— AND IT HAS!—)

**BUT WHEN CLARK LEAVES, A GUST OF WIND— THERE'S THAT GUST OF WIND AGAIN— BLOWS ONE TORN BIT TO THE FLOOR...**

CLARK'S CRANK LETTER THAT... SAY, WHAT'S THIS?...ABDUCT YOUR COLLECTION OF CLOCKS?... ??

**SWIFTLY, LOIS PIECES THE BITS TOGETHER INTO A CRIME COMMUNIQUE...**

Dear Mr. Kent,  
If you do not stop your friend Superman from interfering with me, I will abduct your collection of clocks. There is always the possibility I will take your life as well! If you agree, place an ad in tonight's edition of the Planet saying:  
"H-N, Agree."  
C.K.

**THAT NIGHT... CLARK'S ANSWER...**

H-N,  
YOU CAN'T BLUFF ME  
C.K.

**STILL LATER...**  
A STEALTHY FIGURE SLIDES OVER THE WINDOW SILL INTO CLARK'S APARTMENT.



CLARK'S NOT HOME YET! I'D BETTER HURRY!

AH! JUST THE THING! NOW WHEN THE HOBBY ROBBERS TAKE AWAY CLARK'S CLOCKS, I'LL GO WITH THEM—UNKNOWN TO THEM! AND WILL CLARK BURN WHEN I SCOOP HIM BY FINDING OUT THE HIDEOUT AND TIPPING OFF THE POLICE!



**AND THEN IN WALKS CLARK HIMSELF...**

("--THE HOBBY ROBBERS SHOULD BE HERE ANY MOMENT! MIGHT AS WELL MAKE THE SWITCH TO SUPERMAN NOW AND BE READY FOR THEM!--")



**STOP!**

CLARK! LOIS IS INSIDE THAT CLOCK! IF YOU DO A SWITCH NOW SHE'LL KNOW YOU'RE REALLY SUPERMAN!

**BUT CLARK'S X-RAY VISION WARNS HIM IN TIME!**

("--LOIS! OH-OH! I GET IT! ALWAYS THE DEMON REPORTER OUT TO GET A SCOOP! SHE MUST HAVE PIECED THAT LETTER TOGETHER!--")



**WORKING WHERE LOIS CANNOT SEE HIM, CLARK ADJUSTS A CERTAIN CLOCK, WHEN WITHOUT WARNING...**

HELLO! WELL-WELL, LOOK AT HIM QUIVER! NERVOUS, KENT?

YA SHOULD BE! YA WASN'T A GOOD BOY! YA DIDN'T DO WHAT WE TOLD YA TO!

("--THE HOBBY-NAPPERS.. CAME BEFORE I COULD MAKE THE SWITCH AND LOIS IS IN THAT CLOCK! AM I GLAD I CHANGED MY PLANS TO SUIT!--")



I'M NOT AFRAID OF YOU! MY FRIEND SUPERMAN WILL GET YOU.. OOOH!

SHADDUP! HM-MM! IN THAT CASE, WE WILL HOLD YOU AND YOUR CLOCKS, AND AS YOUR RANSOM, WE WILL ASK FOR A NON-INTERVENTION AGREEMENT WITH YOUR FRIEND SUPERMAN!



**PRETENDING UNCONSCIOUSNESS, CLARK "COMES TO" AS THE TRUCK ENTERS A PRIVATE ESTATE...**

AWAKE, I SEE! NOW YOU SHALL VIEW MY HOBBY! I COLLECT PLANTS, MR. KENT... GIANT PLANTS!



**CLARK AND HIS CLOCKS ARE STORED WITHIN THE HUGE AND VAULTED HOT HOUSE...**

WONDERING WHY I'VE BROUGHT YOU TO MY HOT HOUSE? IT'S TO CONVINCE YOU TO WRITE A LETTER TO SUPERMAN TO...WHAT?!!

SNI-I-FFF! I'M ALLERGIC TO ROSES! THEY MAKE ME SNEEZE! HELLO, EVERYBODY!

AM! I RECOGNIZE YOU! MISS LOIS LANE OF THE DAILY PLANET...ANOTHER FRIEND OF SUPERMAN! YOU'LL STAY HERE, TOO... TO PERSUADE SUPERMAN TO...ER.. STEER CLEAR!

**SUDDENLY A FLASH OF RED AND BLUE WHIZZES INTO THE SKY!**

WHAT WAS IT?

DONTCHA REGGERNISE DE COLOR AND DAT SPEED? IT'S SUPERMAN!

**SUPERMAN?? BUT IT CAN'T BE? SUPERMAN IS CLARK KENT AND HE'S STILL AROUND! WHO...WHAT WAS THAT FLASH OF COLOR??**

**QUICKLY SNATCHING UP LOIS, SPRUCE RALLIES HIS HENCHMEN...**

FOLLOW ME! I'LL TAKE THE GIRL TO CHECKMATE SUPERMAN IF HE SHOULD GET US!

WELL, I AIN'T LUGGIN' DAT KENT GUY! I DONT WANNA BE BOIDENED WITH NOTHIN' WHEN I RUN!

**AND WHEN CLARK IS ALONE...**

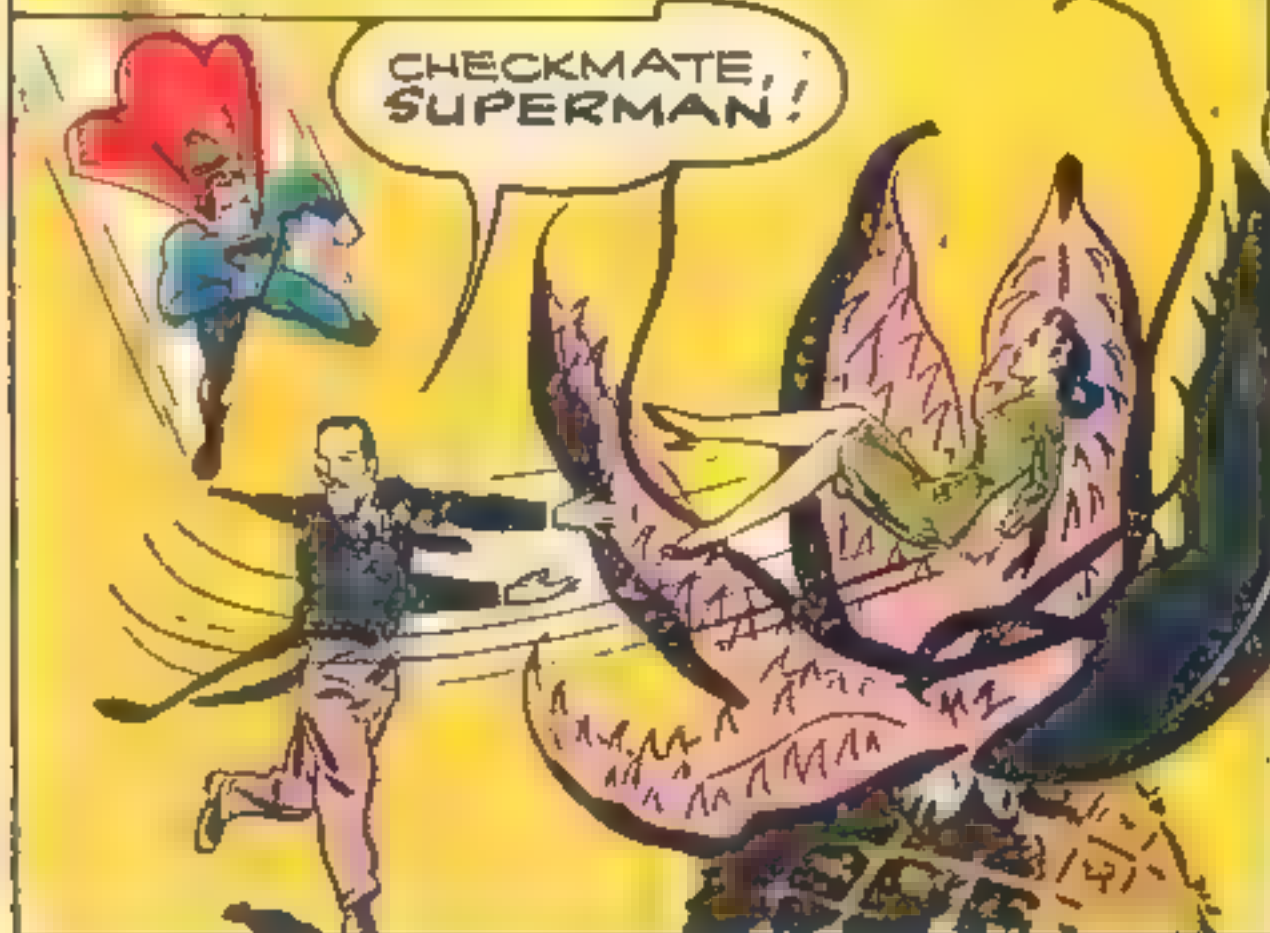
TOO BAD THEY DONT KNOW THAT ONE OF MY CLOCKS IS A SORT OF TIME BOMB THAT SENT UP A ROCKET WHEN I SET THE MECHANISM FOR ONE HOUR'S TIME AFTER I SPOTTED LOIS IN THAT GRANDFATHER CLOCK! IT CERTAINLY CAUGHT THE HOBBY-NAPPERS NAPPING!

SNAP

**AND NOW IT IS SUPERMAN HIMSELF WHO ROCKETS AFTER THE FLEEING CRIMINALS!**

THE REST SHOULD BE EASY! ENOUGH!

SEEING HIS FATE CLOSING IN ON HIM, SPRUCE HURLS LOIS FROM HIM AT A GIANT PLANT OF SINGULAR APPEARANCE...



INSTANTLY THE GIANT PLANT COMES TO LIFE...FEROCIOUS, HUNGRY LIFE!



WITHOUT A MOMENT'S HESITATION, SUPERMAN DIVES INTO THE CORE OF THE CANNIBAL GROWTH AS THE GIANT SPIKY LEAVES CLAMP TOGETHER!



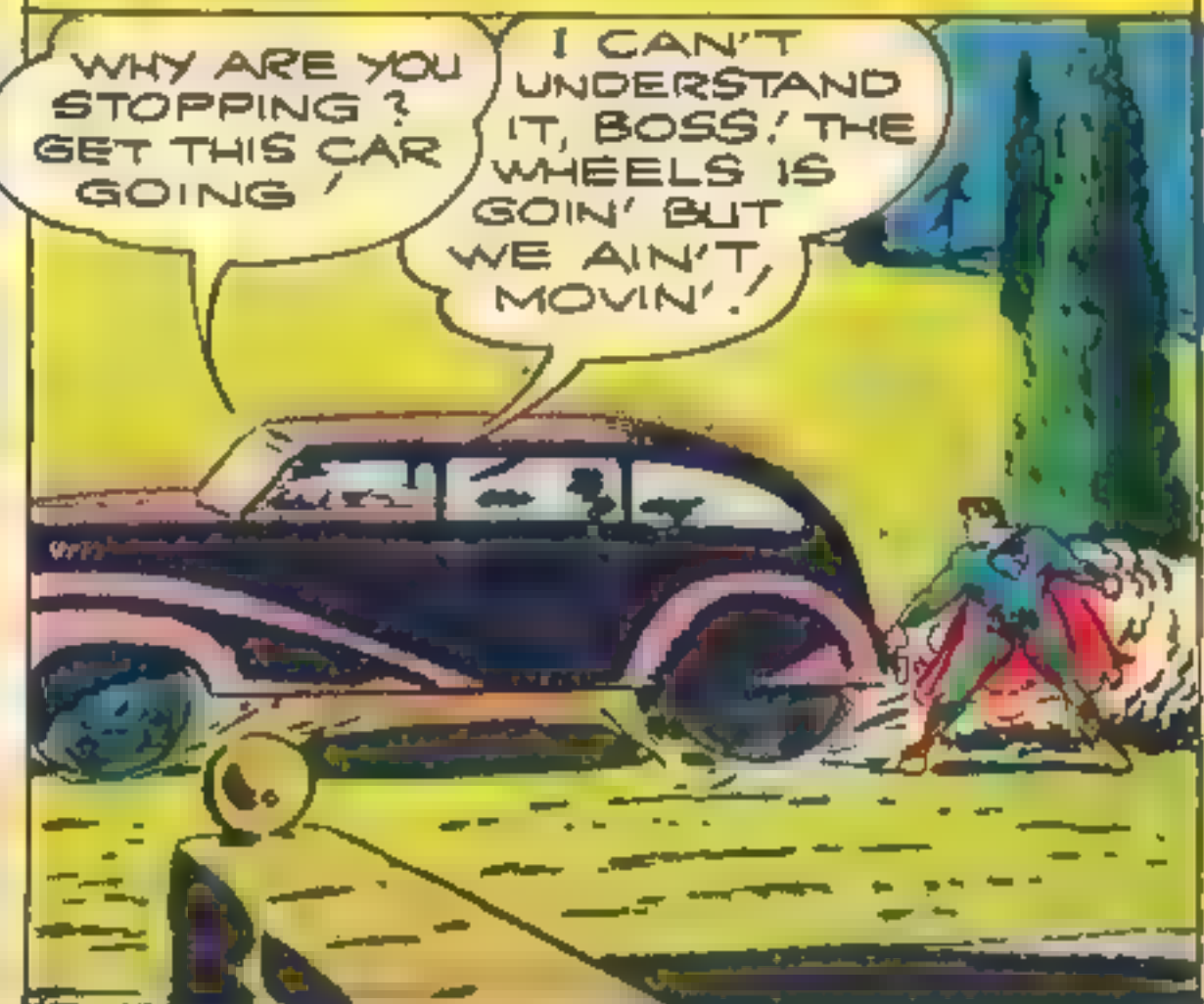
BUT WITH ONE BLOW OF HIS STEEL FIST, SUPERMAN LITERALLY BLASTS THROUGH THE MAN-EATING MONSTER PLANT!

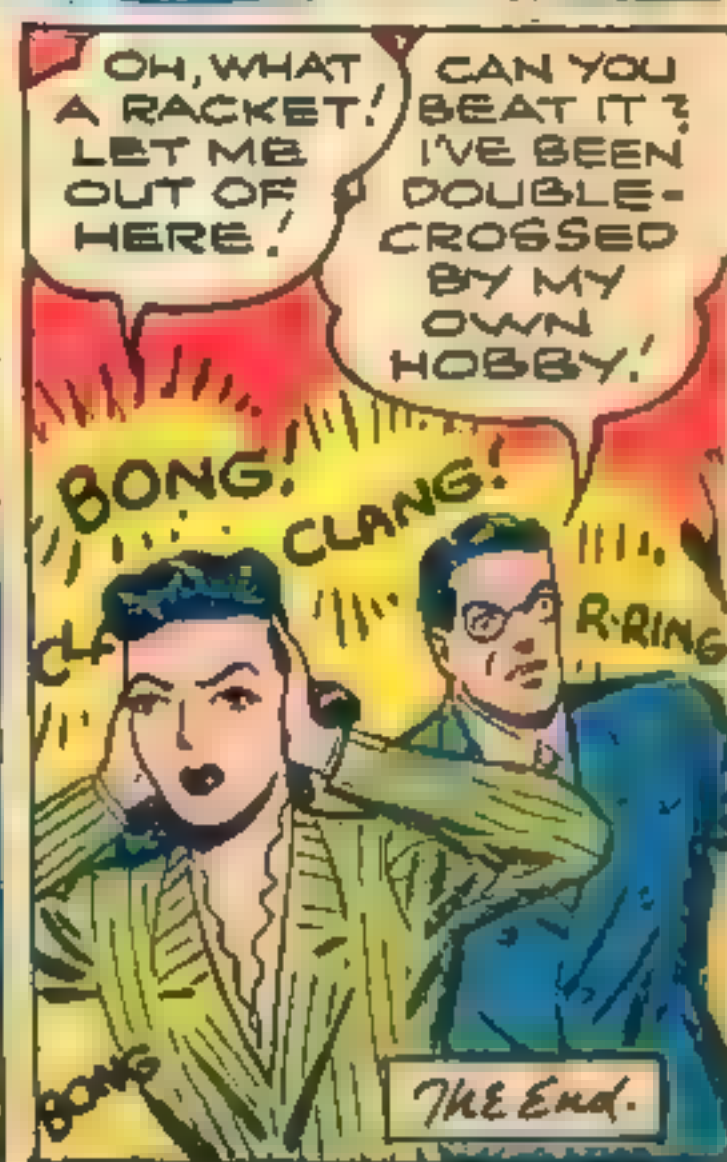
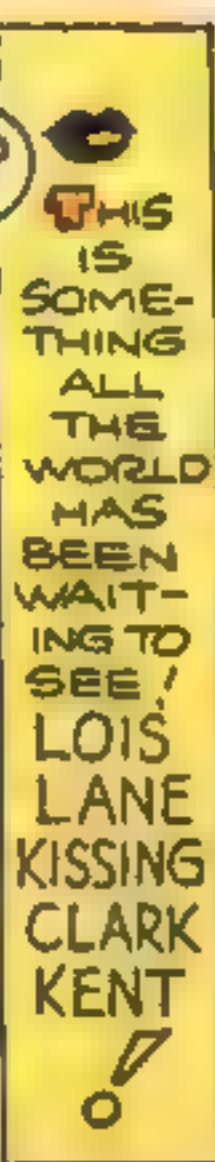
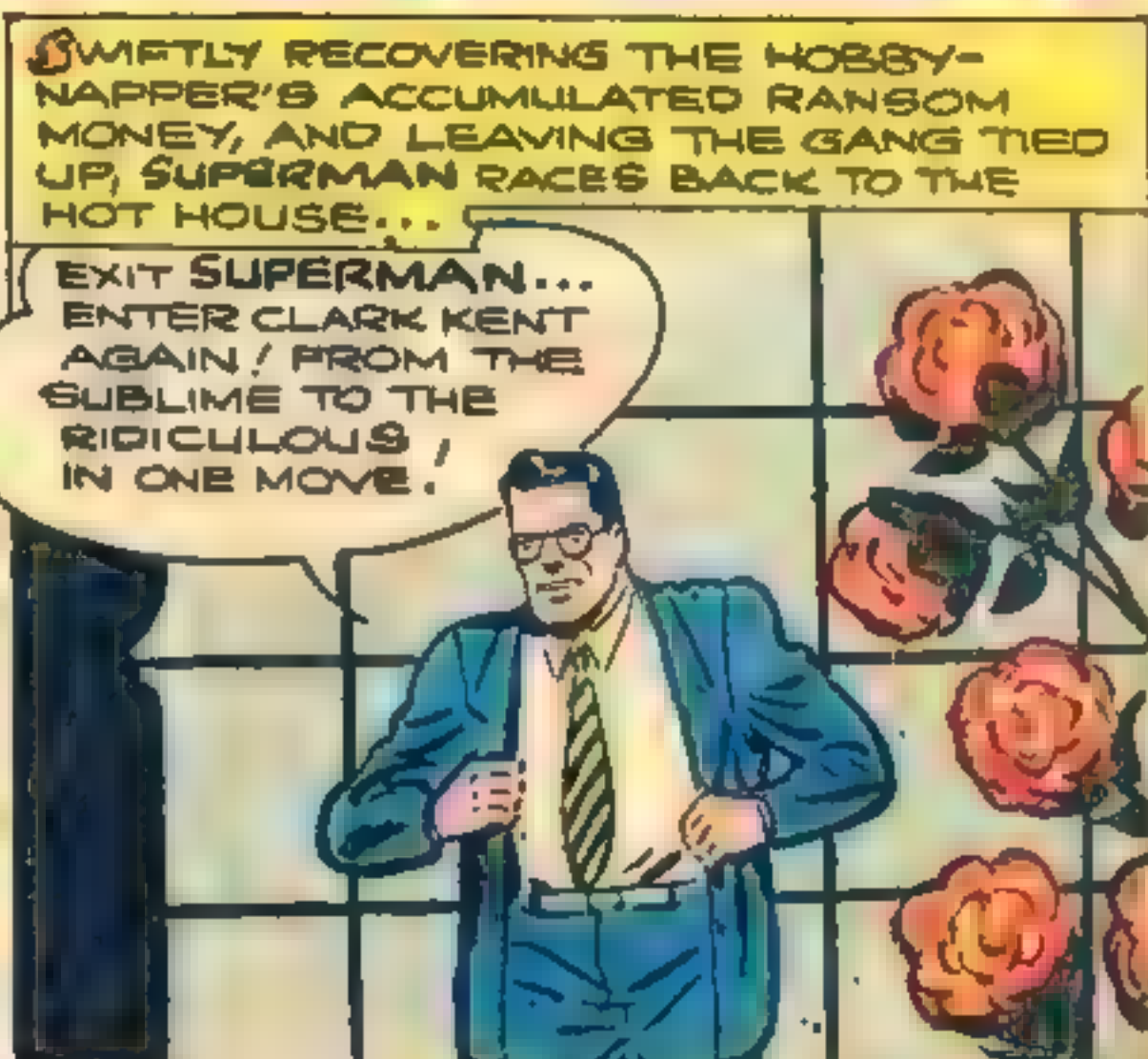
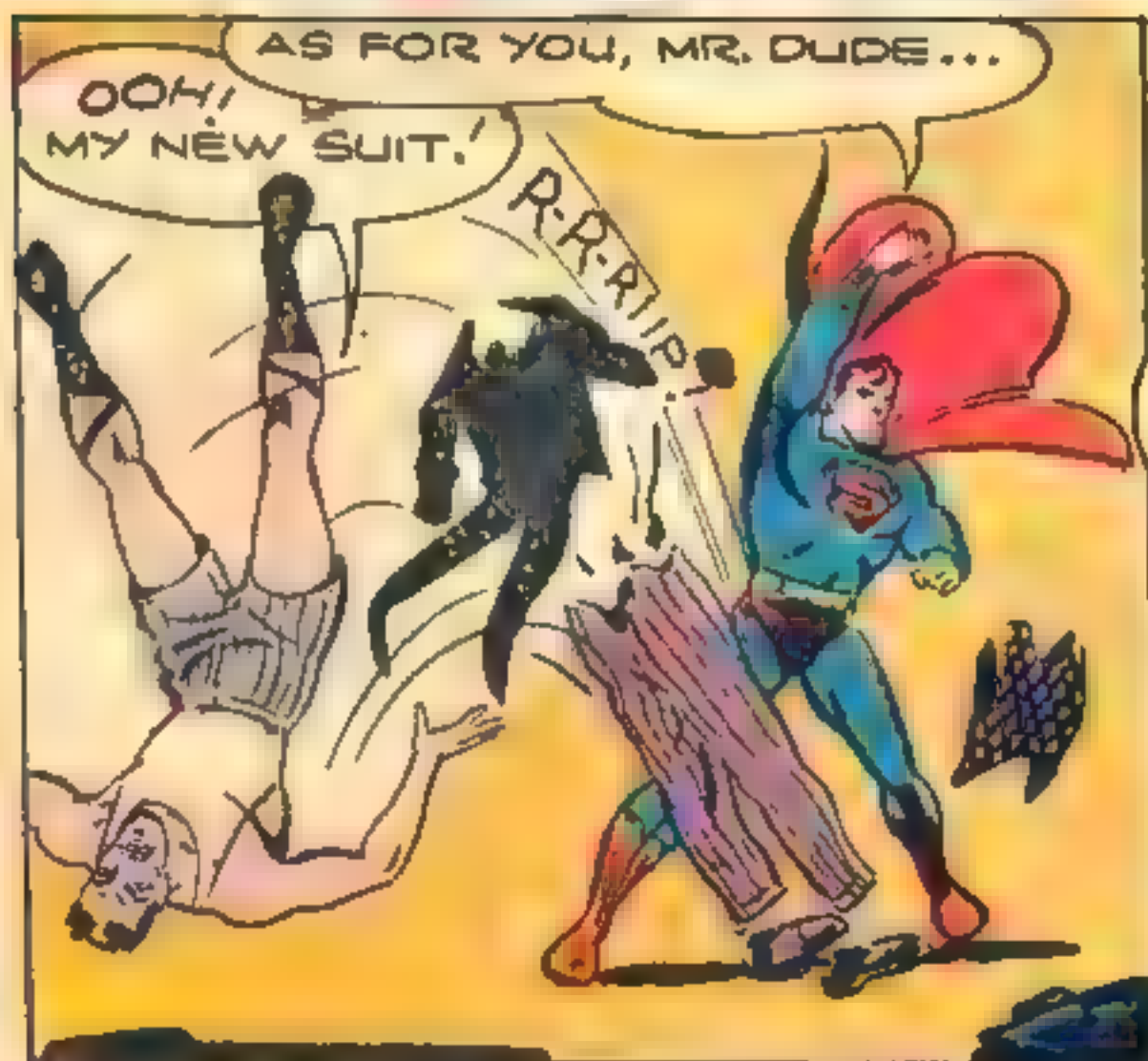


WELL, THE BOYS ARE TRYING TO RUN OUT ON ME! CAN'T ALLOW THAT!



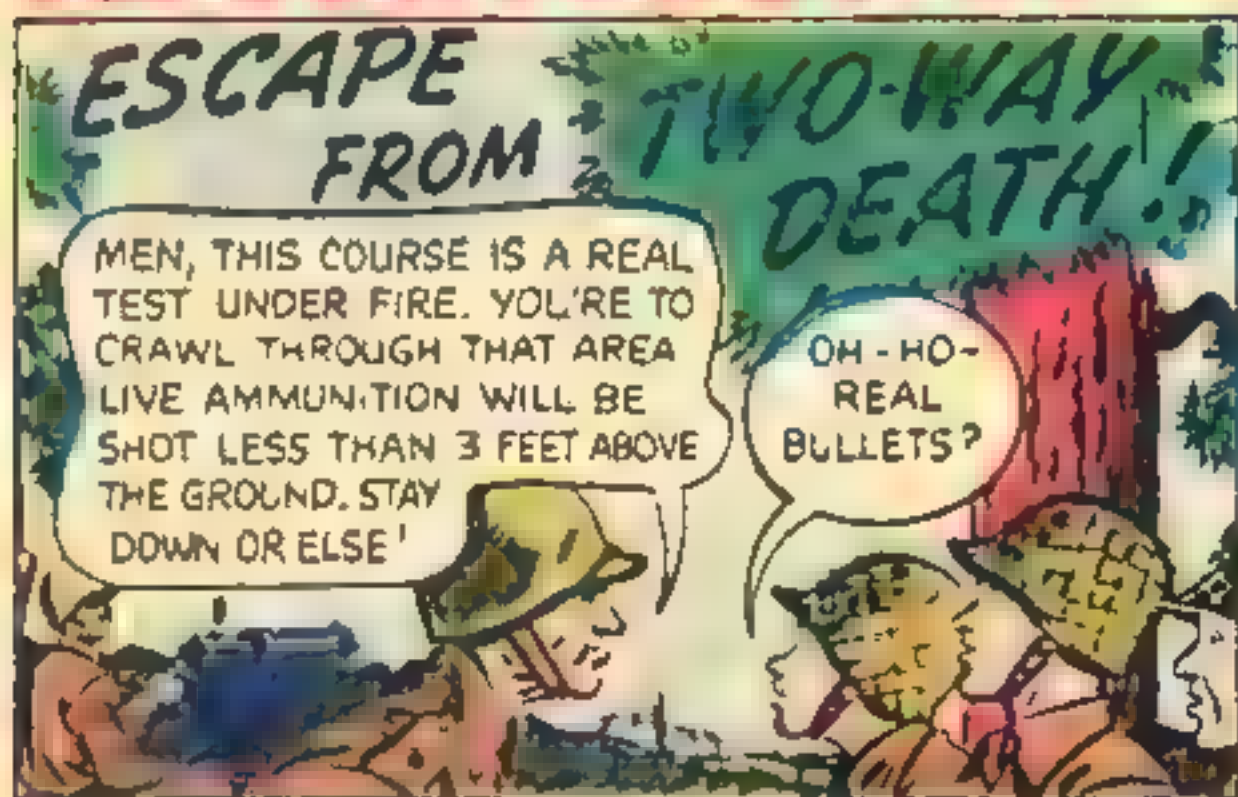
SEIZING THE REAR BUMPER IN ONE STRONG HAND, SUPERMAN DIGS HIS TOES INTO THE GROUND...





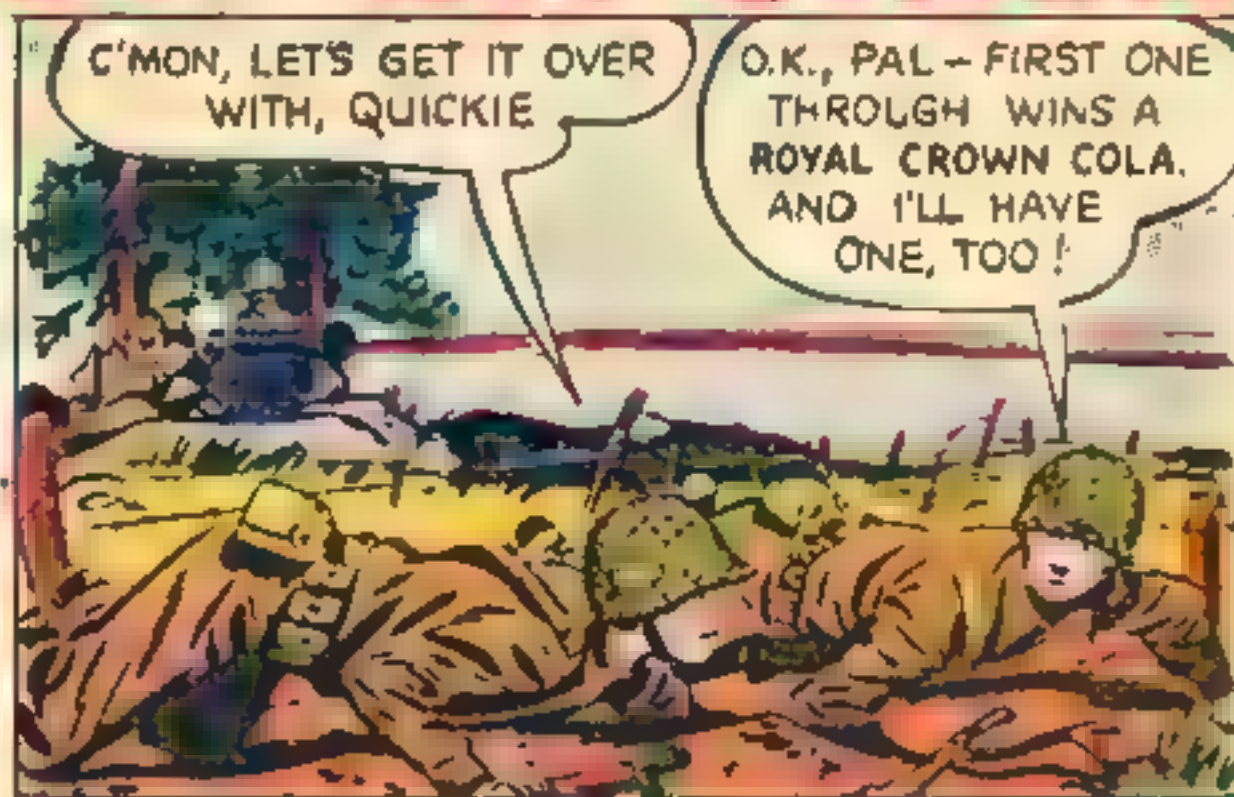
# ADVENTURES OF "R.C." AND QUICKIE

## ESCAPE FROM TWO-WAY DEATH!



MEN, THIS COURSE IS A REAL TEST UNDER FIRE. YOU'RE TO CRAWL THROUGH THAT AREA LIVE AMMUNITION WILL BE SHOT LESS THAN 3 FEET ABOVE THE GROUND. STAY DOWN OR ELSE!

OH-HO- REAL BULLETS?



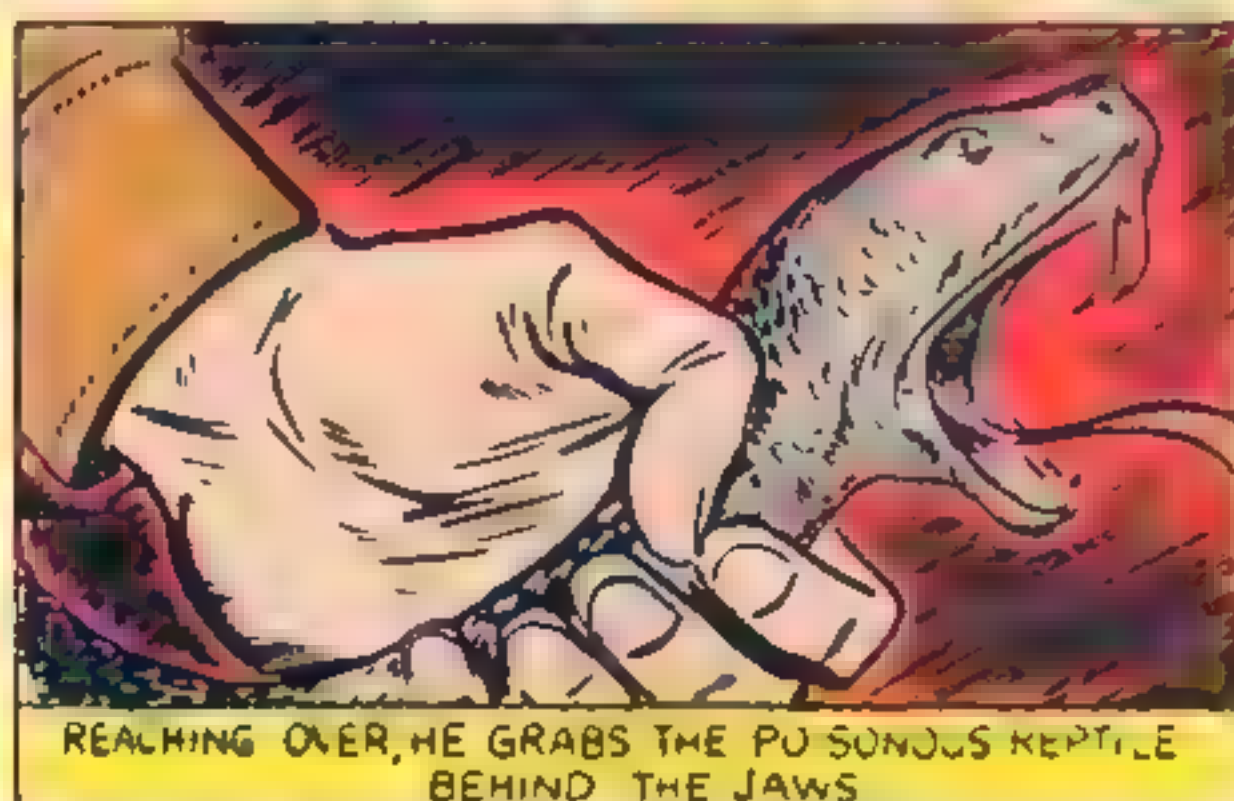
C'MON, LET'S GET IT OVER WITH, QUICKIE

O.K., PAL - FIRST ONE THROUGH WINS A ROYAL CROWN COLA. AND I'LL HAVE ONE, TOO!

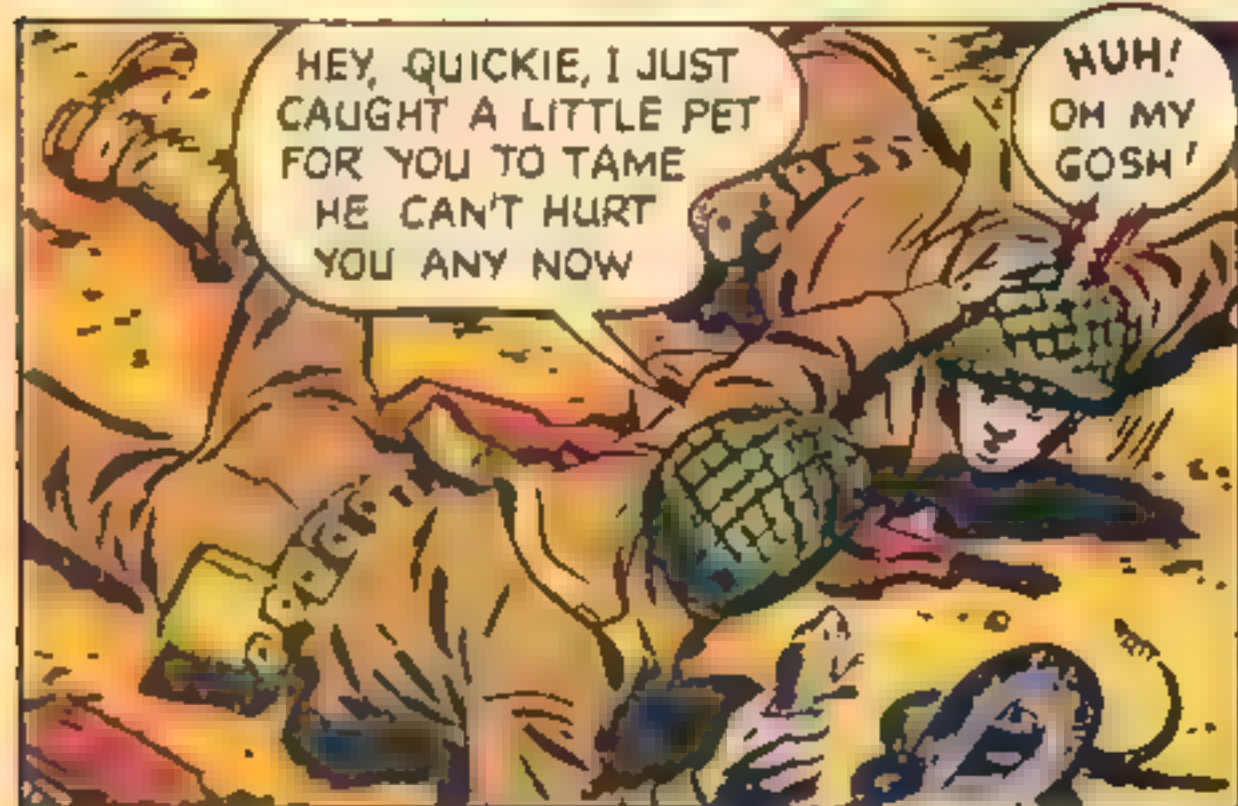


WOW! A RATTLESNAKE! I GOTTA DO SOMETHING BEFORE QUICKIE SEES IT SO CLOSE TO HIM. HE'LL JUMP UP RIGHT INTO THE LINE OF FIRE

SUDDENLY "R.C." SEES A DEADLY RATTLESNAKE

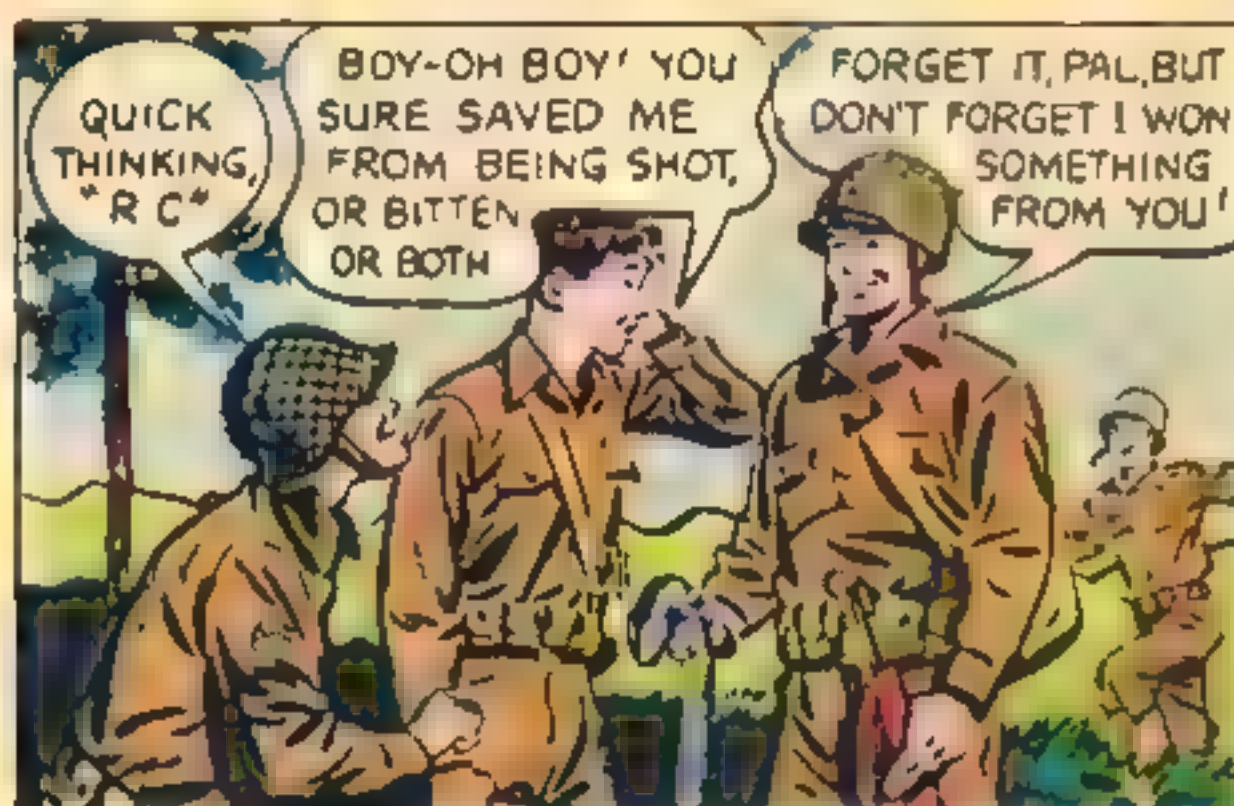


REACHING OVER, HE GRABS THE POISONOUS REPTILE BEHIND THE JAWS



HEY, QUICKIE, I JUST CAUGHT A LITTLE PET FOR YOU TO TAME HE CAN'T HURT YOU ANY NOW

HUH! OH MY GOSH!



QUICK THINKING, "R.C."

BOY-OH BOY! YOU SURE SAVED ME FROM BEING SHOT, OR BITTEN OR BOTH

FORGET IT, PAL, BUT DON'T FORGET I WON SOMETHING FROM YOU!



I REALLY NEEDED A "QUICK-UP". THIS ROYAL CROWN COLA SURE TASTES GOOD

GOOD? WHY, QUICKIE, THIS IS THE BEST-TASTING COLA YOU CAN GET, AND TO MOVIE STARS BACK ME UP

AT THE CANTEEN



FAMOUS FILM COWBOY HOOT GIBSON says:

THAT GOES FOR ME, TOO! IT SURE TASTES BEST!

"It really does taste best," says fast riding cowboy star Hoot Gibson. Hoot took the famous cola taste test. He sampled leading colas from paper cups and found that one was best by far. That one was Royal Crown Cola. "From now on," says, "a frosty bottle of Royal Crown Cola is always within reach!" Try it!

See Hoot Gibson in Motion Pictures "TRAIL BLAZERS" Series

**ROYAL CROWN COLA**  
Best by Taste-Test!

COLA 3 FULL GLASSES 5¢

# MOLLY

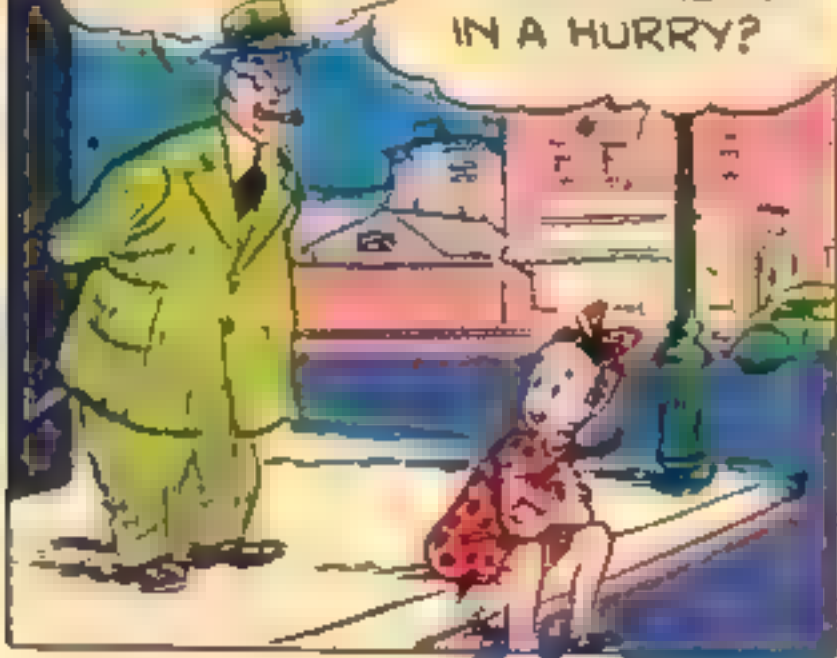
By  
RAY HOULIHAN

I'D LIKE TO SHOW YOU HOW TO GET TO CITY HALL-- BUT I CAN'T-- MY MOTHER TOLD ME IT'S NOT POLITE TO POINT!



HELLO, LITTLE GIRL-- CAN YOU TELL ME HOW TO GET TO THE POST OFFICE?

SURE! LET'S SEE-- THERE'S A **LONG** WAY AND A **SHORT** WAY T' GO' ARE YOU IN A HURRY?



- NO-- NOT PARTICULARLY-- **EITHER** WAY WILL DO!

WELL, YOU GO DOWN THIS STREET FOR 8 BLOCKS-- THEN TURN LEFT AT ELM ST-- THEN WALK TIL Y' COME TO JUNE STREET--



- UP JUNE STREET TO WEST AVENUE AN' JUST GO DOWN WEST AVE 'TIL Y' COME TO TH' POST OFFICE-- Y' CAN'T MISS IT!

THANK YOU MY GIRL! YOU ARE VERY HELPFUL!



HMM-- IT'S FURTHER THAN I EXPECTED-- OH WELL-- THE WALK WILL DO ME GOOD!



HERE WE ARE ELM STREET NOW DOWN HERE 'TIL I COME TO JUNE STREET.



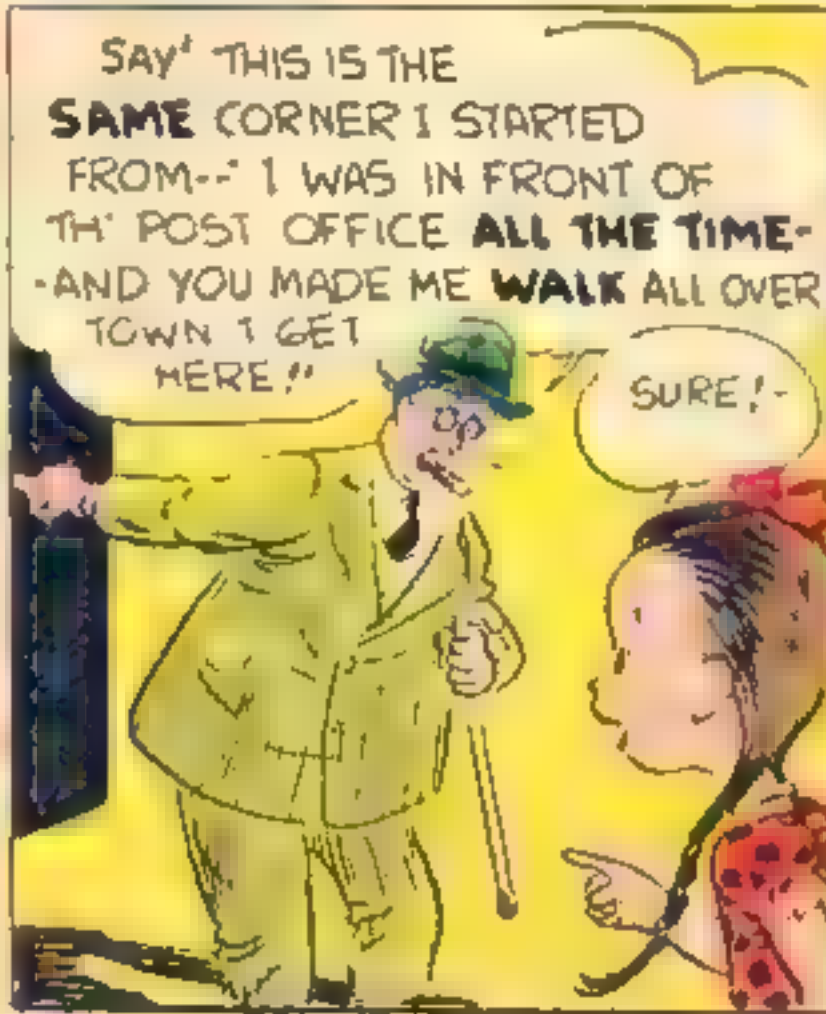
WEST AVE-- I'M ON THE LAST LAP NOW-- THAT LITTLE GIRL CERTAINLY GAVE DIRECTIONS CLEARLY--- IT'S NICE TO MEET HELPFUL, INTELLIGENT PEOPLE WHEN YOU'RE IN A STRANGE CITY--



AHA' HERE IT IS AT LAST! **SAY!** THAT LOOKS LIKE THE LITTLE GIRL WHO DIRECTED ME --- STRANGE



SAY! THIS IS THE **SAME** CORNER I STARTED FROM-- I WAS IN FRONT OF TH' POST OFFICE **ALL THE TIME**-- AND YOU MADE ME **WALK** ALL OVER TOWN I GET HERE!"



SURE!-

- THAT WAS THE **LONG** WAY!





# VIGILANTE

DOLOROUS MUSIC WAITS AN ACCOMPANIMENT TO VOICES HUSKY WITH EMOTION AS THE FANTASTIC FIDDLER FINDS THAT WEeping PAYS BETTER THAN LAUGHTER! SAD ARE THE BALLADS HE COMPOSES FOR HIS LEATHER-LUNGED HENCHMEN, AND SADDER THE THINGS THAT HAPPEN TO THOSE WHO LISTEN... BUT SADDEST OF ALL TO THE MUSICAL MOBSTERS IS THE CLOSING CHORUS, AS THE VALIANT VIGILANTE BLENDS THE ROAR OF SIX-GUNS, THE JANGLE OF SPURS AND THE WHISTLE OF A WRITHING LARIAT INTO A SMASH FINALE FOR A MENACING MAESTROS!

**"DIRGE ON A BULL FIDDLE!"**

LIFE IS A VALLEY OF SORROW-W-W,  
FILLED WITH A RIVER OF TEARS!  
WE WILL BE SADDER TOMORROW-W-W,  
AND ALL THROUGH THE NEXT MILLION YEARS!

By  
MORT  
MORTON JR.  
and  
CHARLEY



THIS TRAGIC TRIO OF JADED JAILBIRDS IS ONLY A STEP FROM SOBS AND SNIFFLES...

I HAVEN'T HAD A SQUARE MEAL SINCE WE WERE PAROLED!

AT LEAST THE CHOW CAME REG'LAR IN THE BIG HOUSE!

HOW ABOUT HOOKIN' OUR GATS?

AND SOMBER STRAINS OF A FUNERAL MARCH FROM THE ADJOINING ROOM DO NOT LIFT THEIR SPIRITS---

DAT SLOW MUSIC S DRIVIN' ME BATTY!

BELAY ME--WHY DONT HE GIVE US A CHEERFUL TUNE?

LET'S HAVE A TALK WITH HIM!

AH, GENTLEMEN-- YOU SEEM DEJECTED!

IT'S THIS WAY, FIDDLER-- SAILOR, AND DROOP AND I ARE SICK OF BEING BROKE, AND NOT PULLING ANY JOBS, AND LISTENING TO THAT SAD FIDDLE MISC ALL DAY BES DES!

HONEST, YA GOT ME SO GLOOMY, I COULD BUST OUT CRYIN' HERE AN' NOW.

REALLY, DROOP? THEN PERHAPS IT IS TIME FOR OUR EXPERIMENT! TAKE THIS SONG SHEET AND ALL OF YOU SING AS I PLAY!

WHAT'S THIS?.. "WAIFS IN THE CRUEL WORLD!!". AW, SKIPPER-- HAVE A HEART!

I SAID, SING! SINCE WHEN DID YOU BEGIN QUESTIONING MY ORDERS, SAILOR?

GENTLE READER, IF YOU LISTEN HARD YOU WILL HEAR UNDERTONES OF STARK DESPAIR IN THESE RASPING VOICES!

FOUR LONELY WAIFS IN A CROO-ELL WORLD, TRUDDING ON T-RED FEET... NOBODY CARES WHAT OUR FATE MAY BE, AND NO ONE ASKS US TO EAT...

MORE PATHETIC! GET SORRY FOR YOURSELVES.

SOON WE WILL WITHER AWAY AND DIE, AND SLEEP IN THE COLD, COLD GROUND... THEN YOU'LL BE SORRY YOU PASSED US BY, WHEN WE WERE HANGING AROUND!

AIN'T IT DA TRUTH? BOO, HOO!

SPLENDID! NOW I'LL GIVE YOU SOME CHANGE TO GO OUT AND BUY YOURSELVES SOME SANDWICHES!

**SANDWICHES FOR HIS HENCHMEN--BUT THE FIDDLER DINES IN STYLE!**

TO BAD PORTERHOUSE STEAK WITH MUSHROOMS! YES, SIR!

THE OTHERS CAN'T ACT, AND MUST BE STARVED INTO THE PROPER UNHAPPY FRAME OF MIND FOR MY PLAN...

AHA--MY PLAN IS WORKING! CLEVER OF ME, BRING THOSE OTHER GUARDS TO QUIT WITHOUT NOTICE!

**WANTED**  
TRUSTWORTHY  
PRIVATE GUARDS  
FOR RESIDENCE,  
DAY AND NIGHT  
DUTY.  
E. TIDWELL,  
99 ZEE ST.

NOW TO PROVE MY LATEST THEORY, THAT A MAN'S MOST VULNERABLE SPOT IS HIS SENTIMENTAL SIDE... MAKE HIM CRY AND HE'S YOURS.

THAT LONG HAIR GUY LEFT ME A TEN SPOT! WOW!

ESPECIALLY A MAN LIKE EMORY TIDWELL, ART COLLECTOR, PHILANTHROPIST AND REPUTEDLY THE MOST TENDER-HEARTED MULTIMILLIONAIRE IN AMERICA!

EMORY TIDWELL IS INDEED A WARM AND SYMPATHETIC CHARACTER, AS WITNESS THIS ACT OF CASUAL GENEROSITY--

A BOY-- RAGGED, TIRED, HUNGRY-LOOKING... HOW PITIFUL!

**STUFF, THE CHINATOWN KID, FRESH FROM THE FIELD OF BATTLE, IS TAKEN BY SURPRISE...**

TAKE THIS FIFTY DOLLARS, MY POOR BOY, AND BUY CLOTHES AND FOOD!

I'D 'A' LICKED THEM GUYS FROM TH' GASHOUSE GANG, TOO, ONLY--

HUH?...

BUT, MISTER, YA DON'T UNDERSTAND!

DON'T LET FOOLISH PRIDE REAR ITS HEAD, MY LAD! LET US SAY NO MORE ABOUT IT!

HERE'S A PROBLEM IN ETHICS...

WHAT'LL I DO? IF I GIVE IT BACK, I'LL HURT TH' GUY'S FEELIN'S, AN' IF I KEEP IT, IT'LL BE UNDER FALSE PRETENSES...

AND HERE A SOLUTION!

OUR POOR HEARTS ARE ACHIN' FOR BAKED BEANS AND BACON--

WANDERIN' MINSTRELS, SINGIN' FOR THEIR SUPPER--THEY PROBABLY NEED THIS WORSE'N ME!

HUH?... TH' FIDDLER AN' HIS MOB!

HUSH, DROOP!... AH, STUFF, HOW SAD IT MUST MAKE YOU TO SEE US IN THIS SORRY FLIGHT.

WHY, YA LITTLE PEST--

WE HAVE SEEN THE ERROR OF OUR WAYS, AND HAVE DECIDED TO GO STRAIGHT--BUT NO ONE WILL TRUST US WITH HONEST WORK!

I DON'T BLAME 'EM--BUT ON TH' OTHER HAND, IF YA'RE REALLY ON TH' UP-AN' -LP...

HERE--BUY SOME HAM-BURGERS! AN' IF YA KEEP ON TH' STRAIGHT AN' NARROW, TH' VIGILANTE AND I WON'T BOTHER YA!

AH, THANK YOU! I WILL NEVER FORGET THIS KINDNESS.

A FIFTY!

BAH! EVEN IF I WERE REALLY STARVING, I WOULD NEVER ACCEPT ALMS FROM A FRIEND OF THE VIGILANTE!

BUT FIDDLER--WE CAN USE THAT DOUGH!

MY STUMMICK'S IN MOURNIN'!

RIP!

FOOLS! WE SHALL BE RICH SOON ENOUGH--AND THEN WE SHALL HAVE OUR REVENGE ON THAT MEDDLING COWBOY! AND NOW--SING!

LATER, THE CHINATOWN KID RETURNS TO THE APARTMENT HE SHARES WITH GREG SANDERS, THE PRAIRIE TROUBADOUR...

FIGHTING AGAIN, EH? DIDN'T I TELL YOU-

I KNOW-- BUT I DID A GOOD DEED TO MAKE IT EVEN!

AN' YA'D BUSTED OUT CRYIN' TA SEE TH' FIDDLER AN' HIS GANG SO SAD AN' PITIFUL

HMMM-- SO THEY WERE NEAR TIDWELL'S PLACE.. AND TIDWELL HAS LOST HIS PRIVATE GUARDS AND IS ADVERTISING FOR NEW ONES--

SPLRS, SIX-GUNS AND LARIAT --- TRADITIONAL WEAPONS OF THE WEST-- COME OUT OF HID NG ...

WHAT'S UP, P.T.? WHY THE BATTLE RAGS?

SOMETHING TELLS ME THAT FIFTY DOLLARS YOU 'GAVE THE FIDDLER IS CHICKEN FEED COMPARED TO WHAT HE'S AFTER!

AND ONCE MORE THE DASHING VIGILANTE RIDES THE TROUBLE-TRAIL!

SOMETIMES I THINK YA'VE GOT NO SENTIMENT IN YOUR HEART, VIG!

AND NO SEDIMENT IN MY HEAD, STUFF-- UNLIKE A CERTAIN YOUNG FELLA I WON'T MENTION!

MEANWHILE, THINGS HAVE BEEN HAPPENING AT THE TIDWELL MANSION...

HAVE YOU NO PITY ON PROUD MIL'IONAIRE, FOR OTHERS WHO STAGGER WITH SORROW AND CARE?...

HOW CAN YOU DINE ON YOUR VIANDS SO RARE WHILE WE FAINT FROM HUNGER OUT HERE IN THE AIR?

SHALL I SUMMON THE POLICE AND 'AVE THEM REMOVED, S R?

NO, HYVES.. ASK THEM IN, AND LAY PLACES FOR THEM AT THIS TABLE!

PRESENTLY...

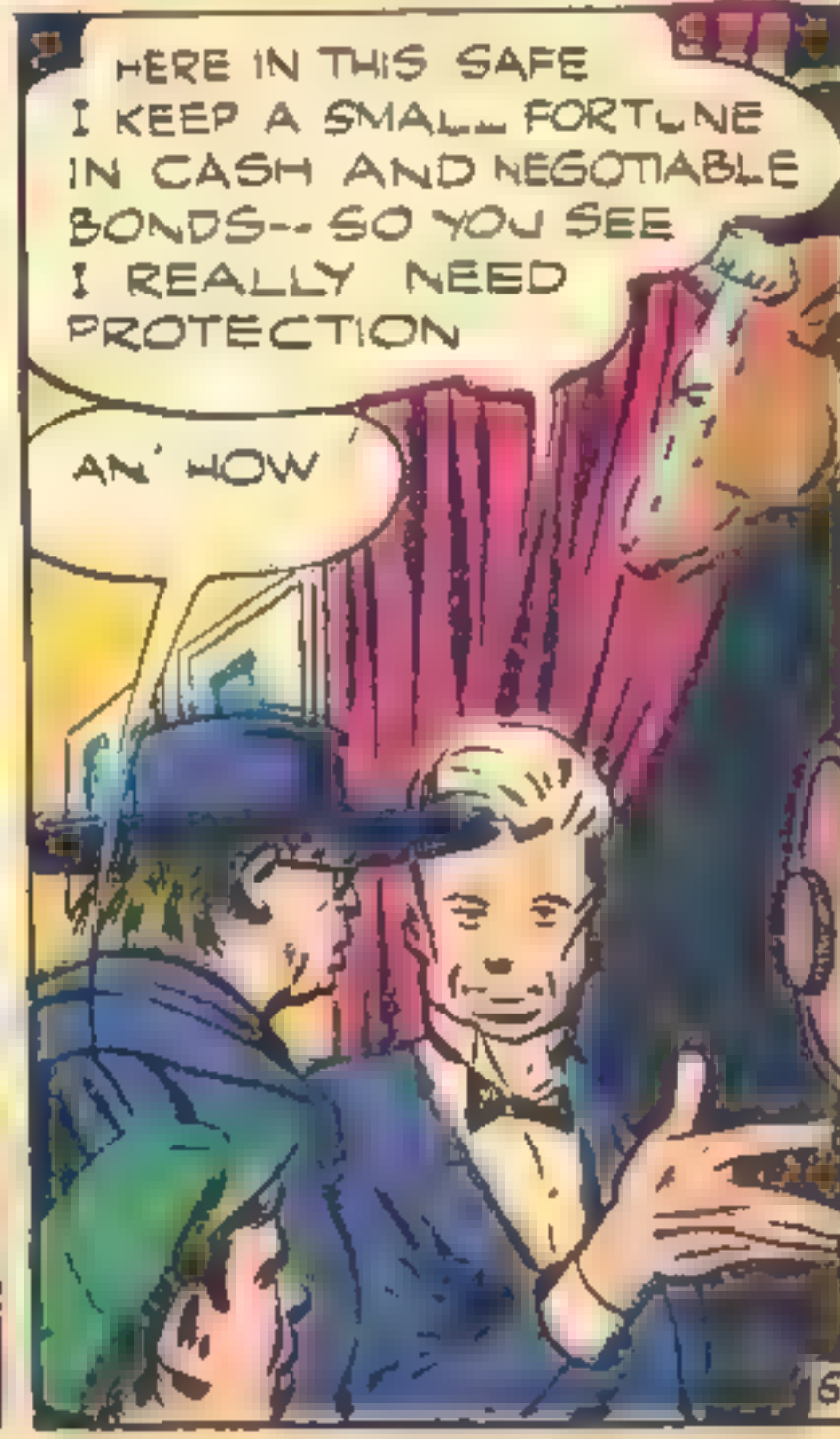
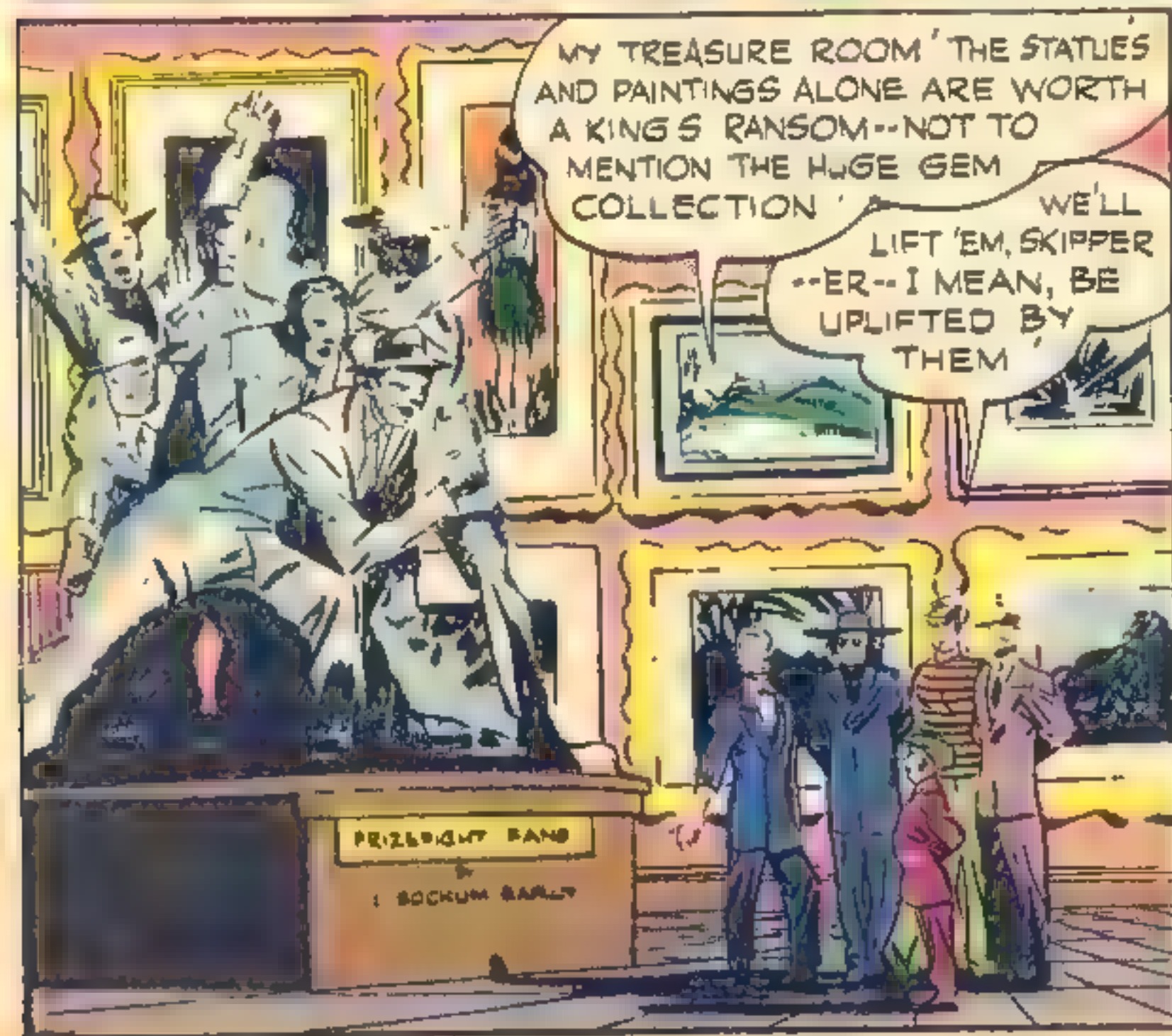
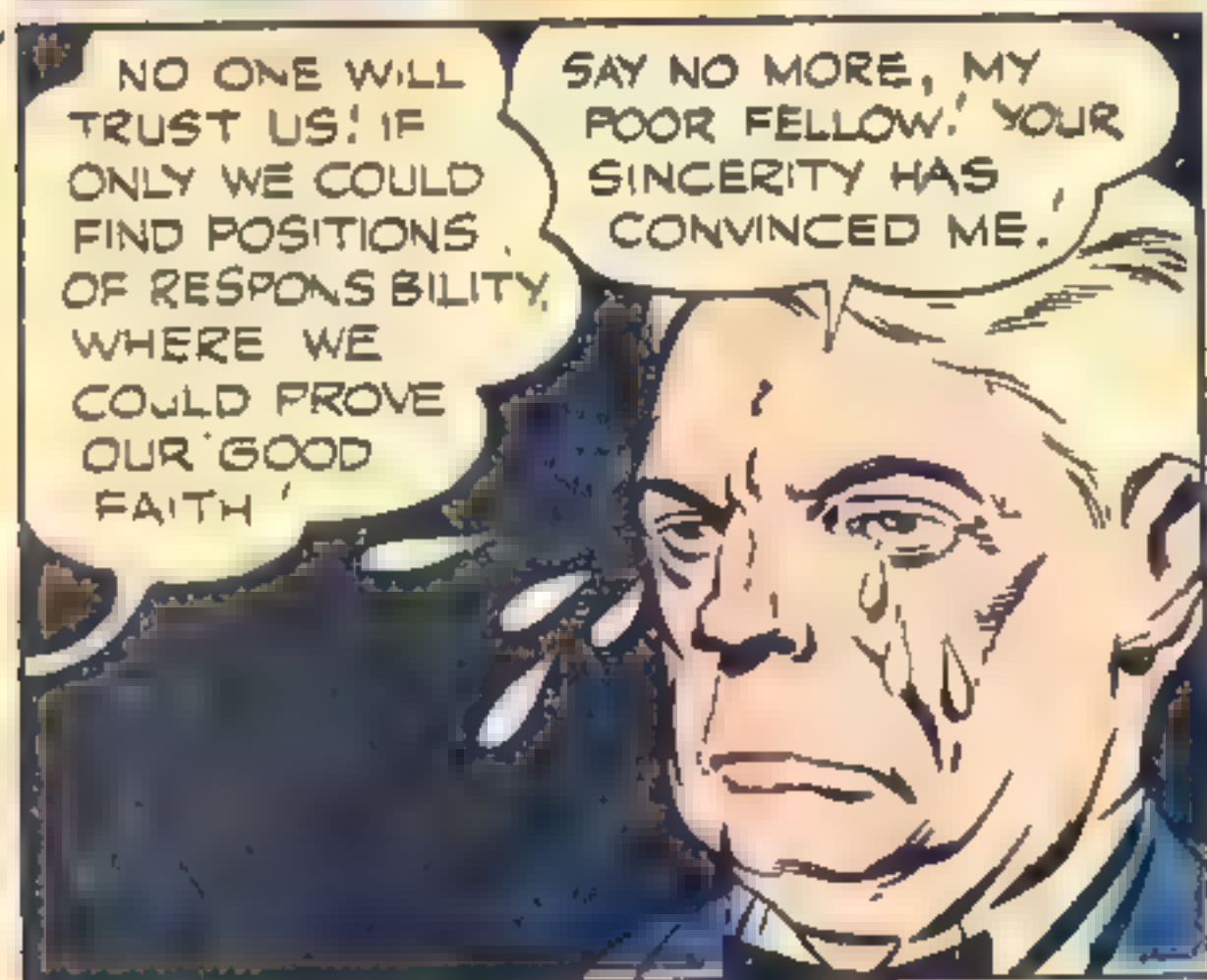
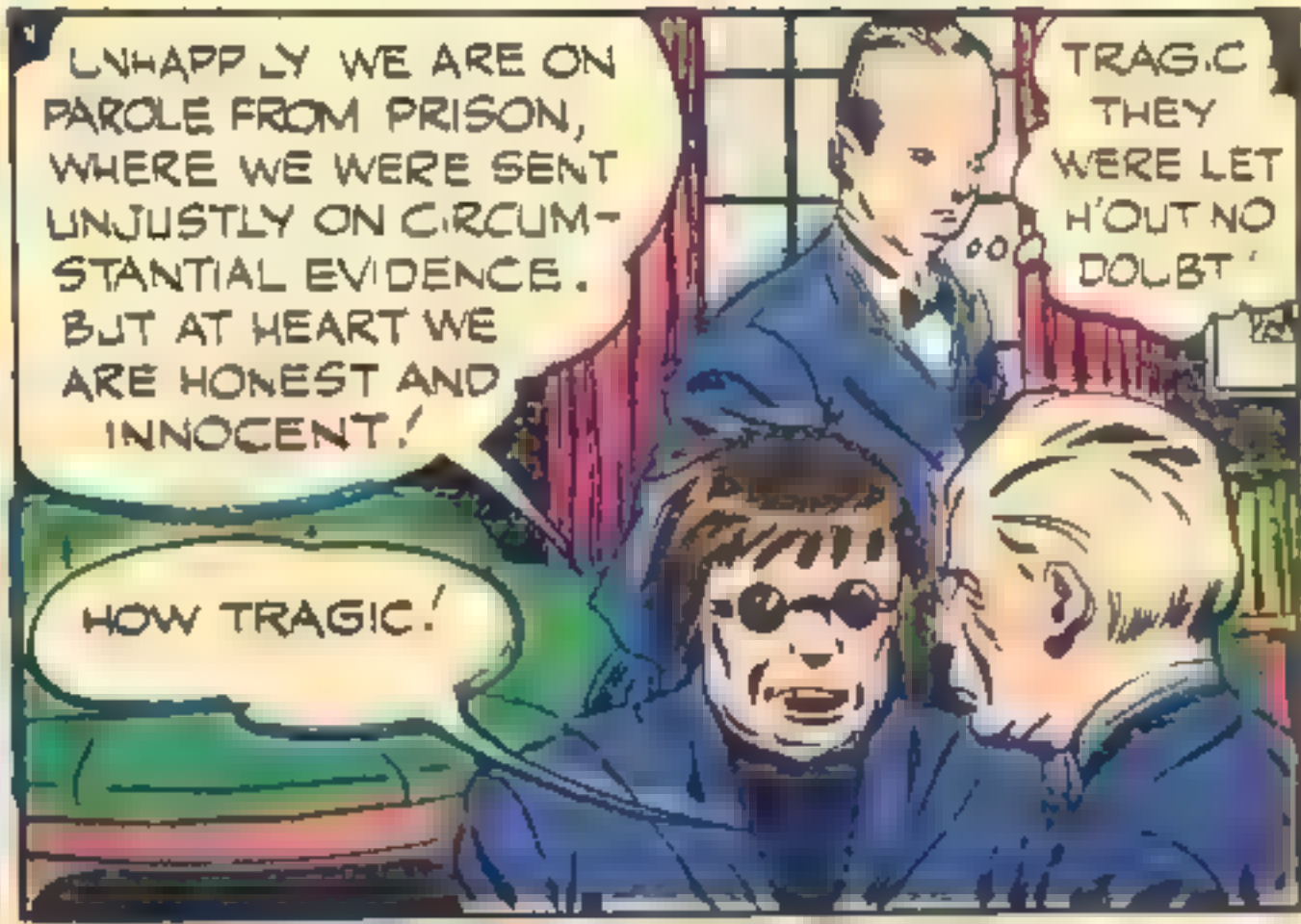
YUMM.

DISGUSTING!

FOOD!

YOU MUST FORGIVE MY FRIENDS, S R! THEY HAVE BEEN SO LONG WITHOUT FOOD, THEY CANNOT CONTROL THEMSELVES

HOW TRAGIC! YOU MUST PERMIT ME TO SEE THAT SOMETHING OF A CONSTRUCTIVE NATURE'S DONE, FOR THEM



AND NOW, TO SHOW MY FAITH IN YOU, I SHALL LEAVE YOU WITH MY BUTLER, HYVES, WHILE I DELIVER A LECTURE TO THE SOCIETY FOR REHABILITATION OF THE OUTCAST!

MR. TIDWELL, YOU'LL NEVER FORGET-- I MEAN, REGRET--WHAT YOU HAVE DONE!

AS TIDWELL DEPARTS--

LET US HOPE THE FIDDLER WILL PROVE MY THEORY. THAT KINDNESS CAN REFORM CRIMINALS!

HE'S LEFT 'EM IN CHARGE O' THE JOINT.

THEY SAY GUARDIAN ANGELS LOOK AFTER FOOLS--AND MAYBE WE'RE APPOINTED TO THE JOB TONIGHT!

HYVES, THE BUTLER, DOES NOT SHARE HIS MASTER'S UNSHAKABLE FAITH IN HUMANITY...

WELL H'VE GOT TO SAY H'IS, LET THE RAWSCALS START SOMETHING!

NOW WE GOT DA WHOLE EVENIN' TA PULL OUR BIGGEST JOB!

BONK!

WE'LL TRY DRILLS ON THE SAFE FIRST, AND IF THEY DON'T WORK, WE'LL BLOW IT OPEN!

WAIT! MAYBE I CAN COAX IT OPEN EASIER THAN THAT!

I WON'T NEED A CAN-OPENER! MY BARE HANDS WILL BE ENOUGH!

SPLendid, SPORT! YOU EXEMPLIFY THE TRIUMPH OF ART OVER BRUTE FORCE!

BUSY AT THEIR FAVORITE PASTIME, THE THIEVES DO NOT SEE A SLENDER ROPE WRITHE SNAKILY THROUGH THE AIR...



I'M GETTING IT! I CAN FEEL THE TUMBLERS DROPPING!

-- NOR THE DRAMATIC ENTRANCE OF THEIR MOST FEARED FOES!

GOT IT!

NOT MANY QUARTETS COLLECT A MILLION DOLLARS FOR A SINGLE SONG RECITAL!

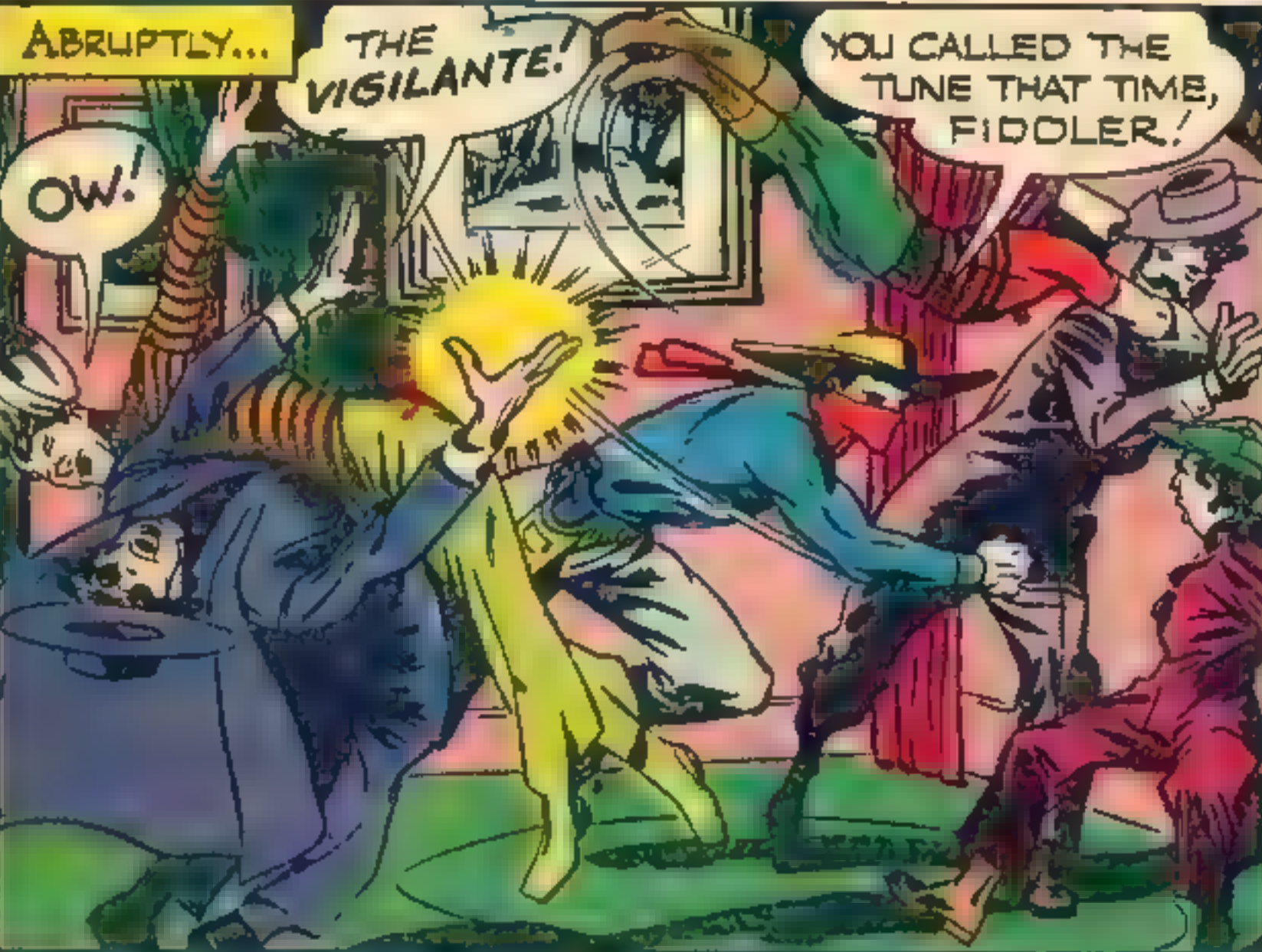


ABRUPTLY...

THE VIGILANTE!

YOU CALLED THE TUNE THAT TIME, FIDDLER!

OW!



HE'S TRYIN' TA YANK DA ROPE DOWN TA LASSO US-- BUT WE CAN'T WAIT!

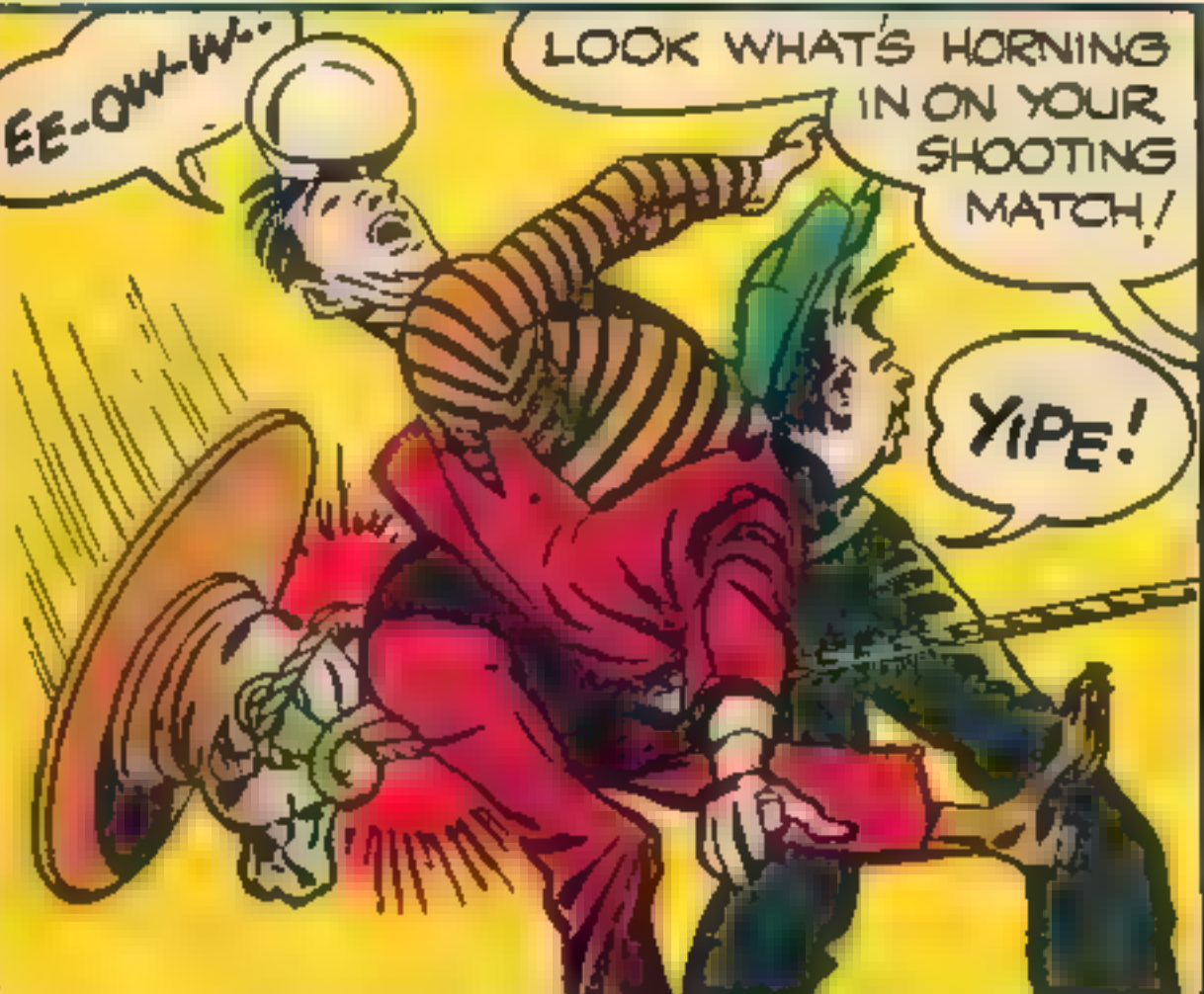
LEAD BALLAST WILL HOLD HIM DOWN!



EE-OH-WH--

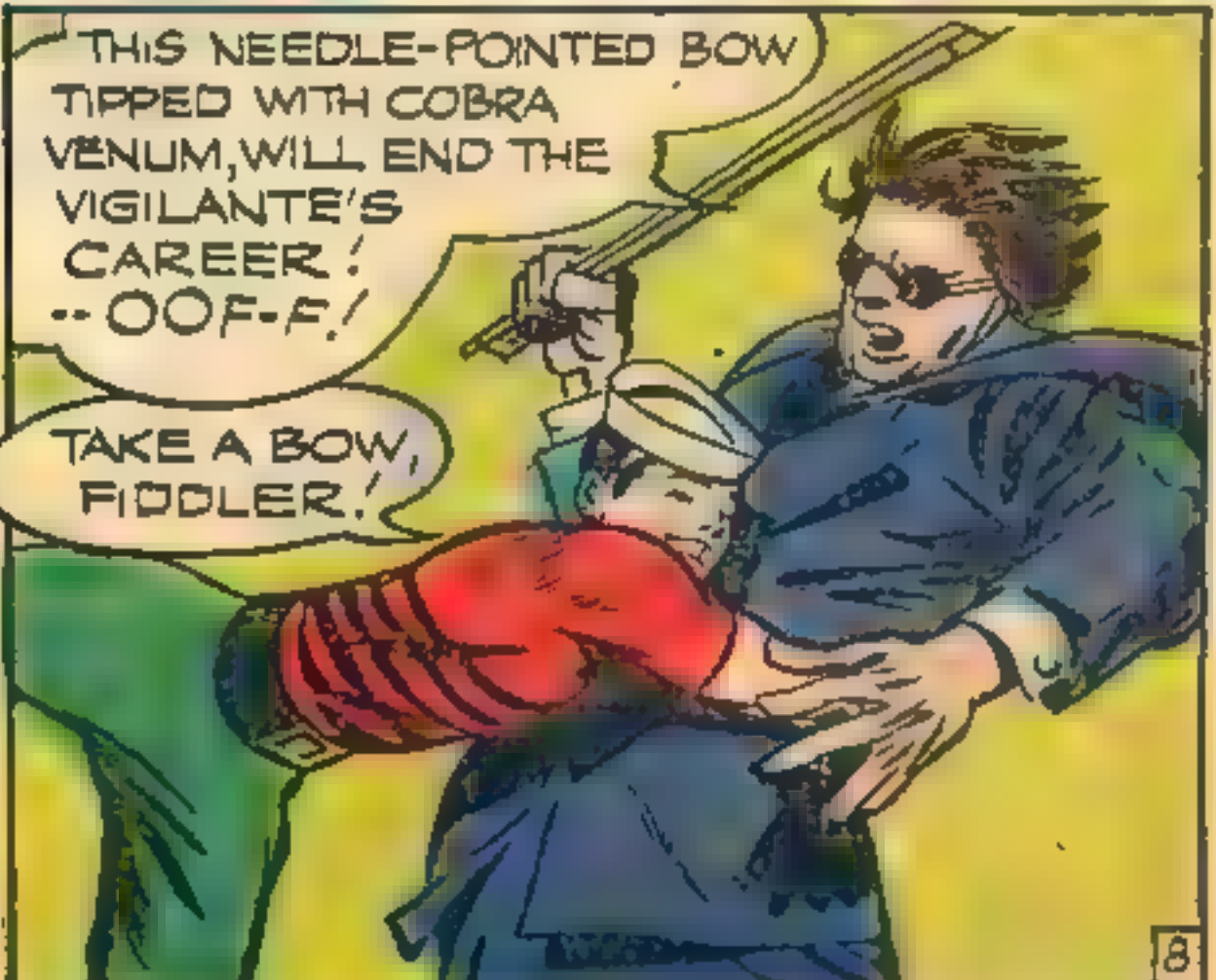
LOOK WHAT'S HORNING IN ON YOUR SHOOTING MATCH!

YIPE!



THIS NEEDLE-POINTED BOW TIPPED WITH COBRA VENUM, WILL END THE VIGILANTE'S CAREER! -- OOF-F!

TAKE A BOW, FIDDLER!



DEADLY PISTOLS MENACE THE WESTERN LAWMAN...

BELAY, LUBBER-- WE'VE GOT TO WIND'ARD OF YE!

KILL HIM IF HE MAKES THE SLIGHTEST MOVE!

OH-OH!



BUT SWIFTER THAN STRIKING RATTLESNAKES, HIS HANDS CLAMP ON THE BUTTS OF HIS SIX-GUNS FOR A LIGHTNING WESTERN DRAW...

WHY DON'T HE STAY STILL?

SHOOT HIM!

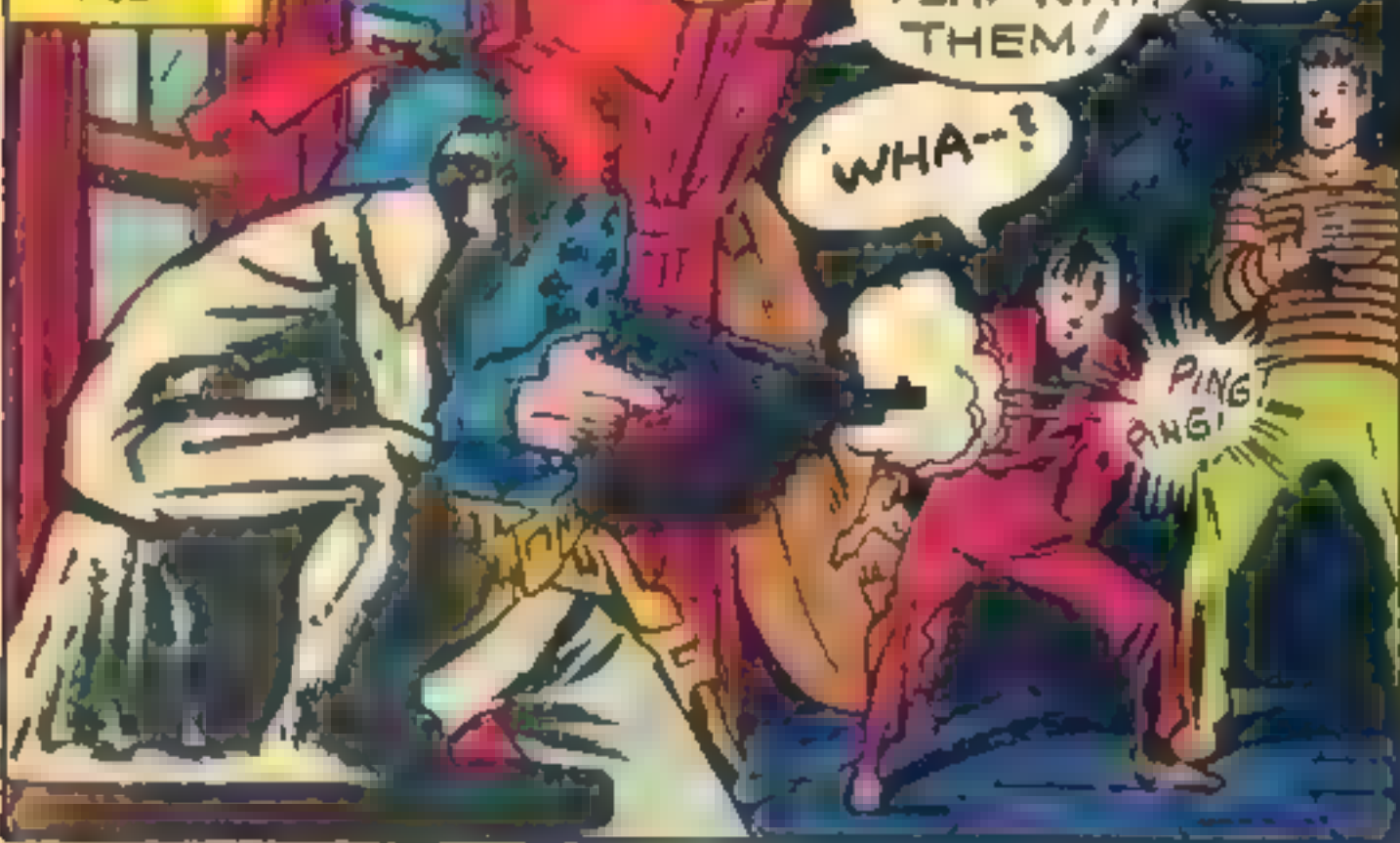


A THUNDEROUS HAIL OF BULLETS CRASHES FORTH AND --

PEOPLE WHO CAN'T HANDLE GUNS ANY BETTER THAN YOU SHOULDN'T PLAY WITH THEM!

WHA--?

PING! PING!



NEXT MOMENT--

DON'T SHOOT, VIG! WE'VE HAD ENOUGH!

I'LL PLAY YOUR FUNERAL MARCH, YET-- SOME OTHER TIME!

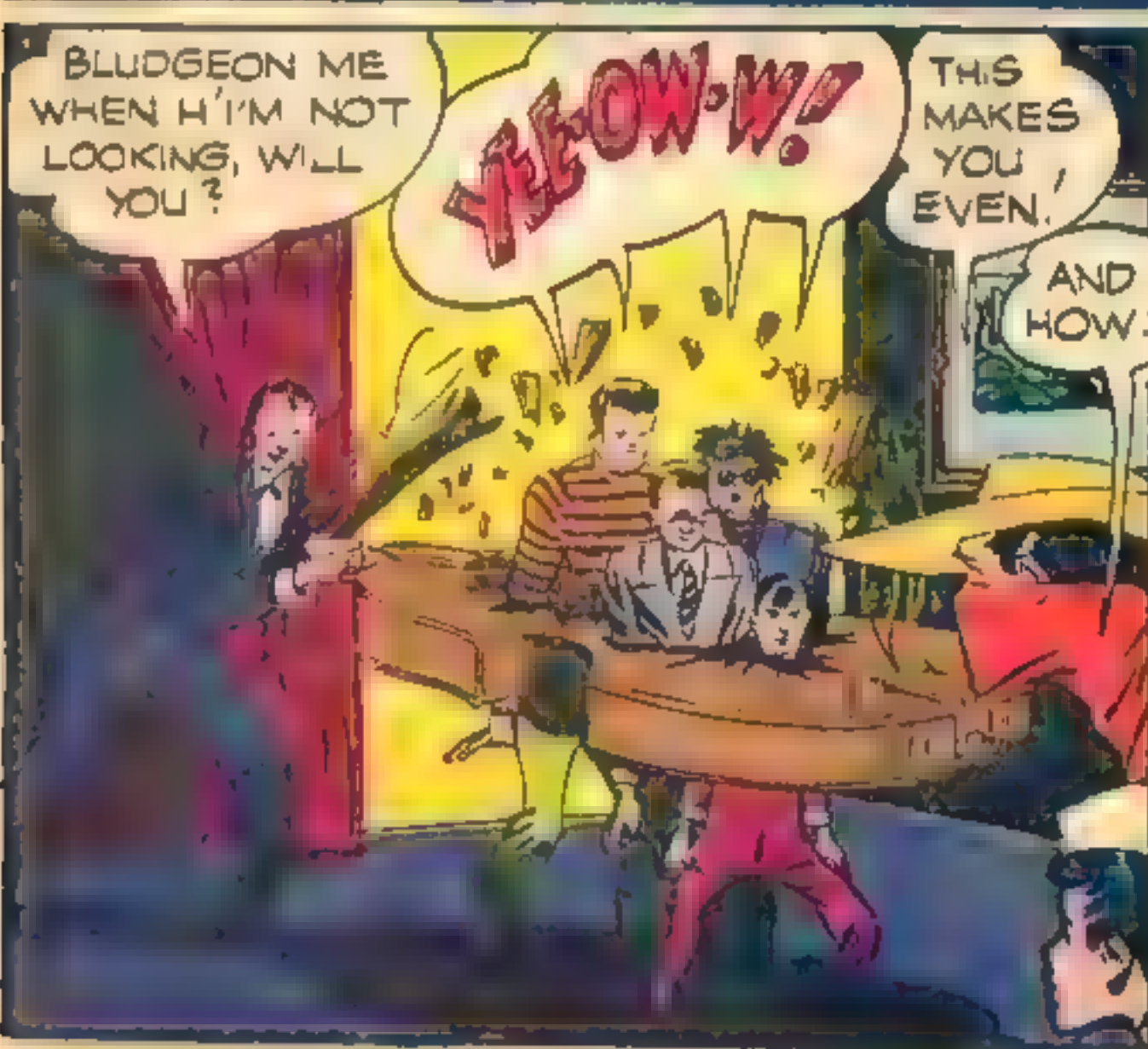


BLUDGEON ME WHEN I'M NOT LOOKING, WILL YOU?

WHEOW-W!

THIS MAKES YOU EVEN!

AND HOW!

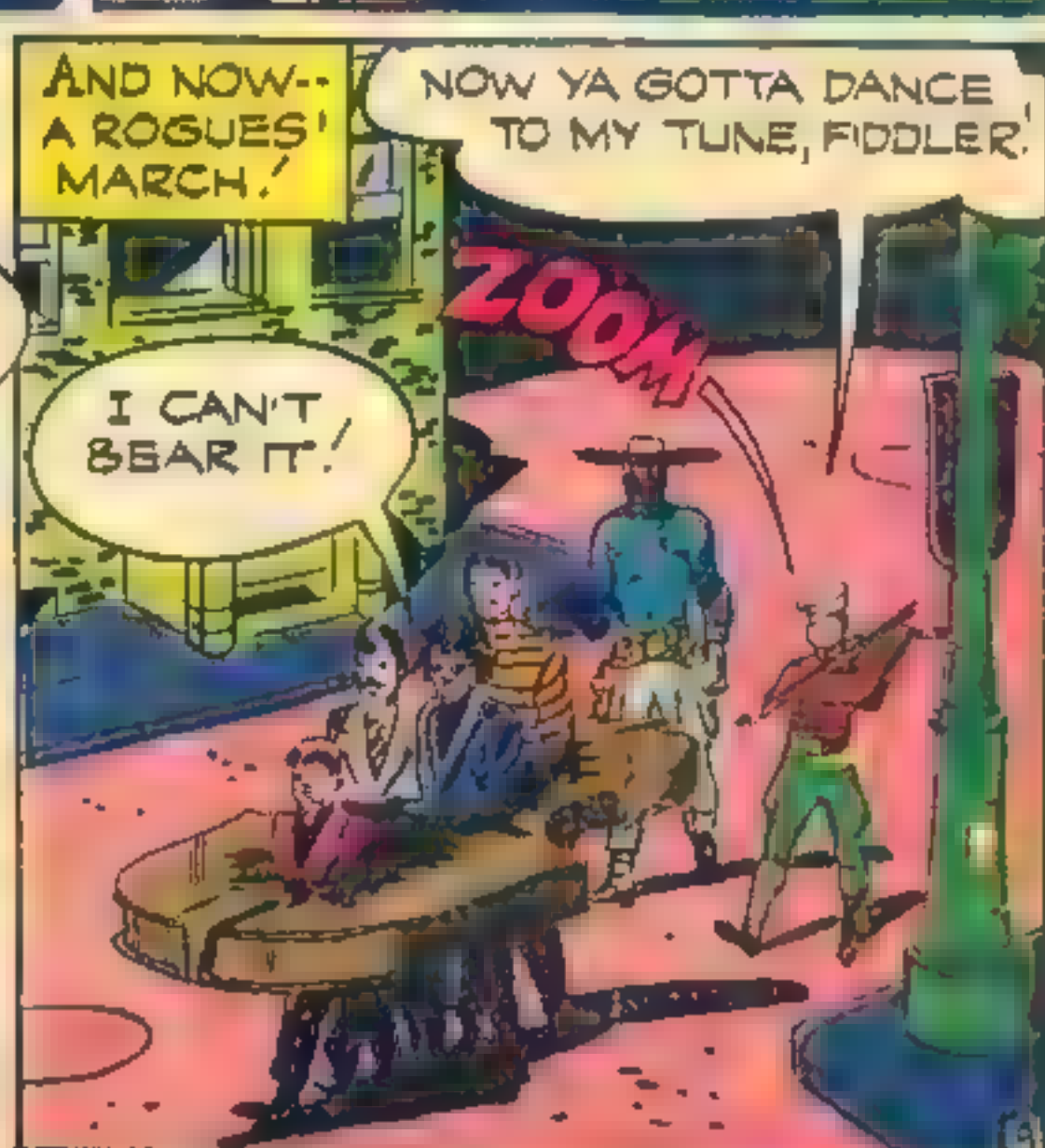


AND NOW-- A ROGUES' MARCH!

NOW YA GOTTA DANCE TO MY TUNE, FIDDLER!

I CAN'T BEAR IT!

ZOOM



AT THE SOCIETY FOR THE REHABILITATION OF THE OUTCAST...

AND NOW WE ARE ABOUT TO HEAR MR. TIDWELL SPEAK ON "THE CRIMINAL--A SICK MAN"...

PSSTT! MR. TIDWELL!

THEY BETRAYED MY TRUST. THIS IS TERRIBLE! I WAS GOING TO USE THEM AS EXAMPLES TO ILLUSTRATE MY LECTURE!

YOU STILL CAN, BY CHANGING THE BASIC IDEA SLIGHTLY...

SCENE II  
ACT 1

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, THE HABITUAL CRIMINAL IS INDEED A SICK MAN, AS I AM ABOUT TO PROVE...

THESE FOUR HORRIBLE EXAMPLES WERE PAROLED FROM PRISON AND GIVEN HONEST WORK, ONLY TO BE TRAPPED BY THE FAMOUS VIGILANTE IN A DESPICABLE CRIME!

TELL THE PEOPLE HOW YOU FEEL!

OUR NERVES ARE BAD, OUR HEARTS ARE SAD, OUR CHEEKS ARE THIN AND PALE -- AND SO THE VIGILANTE THINKS WE NEED A REST-- IN JAIL!

LATER...

YOU'VE DONE MORE THAN SAVE MY ART TREASURES, VIGILANTE--YOU'VE SAVED ME FROM MAKING A FOOL OF MYSELF! HOW CAN I REWARD YOU?

BY HELPING UNFORTUNATE YOUNGSTERS GET THE RIGHT START IN LIFE, INSTEAD OF WASTING SYMPATHY ON HARDENED CRIMINALS!

THE FIDDLER IS EXACTLY WHAT YOU SAID HE WAS--A SICK MAN--AND AN INCURABLE ONE! HIS TWISTED EGOTISM WILL TAKE HIM BACK TO CRIME THE MINUTE HE'S FREE AGAIN!

AND YOU'LL PUT HIM BACK IN PRISON, AGAIN, EH?

LIKE RIDIN' A MERRY-GO-ROUND!



"Stick around fellas—this ought to be good—Spike doesn't know that Pee Wee has been eating Wheaties!"

SMART BOY, PEE WEE. HE KNOWS THAT A FAVORITE TRAINING DISH OF MANY STAR PERFORMERS IS MILK, FRUIT, AND WHEATIES, "BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS."

YOU GET MIGHTY IMPORTANT NOURISHMENT IN A MAN-SIZED BOWL OF WHEATIES. ESSENTIAL NOURISHMENT PACKED IN BIG, GOLDEN FLAKES THAT ARE ROASTED AND TOASTED AND DELICIOUSLY

FLAVORED WITH RICH MALT SYRUP. SMART EATING AND SWELL TASTING... THAT'S MILK, FRUIT, AND WHEATIES, "BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS."

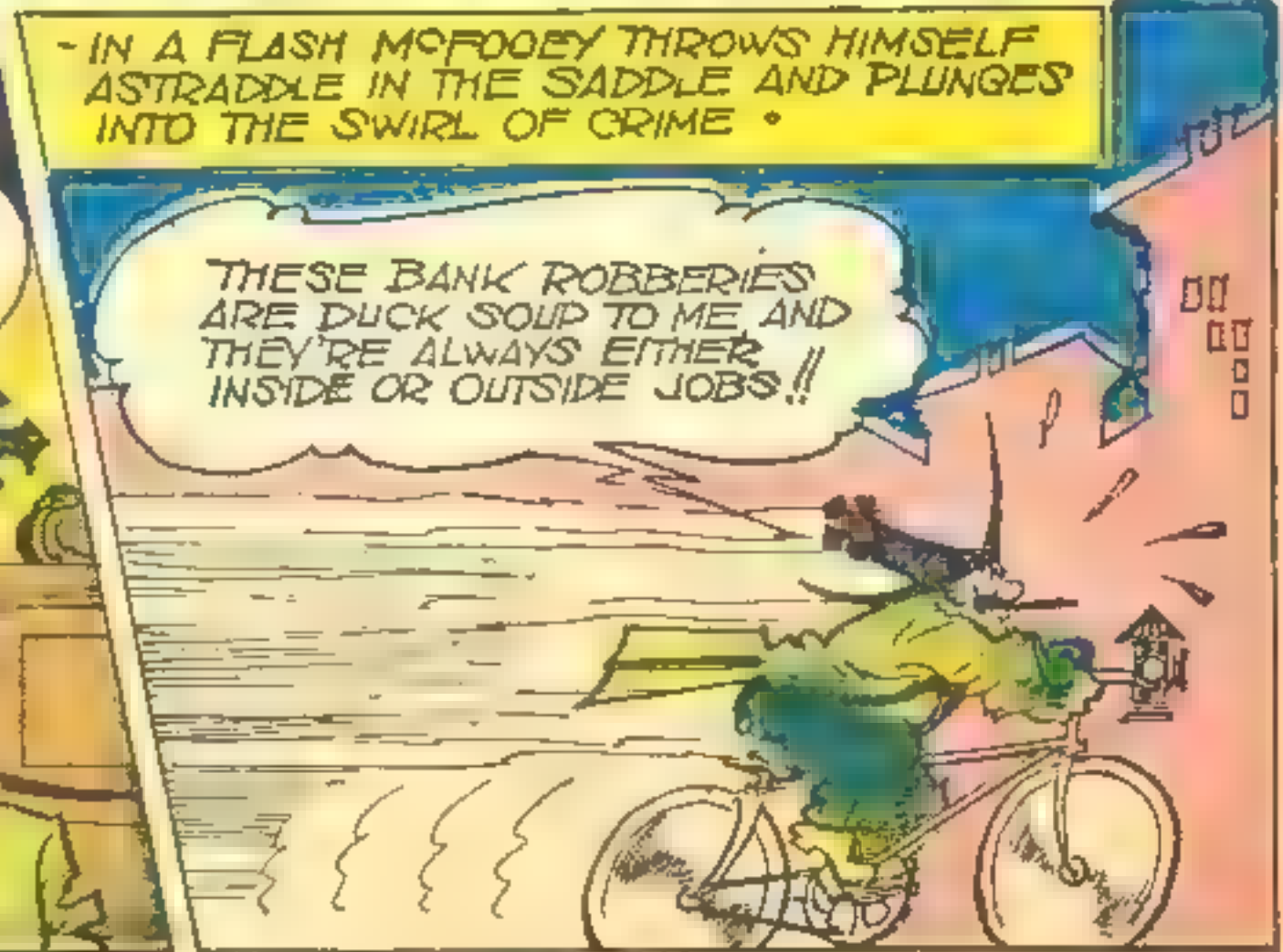
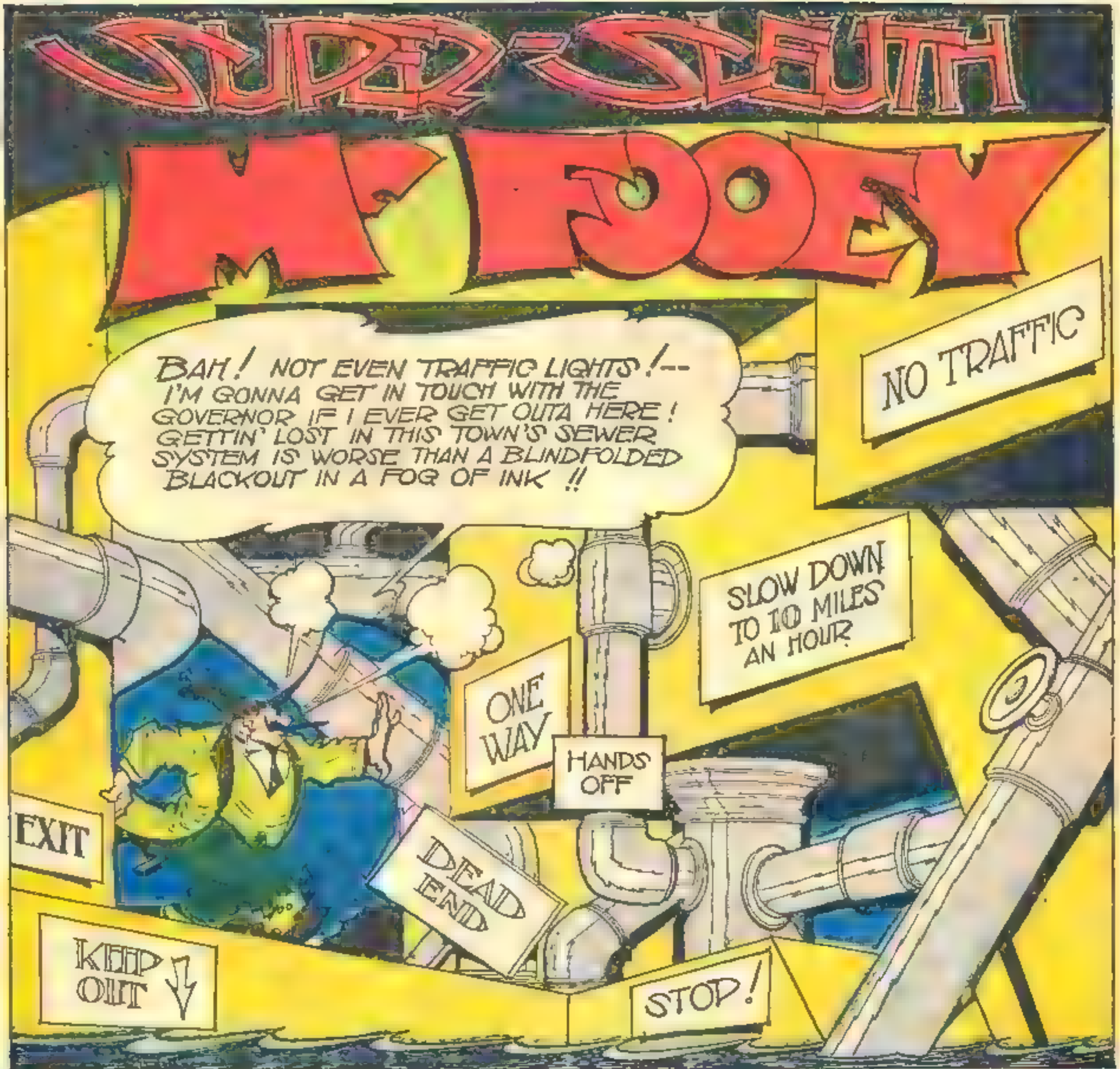
HEY, LOOK! SPECIAL OFFER GOOD ONLY WHILE OUR LIMITED SUPPLIES LAST. GET HANDSOME, MECHANICAL PENCIL SHAPED LIKE BIG LEAGUE BASEBALL BAT... STREAMLINE CURVED TO FIT YOUR FINGERS. SEND 10¢ AND ONE WHEATIES BOX TOP TO GENERAL MILLS, INC., DEPT. 644, MINNEAPOLIS 15, MINN. AND SEND TODAY.



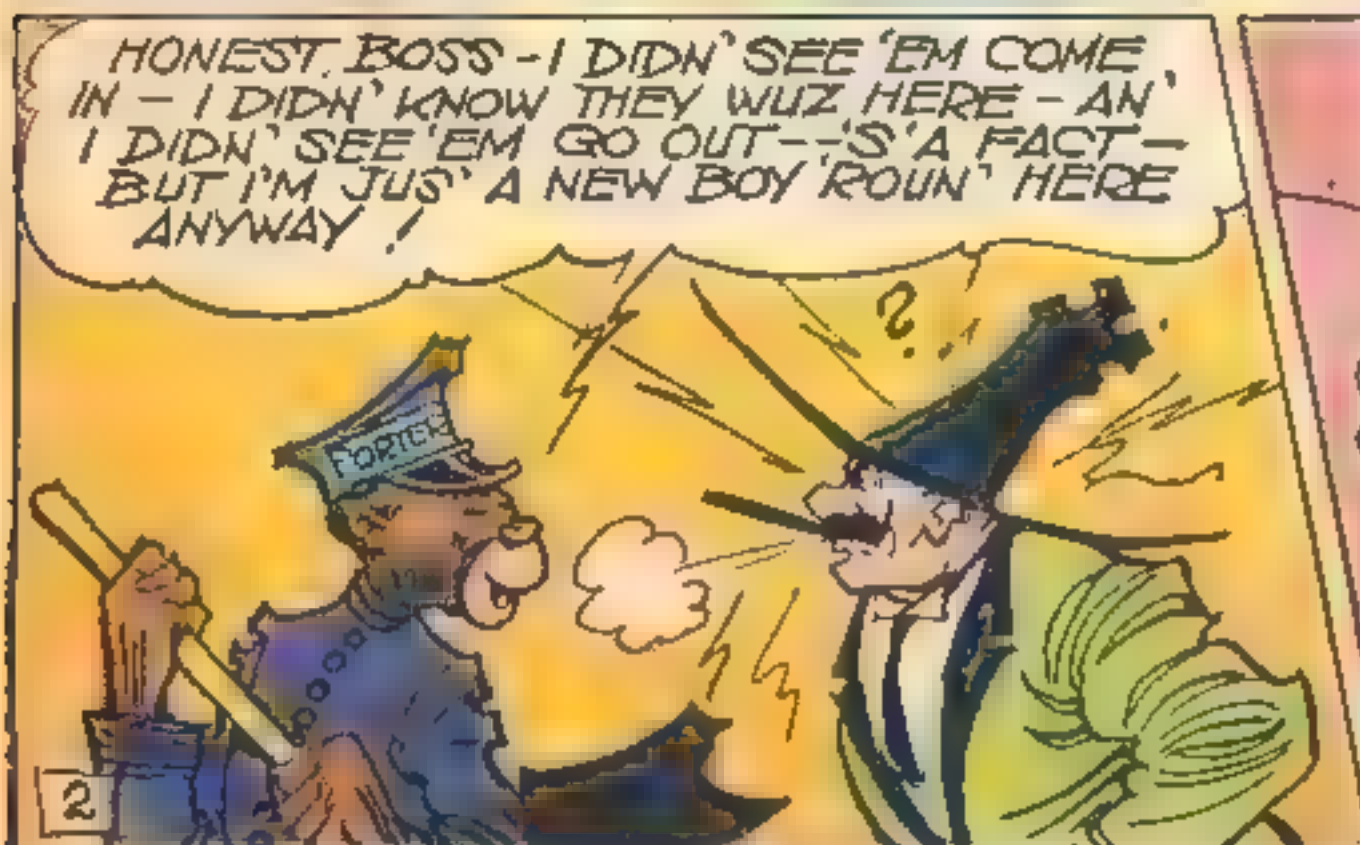
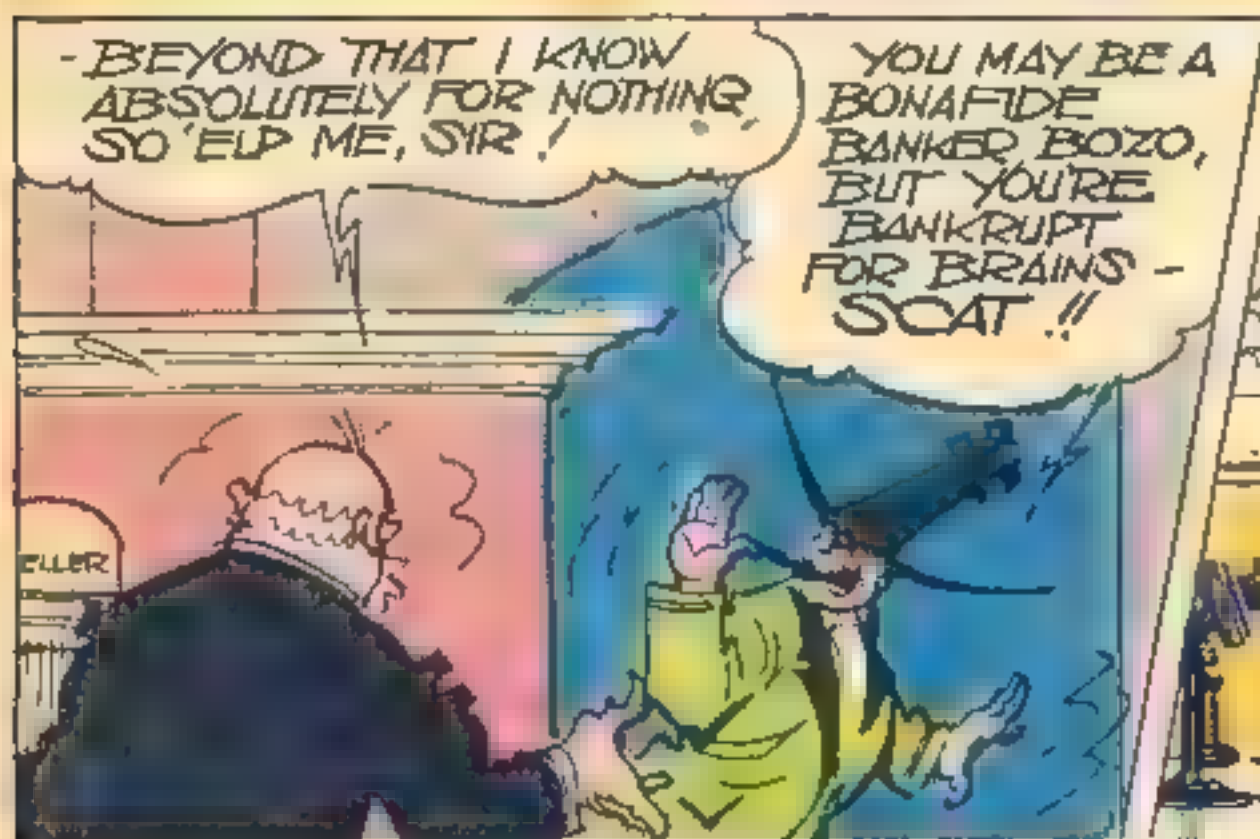
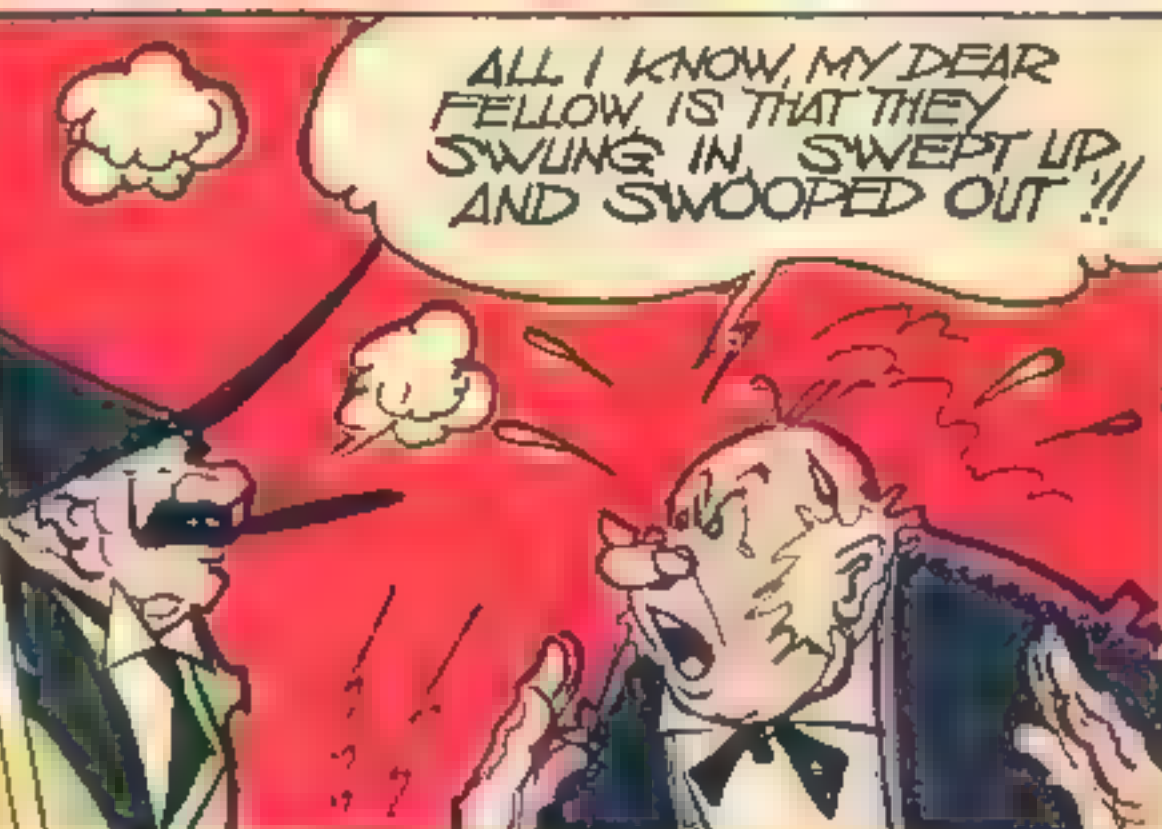
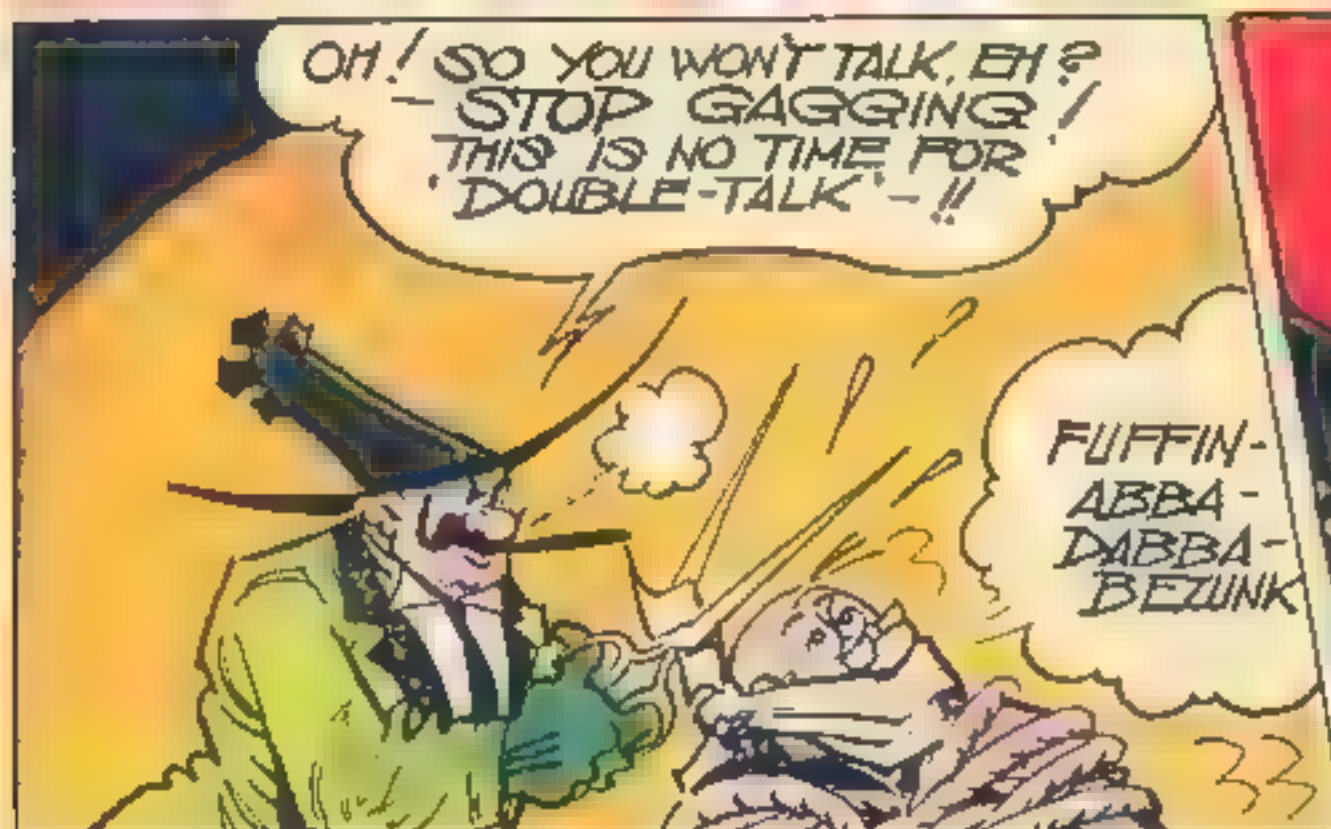
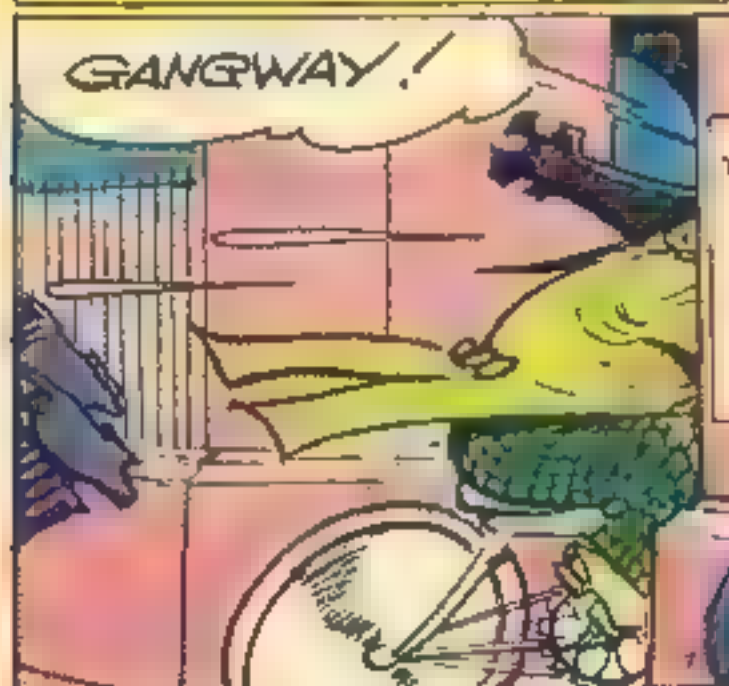
## "Breakfast of Champions"

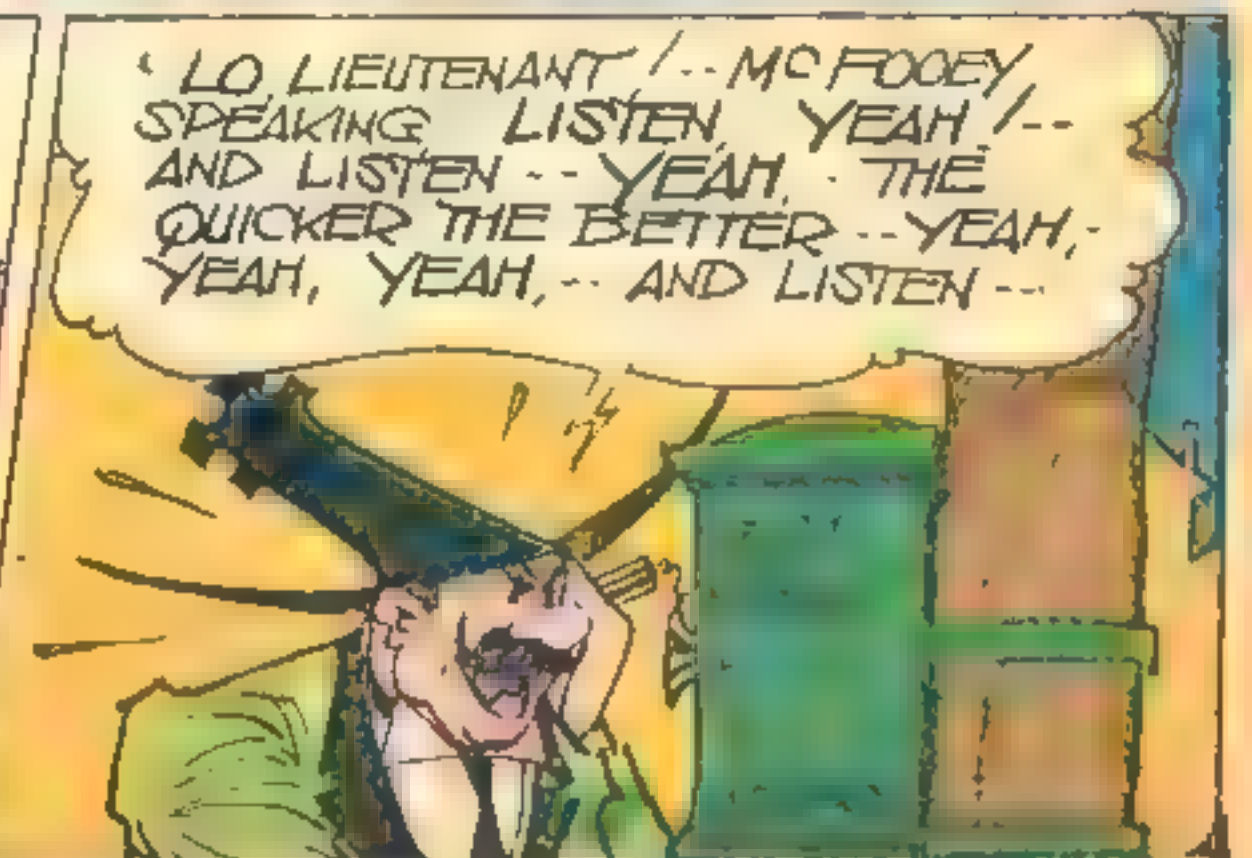
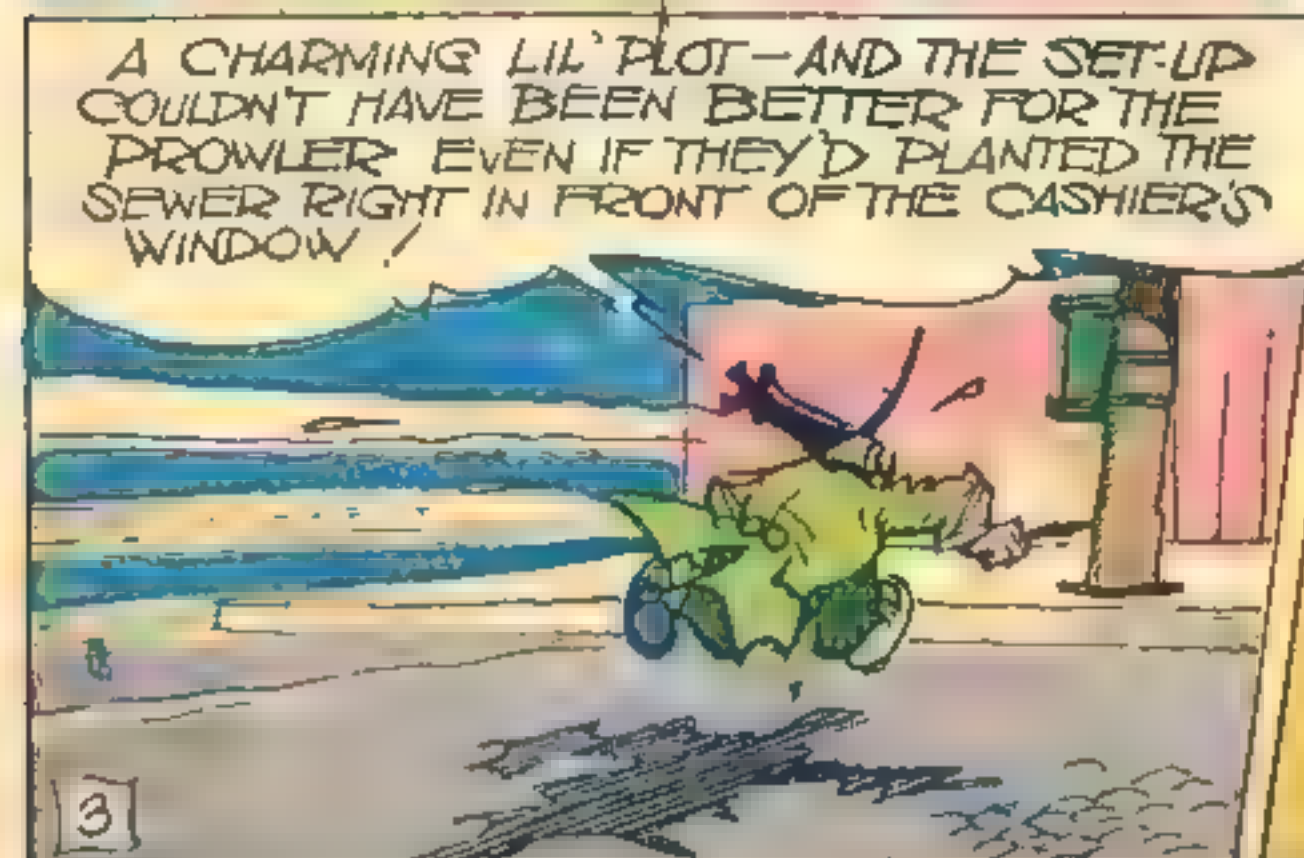
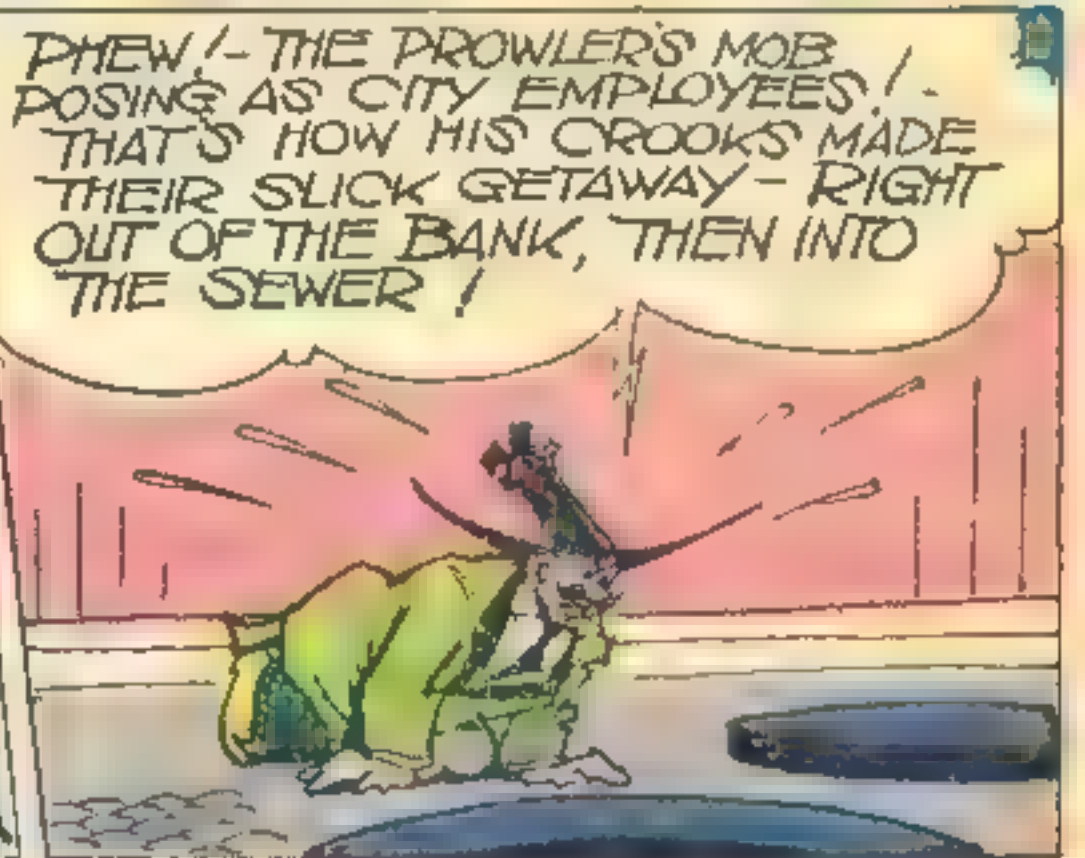
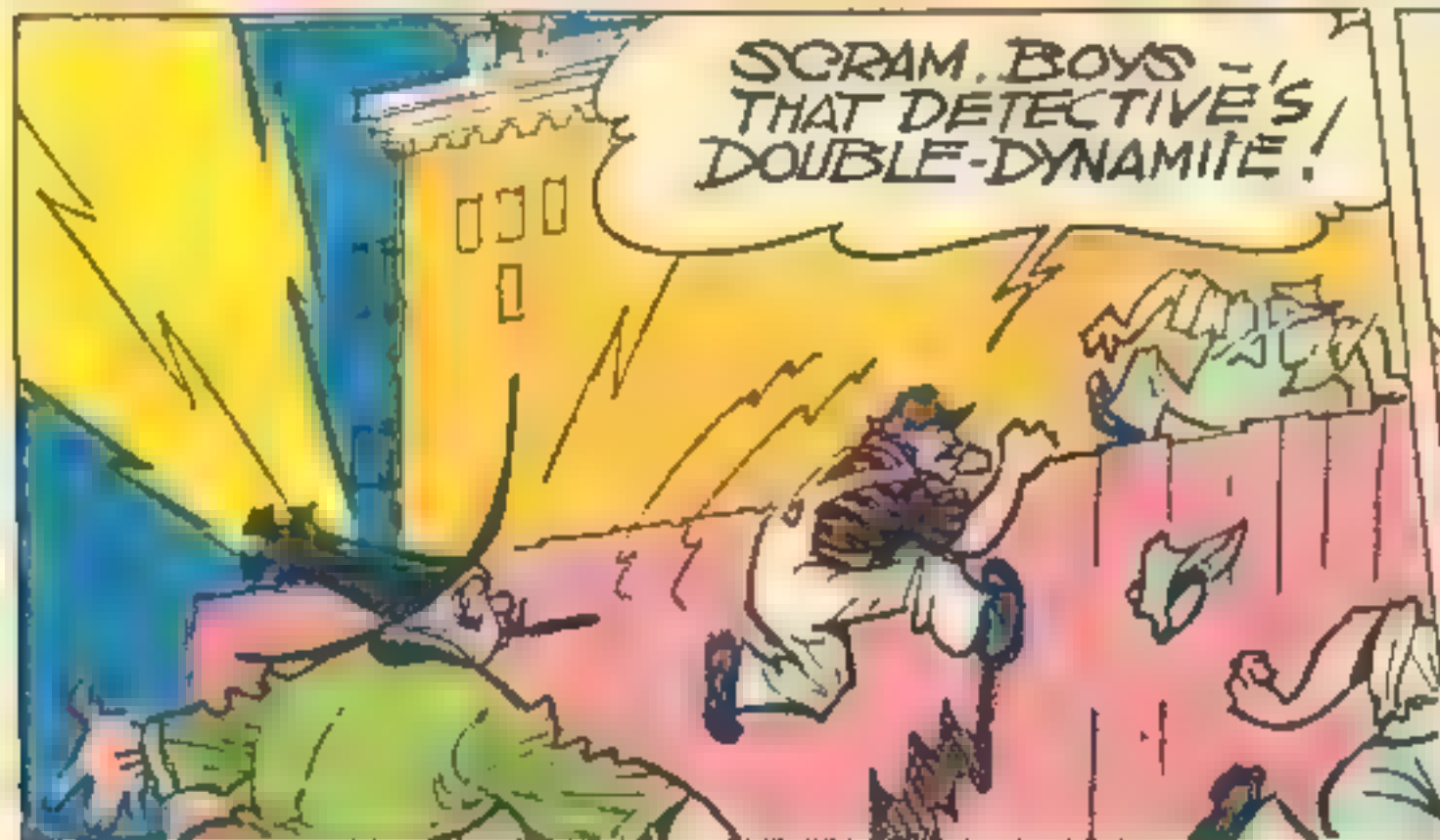
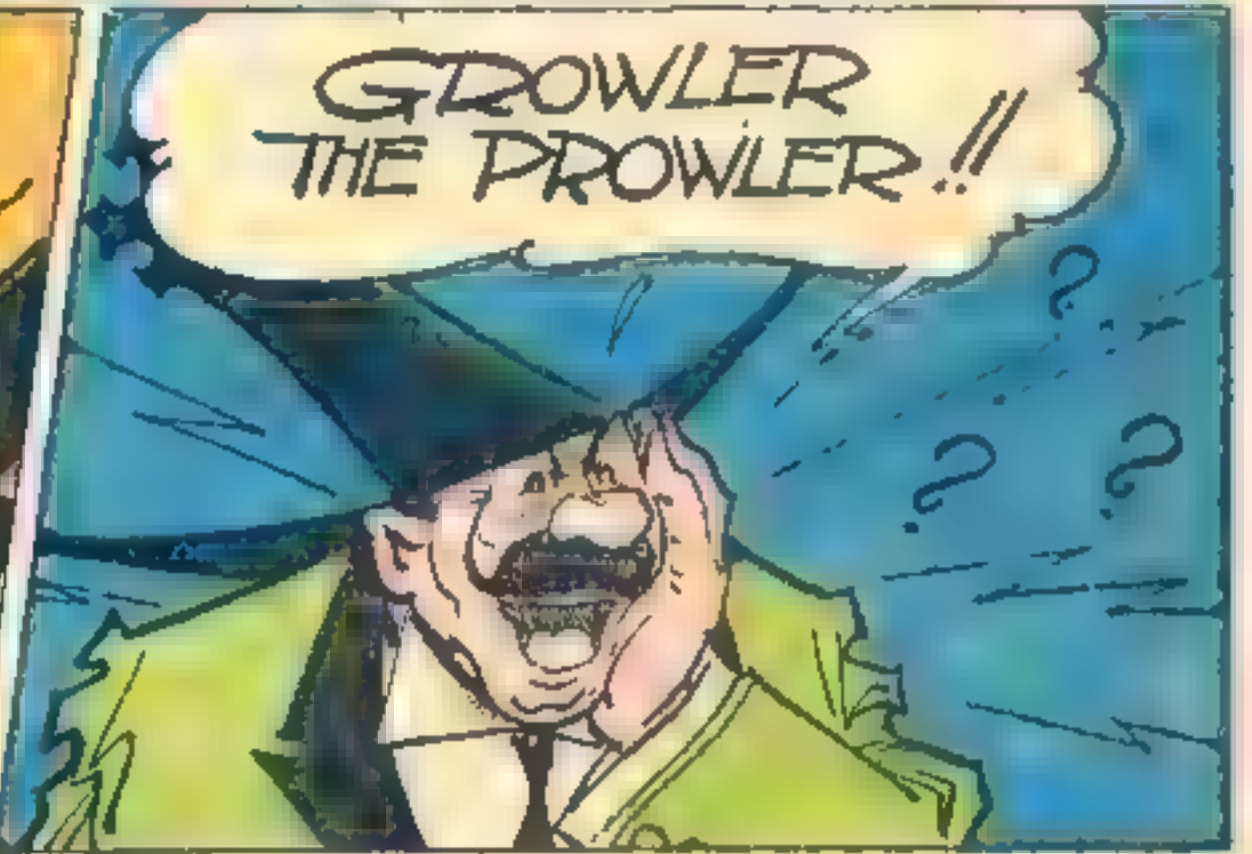
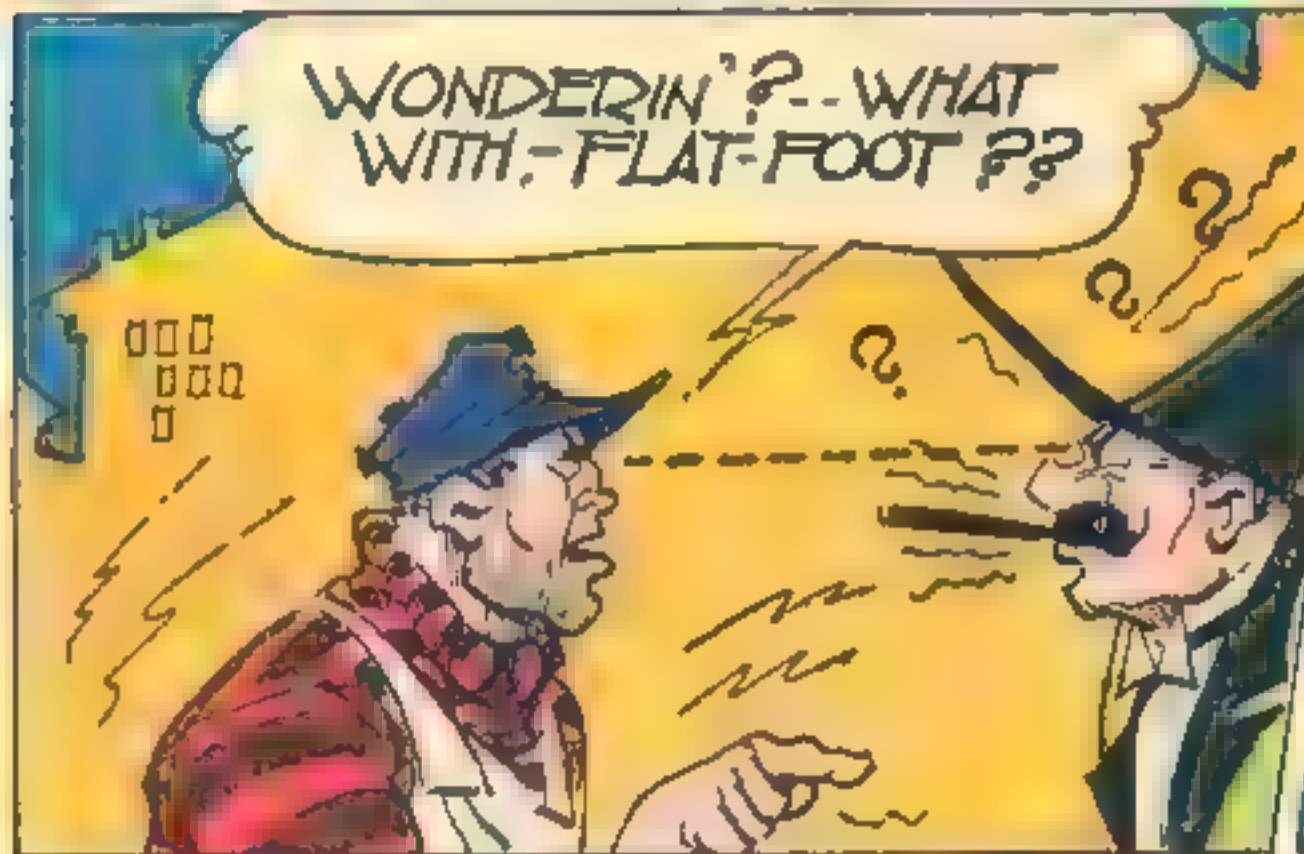
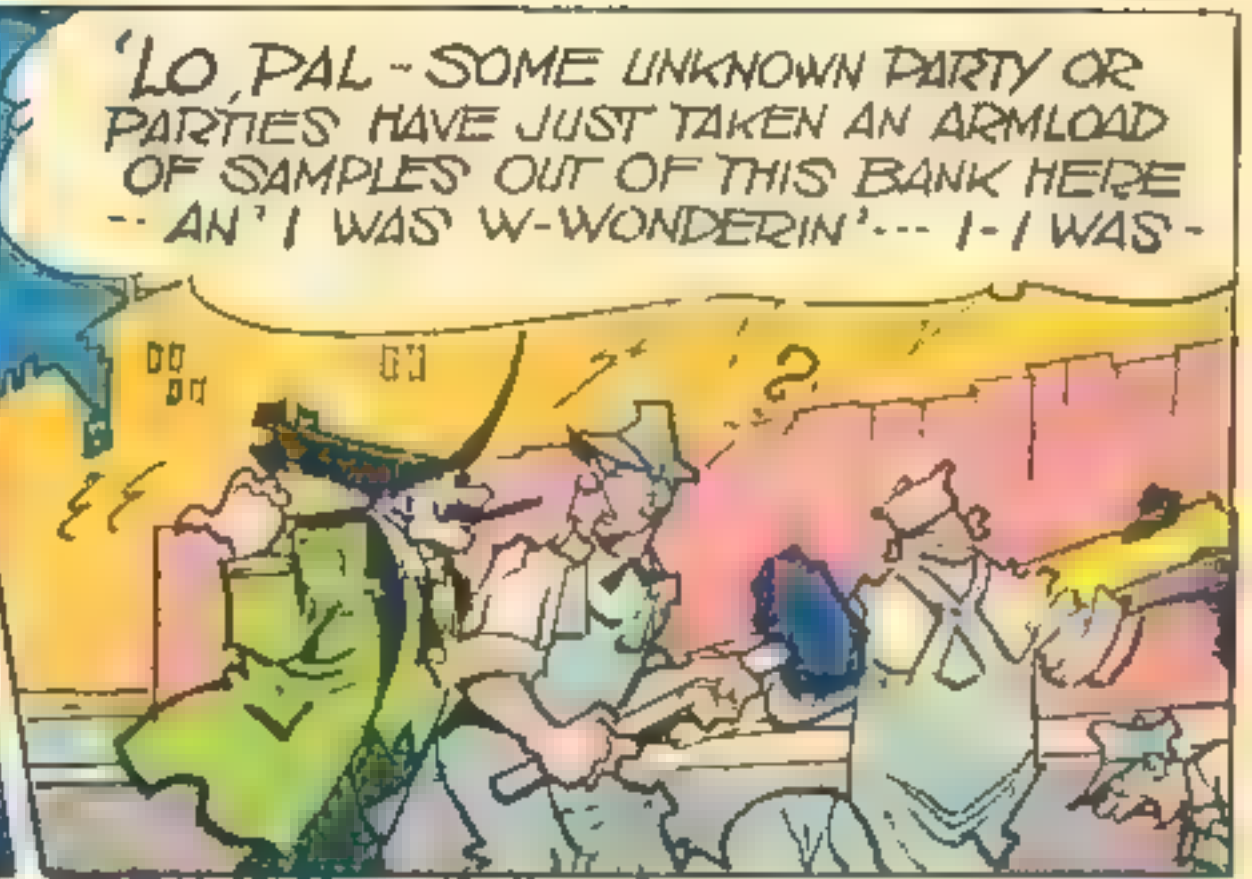
WITH MILK AND FRUIT

"Wheaties" and "Breakfast of Champions" are registered trade marks of GENERAL MILLS, INC.



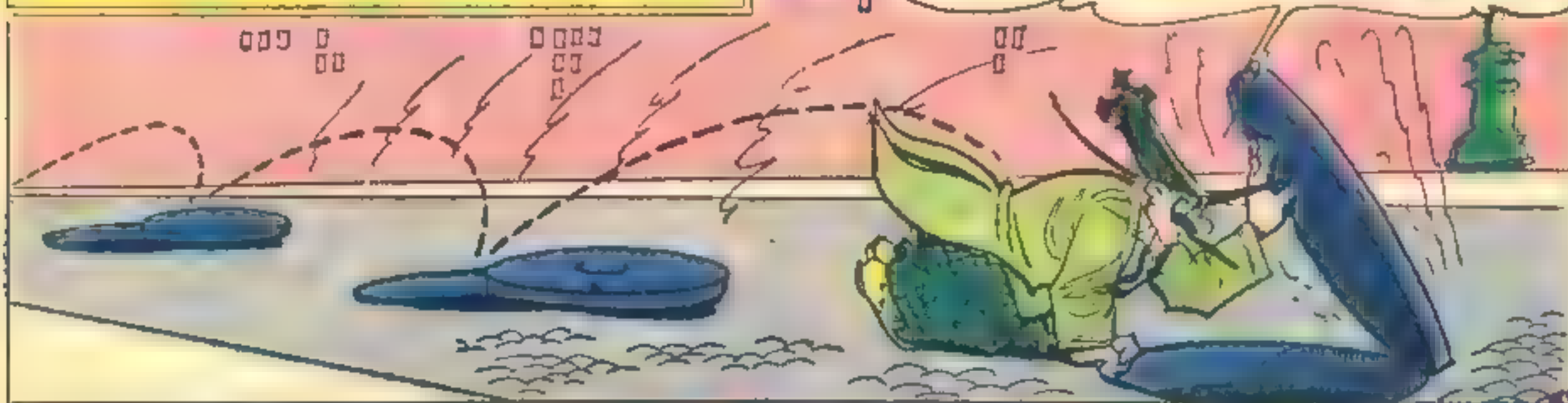
AT THE BANK  
IN THREE MINUTES' FLAT





FOR THE NEXT HALF-HOUR MCFOOEY PLAYED HOP-SCOTCH FROM MANHOLE TO MANHOLE -- ALL THE WAY FROM THE BANK TO THE WATERFRONT

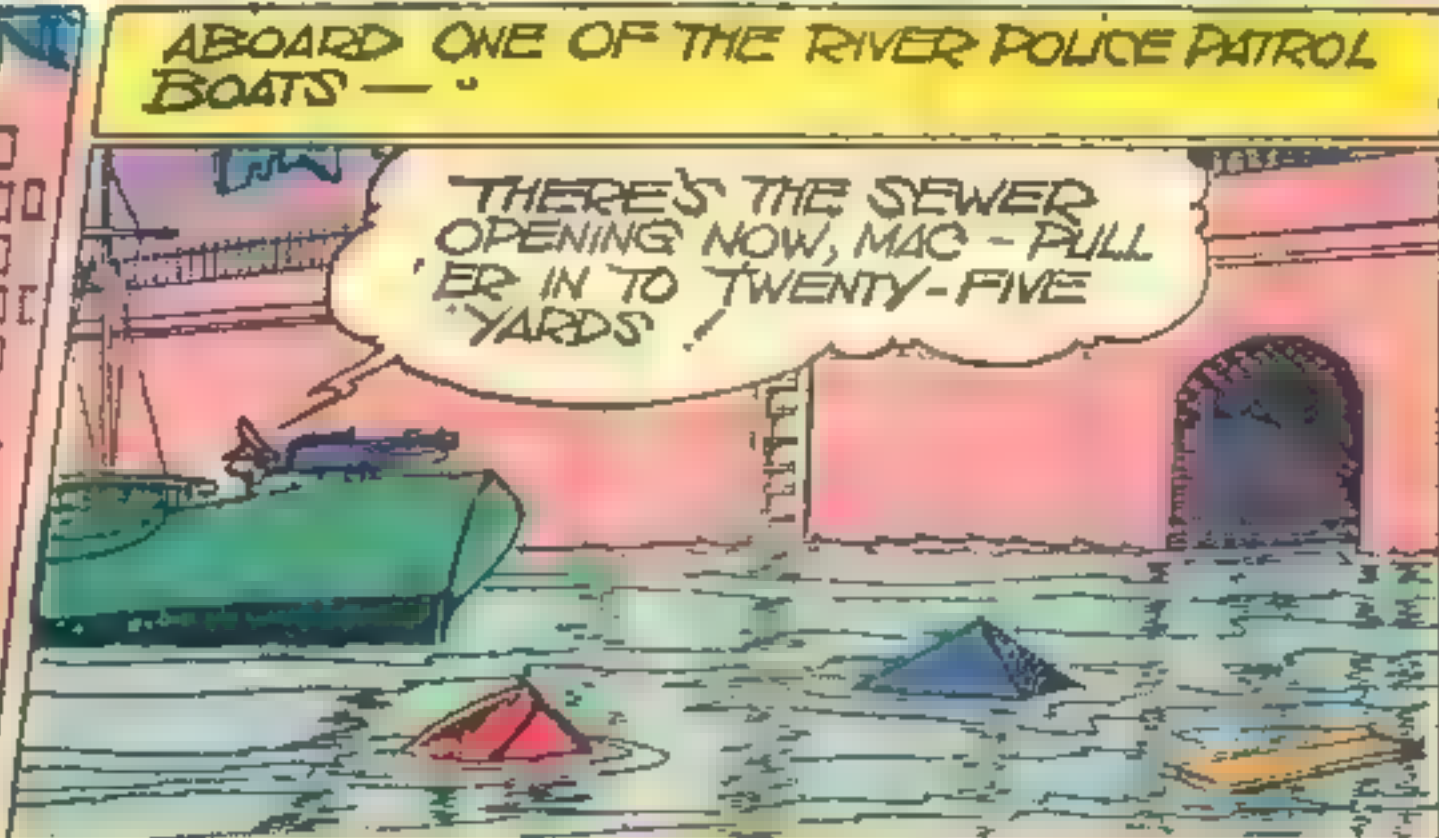
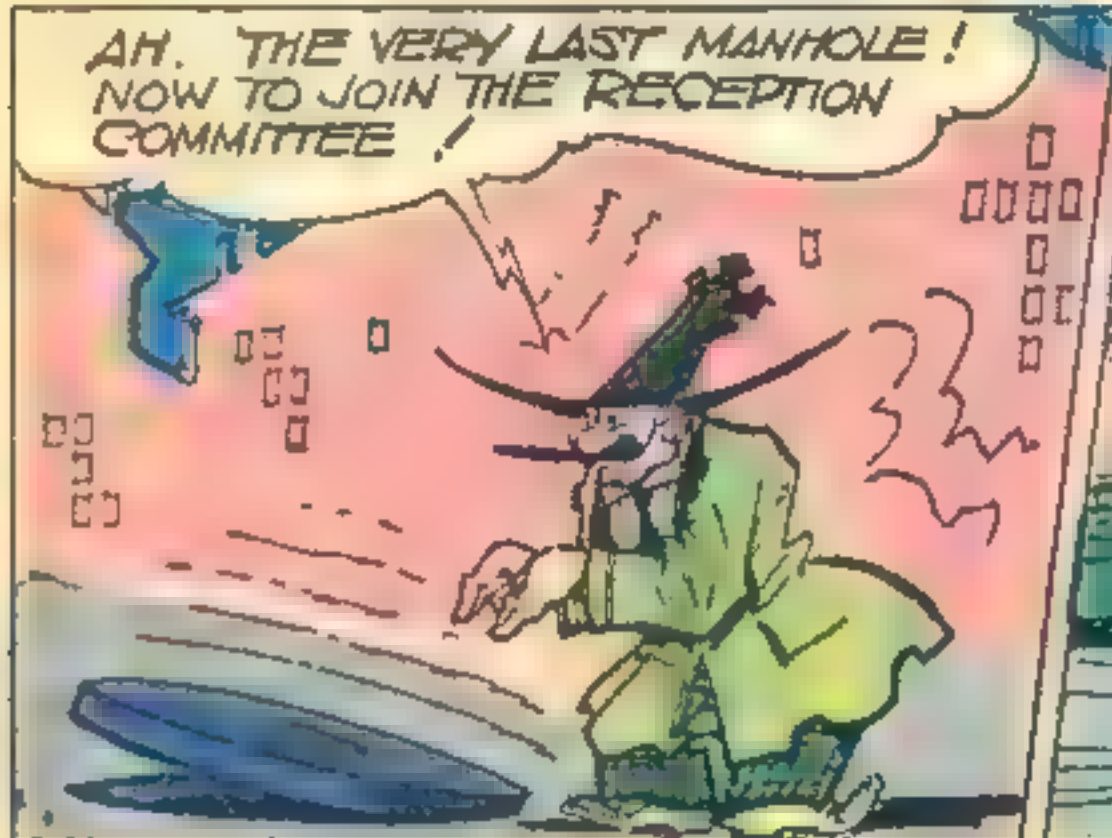
SOONER OR LATER THOSE BABIES HAVE TO COME OUT SOMEWHERE -- AND I KNOW WHERE!!



AH, THE VERY LAST MANHOLE! NOW TO JOIN THE RECEPTION COMMITTEE!

ABOARD ONE OF THE RIVER POLICE PATROL BOATS --

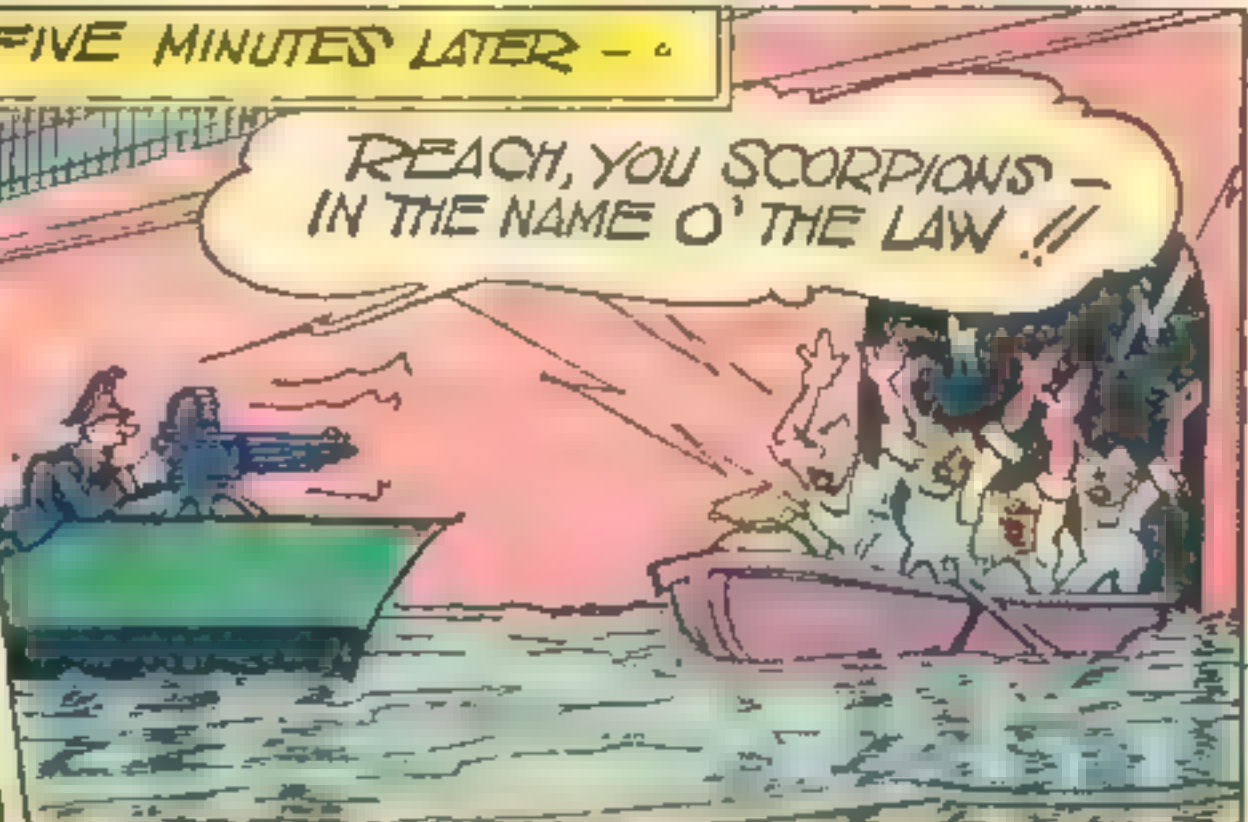
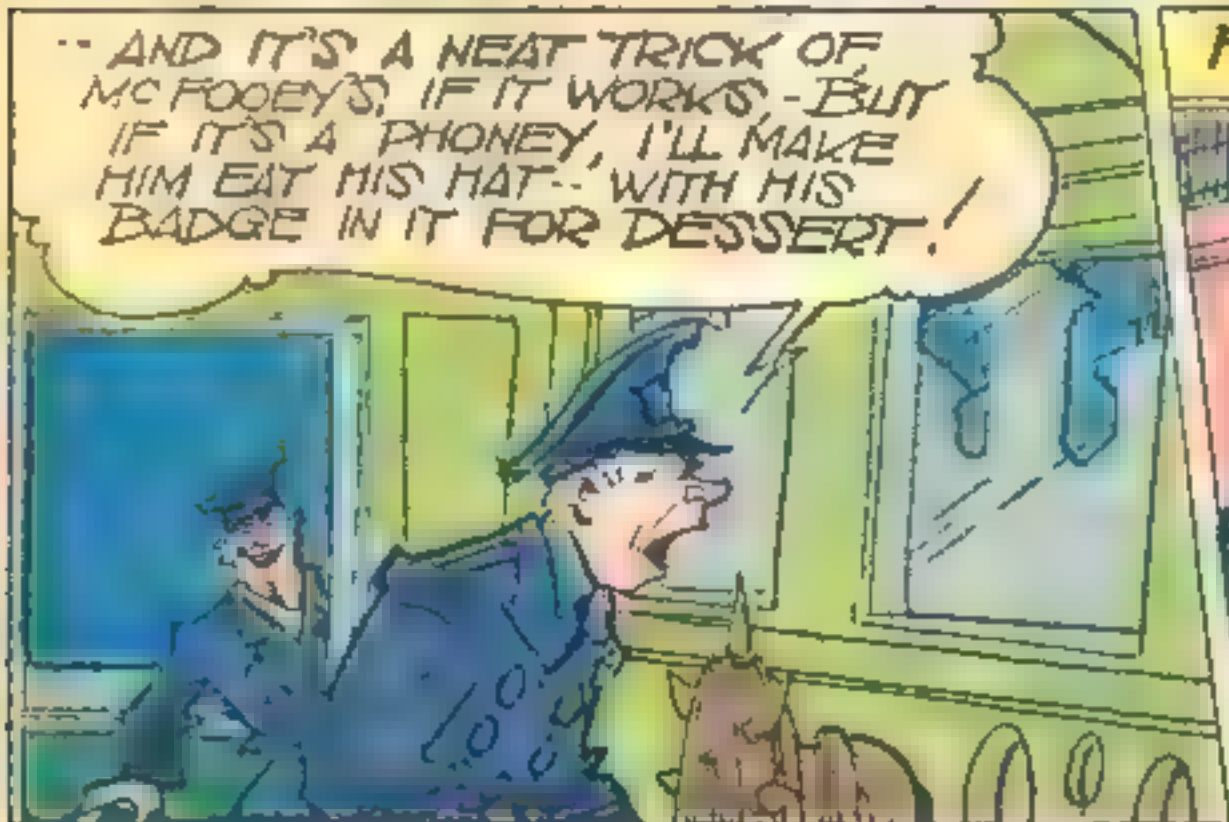
THERE'S THE SEWER OPENING NOW, MAC -- PULL 'ER IN TO TWENTY-FIVE YARDS!



-- AND IT'S A NEAT TRICK OF MCFOOEY'S, IF IT WORKS -- BUT IF IT'S A PHONEY, I'LL MAKE HIM EAT HIS HAT -- WITH HIS BADGE IN IT FOR DESSERT!

FIVE MINUTES LATER --

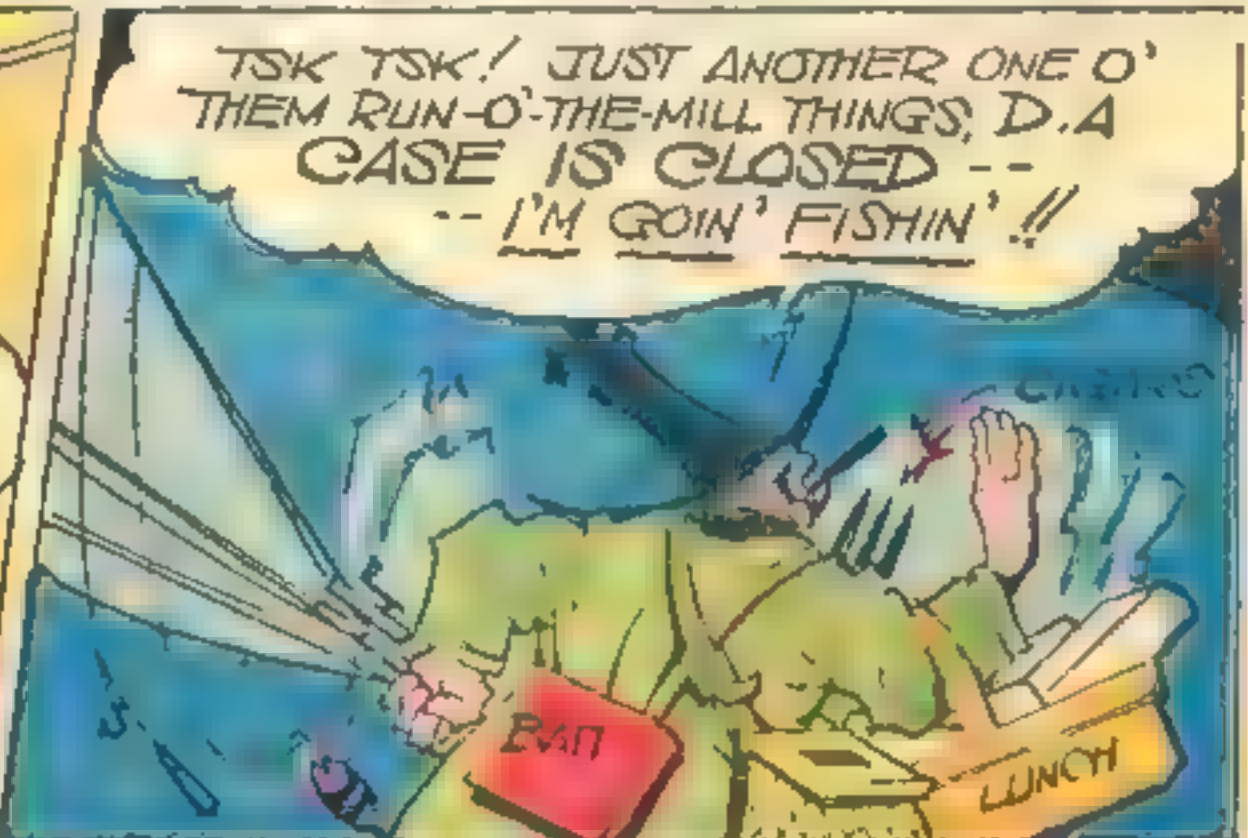
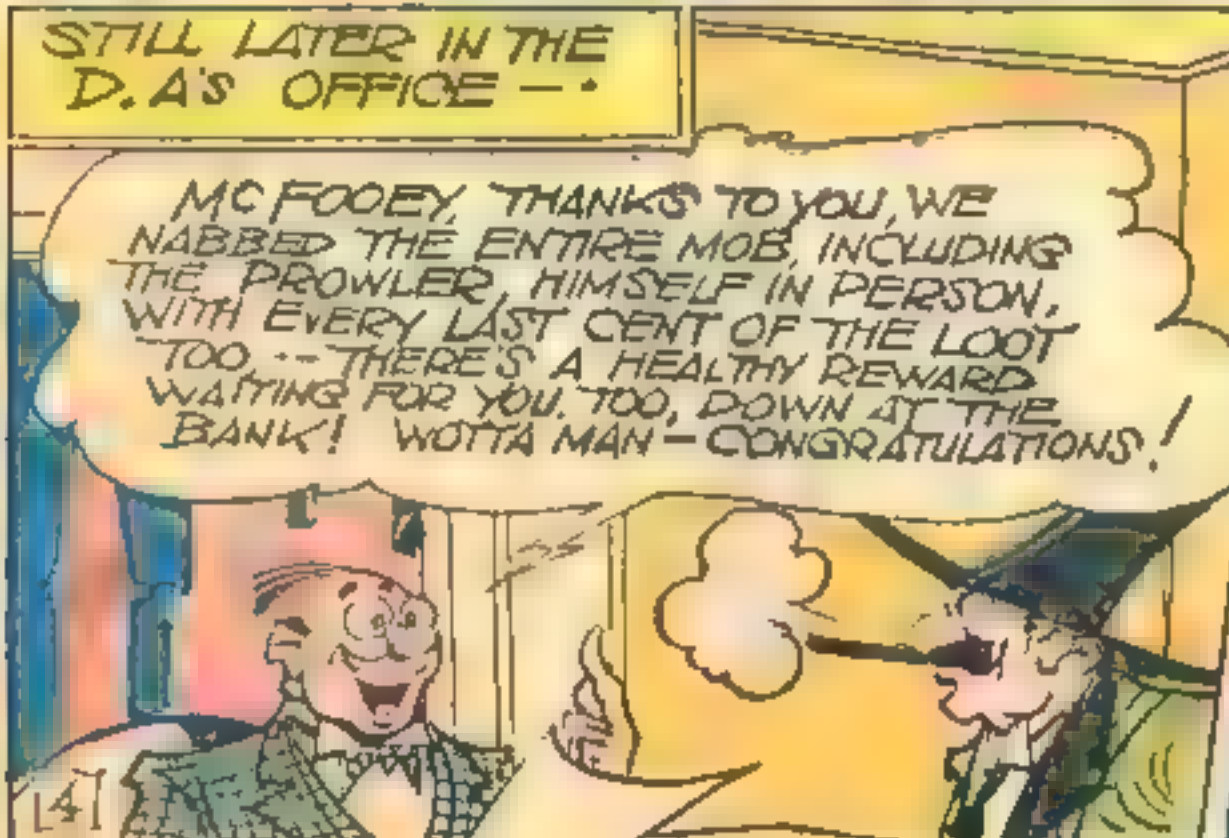
REACH, YOU SCORPIONS -- IN THE NAME O' THE LAW!!

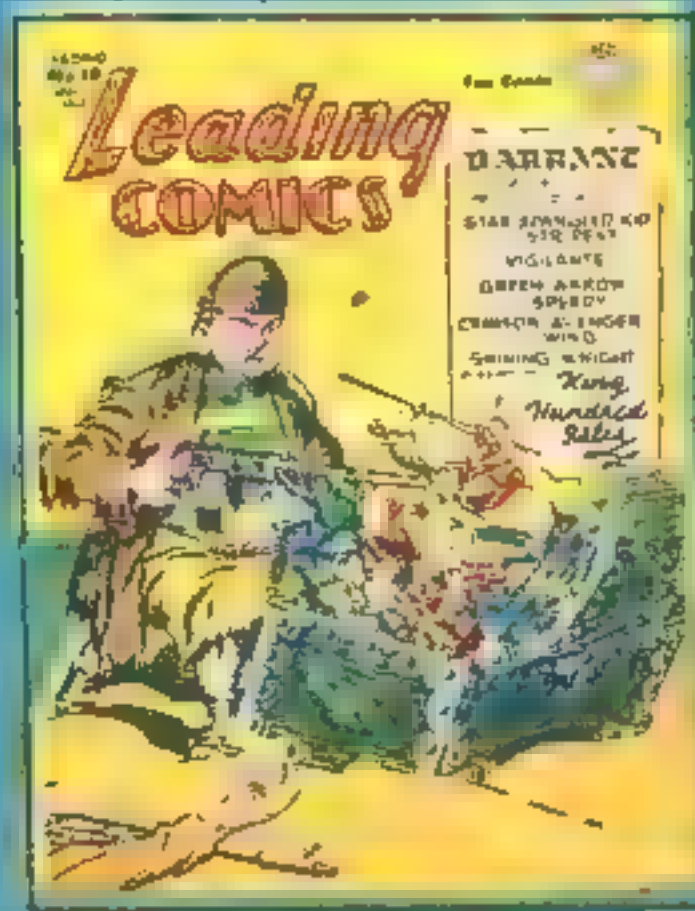
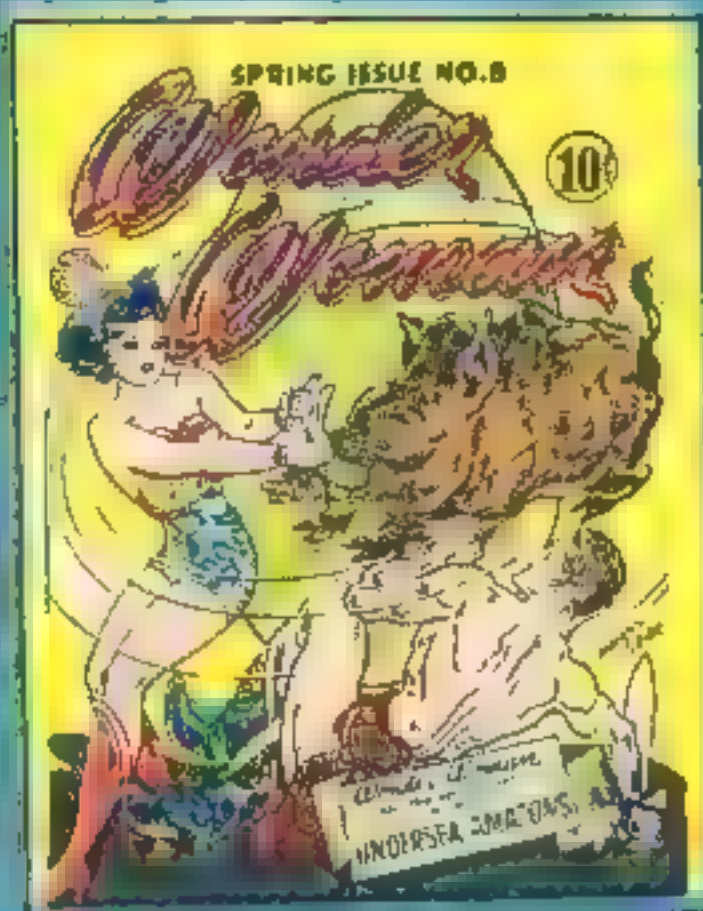
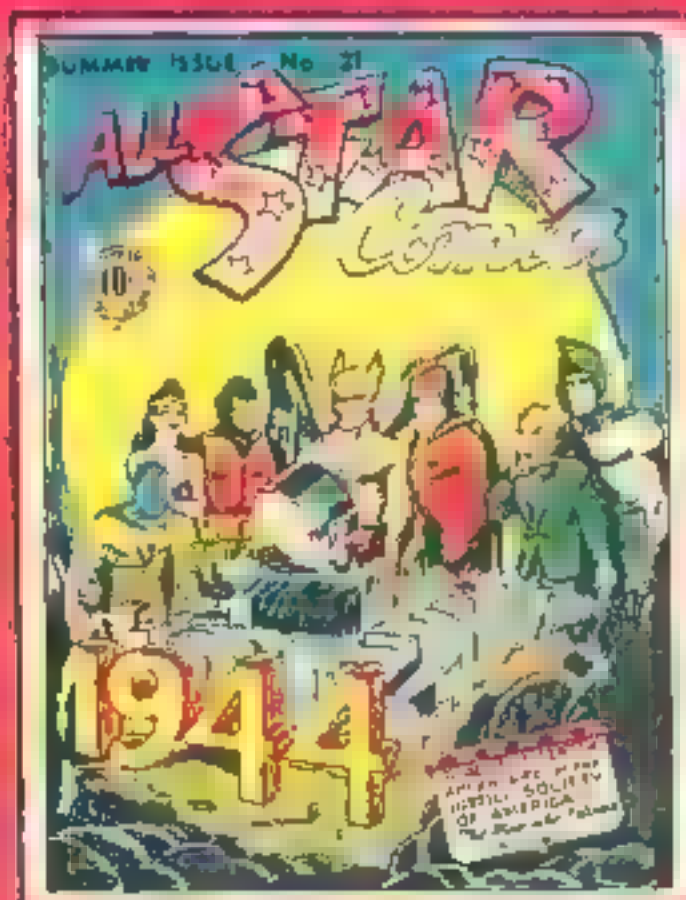


STILL LATER IN THE D.A.'S OFFICE --

MCFOOEY, THANKS TO YOU, WE NABBED THE ENTIRE MOB, INCLUDING THE PROWLER, HIMSELF IN PERSON, WITH EVERY LAST CENT OF THE LOOT TOO -- THERE'S A HEALTHY REWARD WAITING FOR YOU, TOO, DOWN AT THE BANK! WOTTA MAN -- CONGRATULATIONS!

TSK TSK! JUST ANOTHER ONE O' THEM RUN-O-THE-MILL THINGS, D.A. CASE IS CLOSED -- -- I'M GOIN' FISHIN'!!





**NOW ON SALE**

**EVERYWHERE**

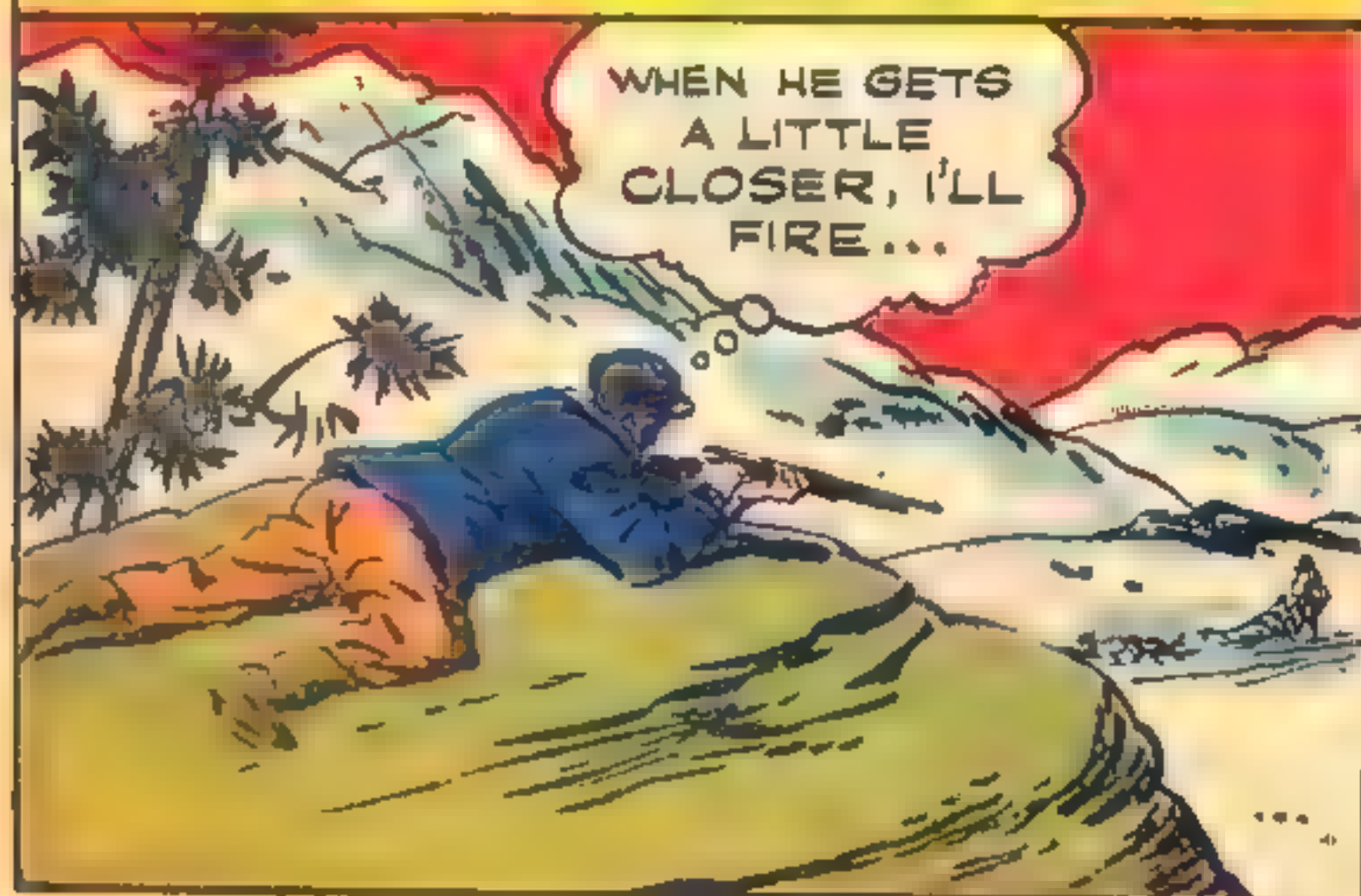


# CONGO BILL

THE CANADIAN NORTHWEST—ROMANTIC LAST FRONTIER OF NORTH AMERICA—A WILD LAND WHERE GUNSMOKE DISPUTES VALIANT MOUNTIES TO DECIDE WHETHER MIGHT OR RIGHT SHOULD TRIUMPH!-- INTO THIS, CONGO BILL COMES, AND WITH CARDS STACKED AGAINST HIM, HE PITS HIS SKILL AND COURAGE AGAINST EVIL IN A ROUSING... **"RENEGADE ROUNDUP!"**



IN THE NORTHWEST WILDERNESS, A RENEGADE LIES IN WAIT FOR A PRESUMED MOUNTIE...



A MOMENT LATER...



THE SHOT THROWS THE DOGS INTO A PANIC, AND CONGO BILL HAS HIS HANDS FULL!

HAVE TO GET THE DOGS UNDER CONTROL BEFORE I CAN ATTEND TO THAT BUSHWACKER! I'LL UPSET THE SLEDGE!

THERE! THAT STOPPED 'EM!

NOW TO GET AFTER THAT AMBUSHING SCOUNDREL, WHOEVER HE IS!

AFTER FURTIVE STALKING...

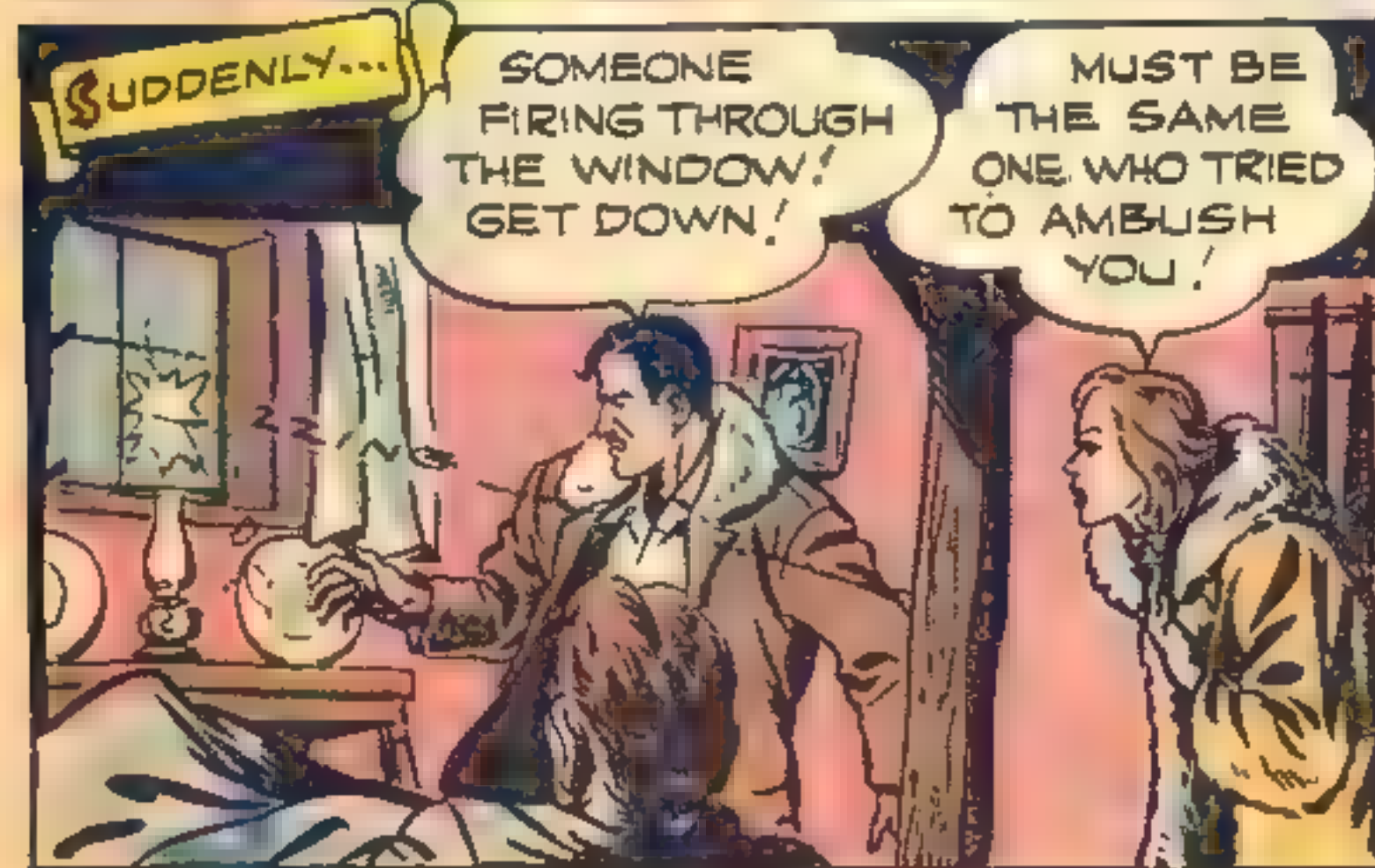
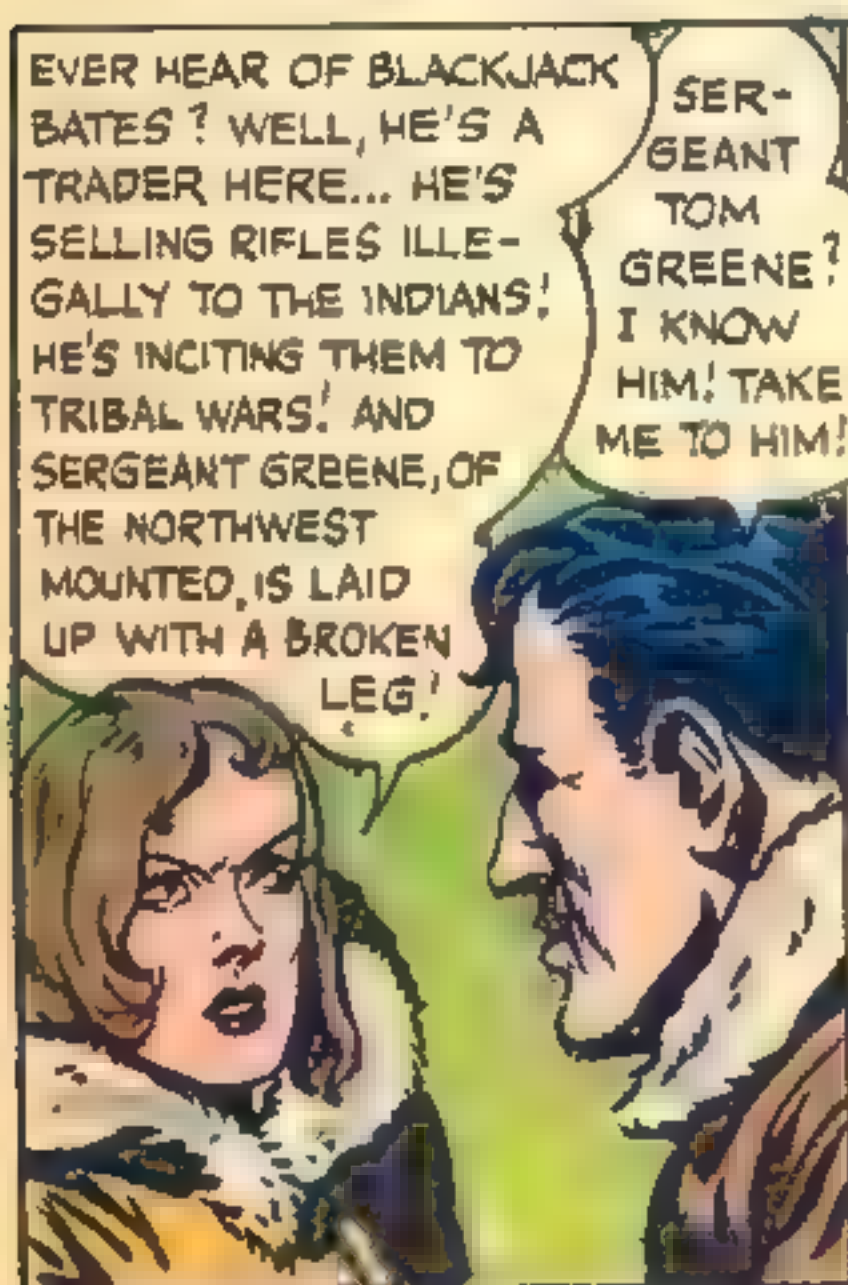
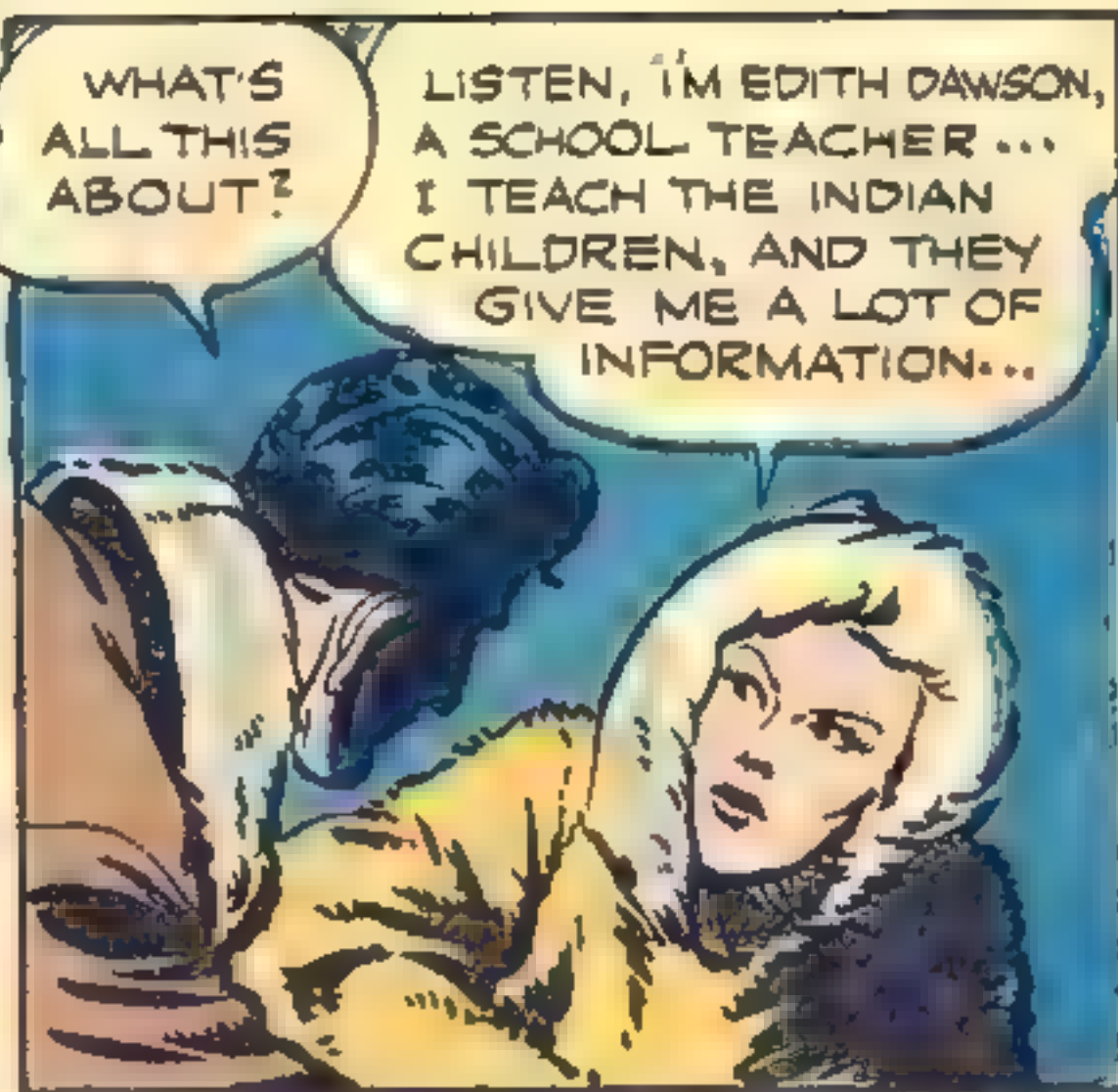
SOMEONE MOVING OVER THERE! MIGHT BE MY MAN!

I'LL LEAVE MY RIFLE HERE AND MAKE HIM THINK I'M IN THIS SPOT WHILE I TAKE HIM FROM THE REAR!

IT WON'T BE LONG NOW...

GOT YOU, STRANGER!

WHA-?





GOT HIM!



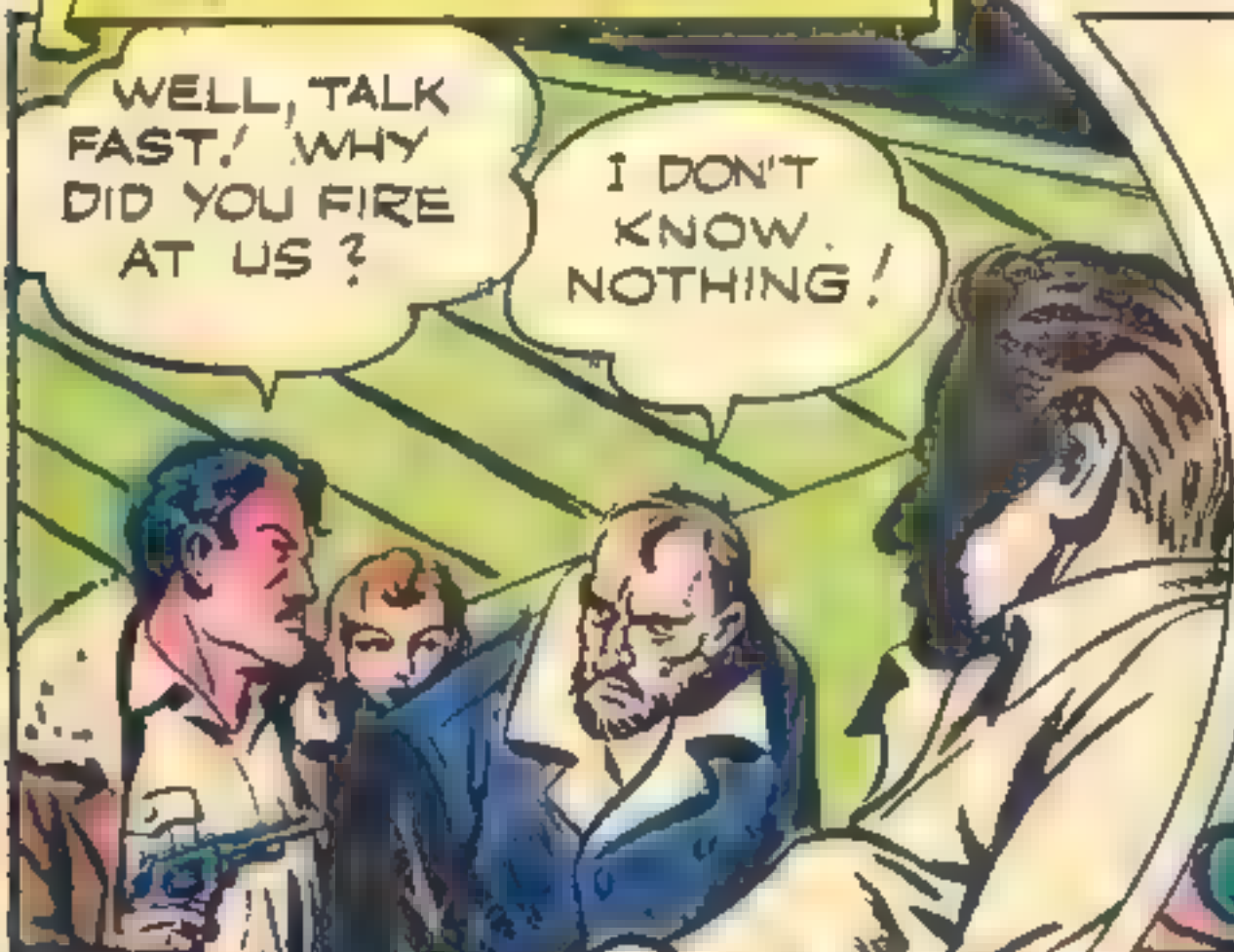
AND YOU'RE NOT CRAWLING OUT OF THIS, STRANGER!



YOU'VE ONLY A FLESH WOUND IN THE LEG! I SAW TO THAT!

WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO TO ME?

BACK IN THE SERGEANT'S CABIN WITH THE PRISONER...



WELL, TALK FAST! WHY DID YOU FIRE AT US?

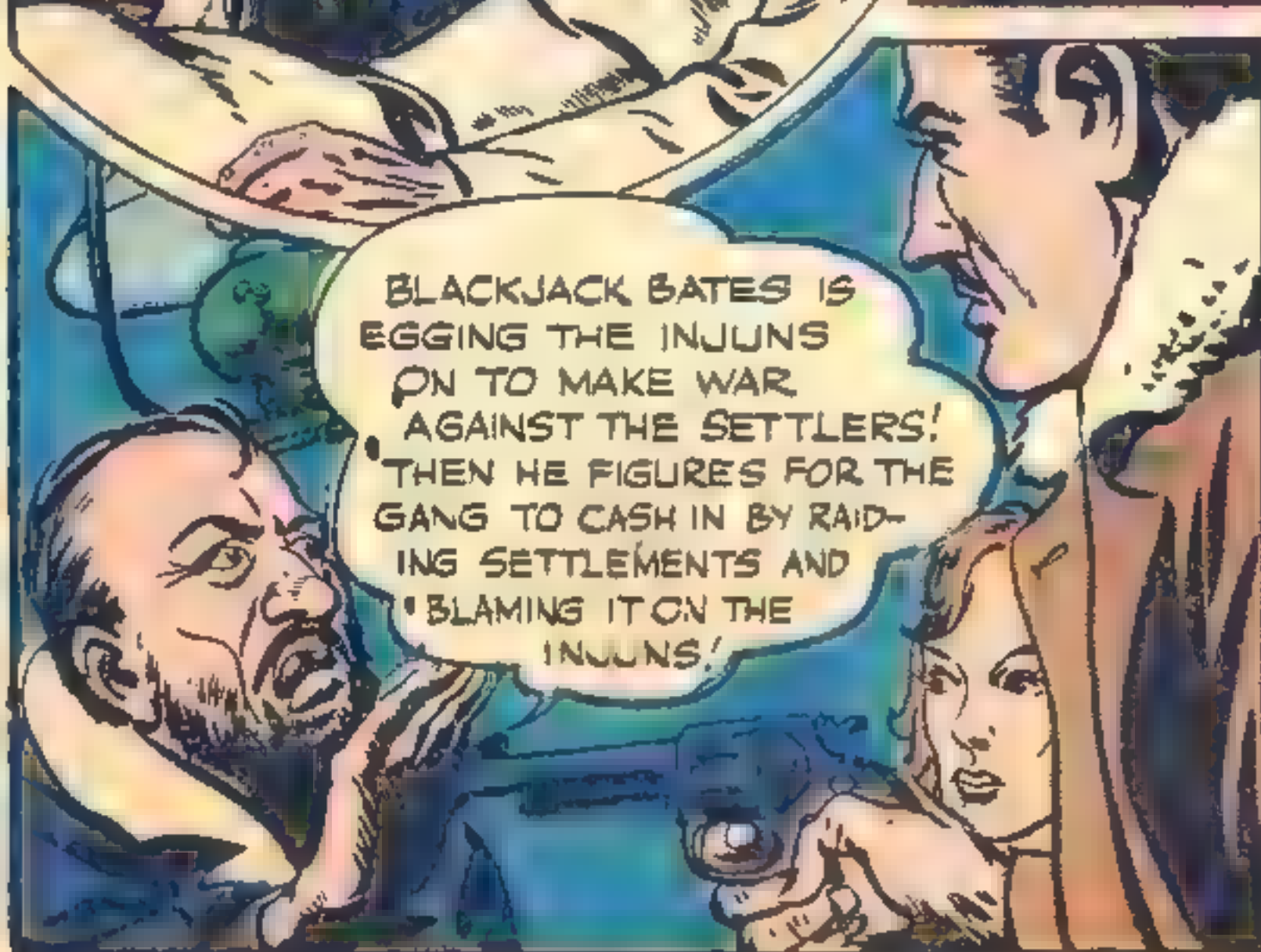
I DON'T KNOW NOTHING!



YOU WON'T TALK, EH? MAYBE THIS WILL LOOSEN YOUR TONGUE!



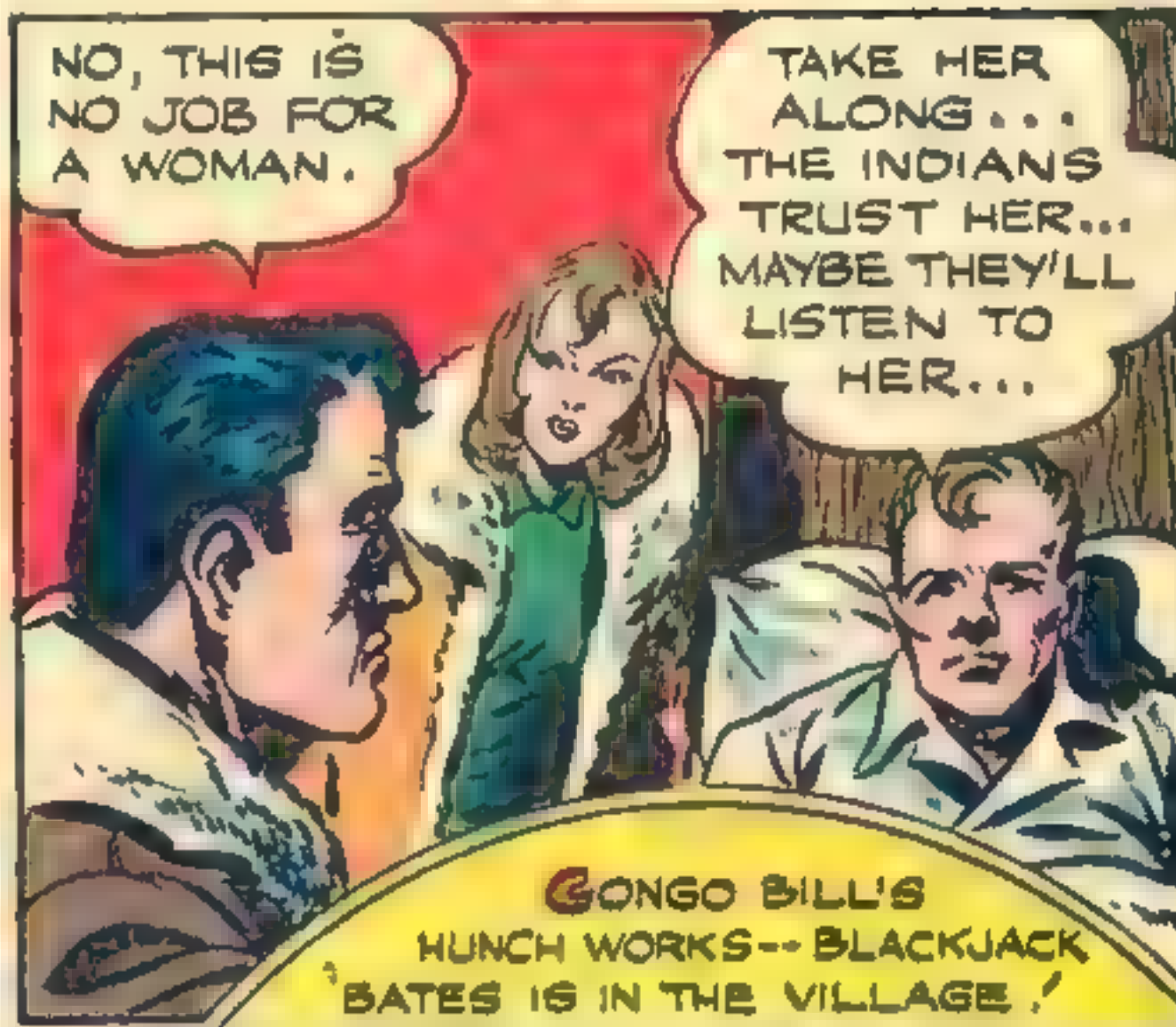
DON'T... SHOOT... I'LL... TALK.



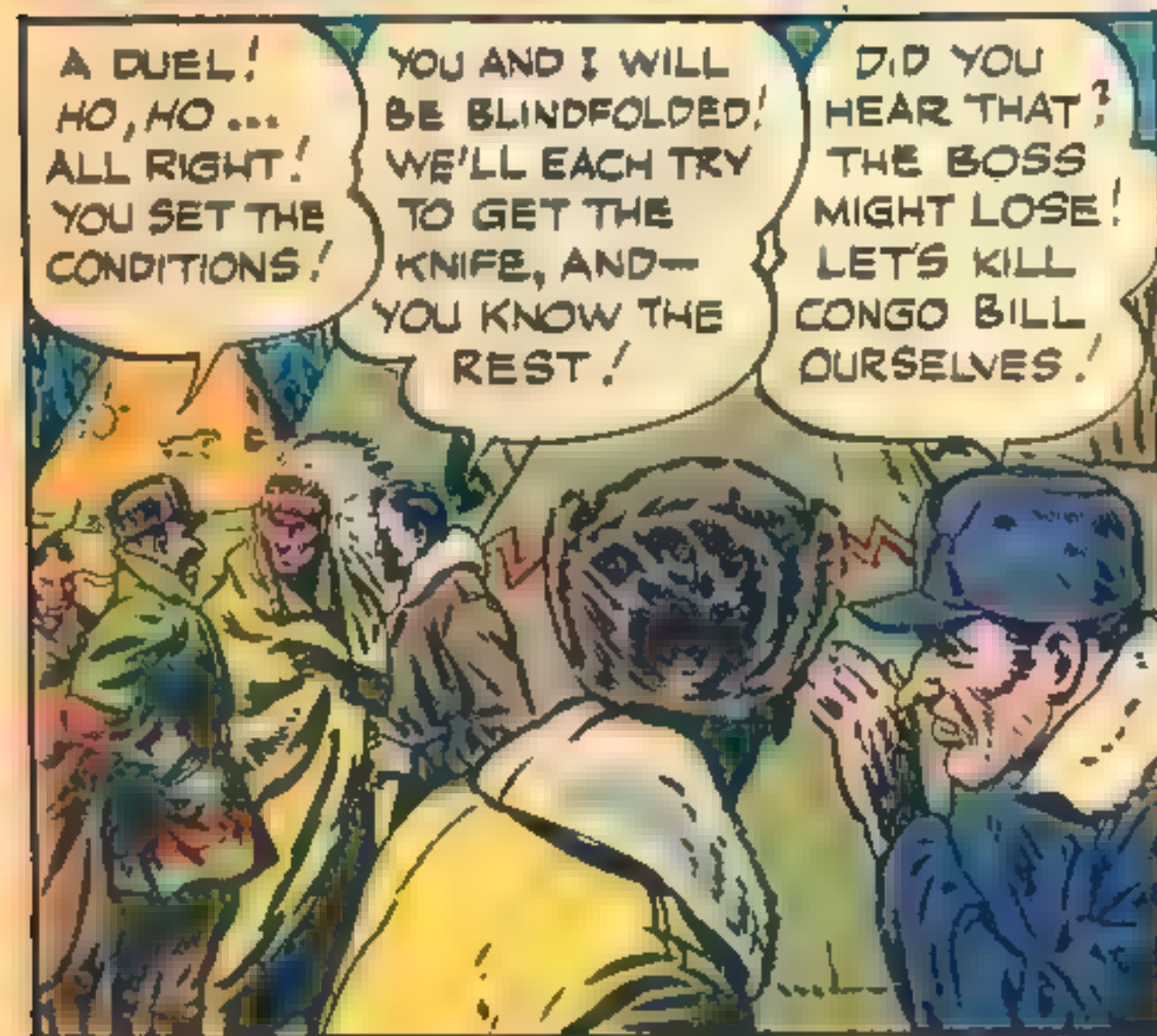
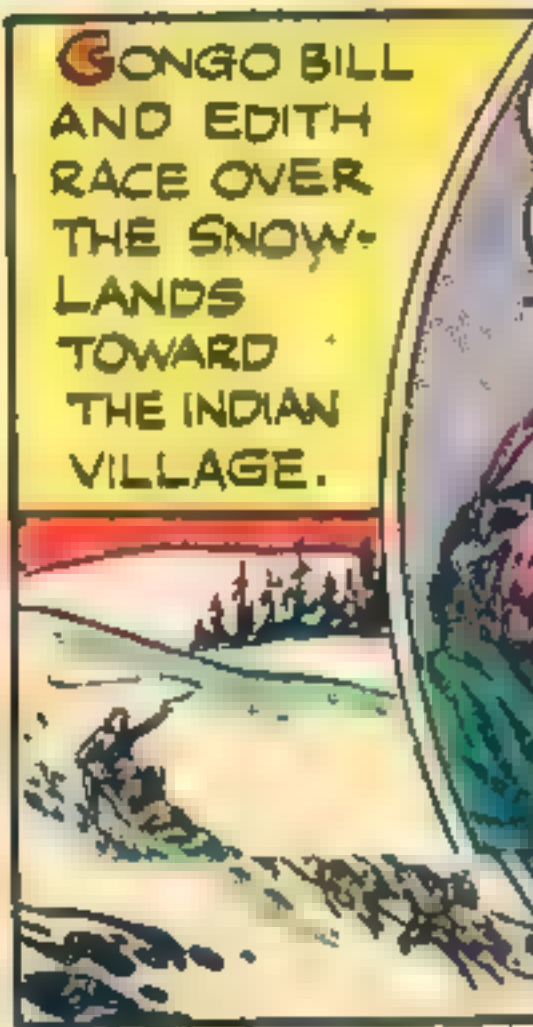
BLACKJACK BATES IS EGGING THE INJUNS ON TO MAKE WAR AGAINST THE SETTLERS! THEN HE FIGURES FOR THE GANG TO CASH IN BY RAIDING SETTLEMENTS AND 'BLAMING IT ON THE INJUNS!'

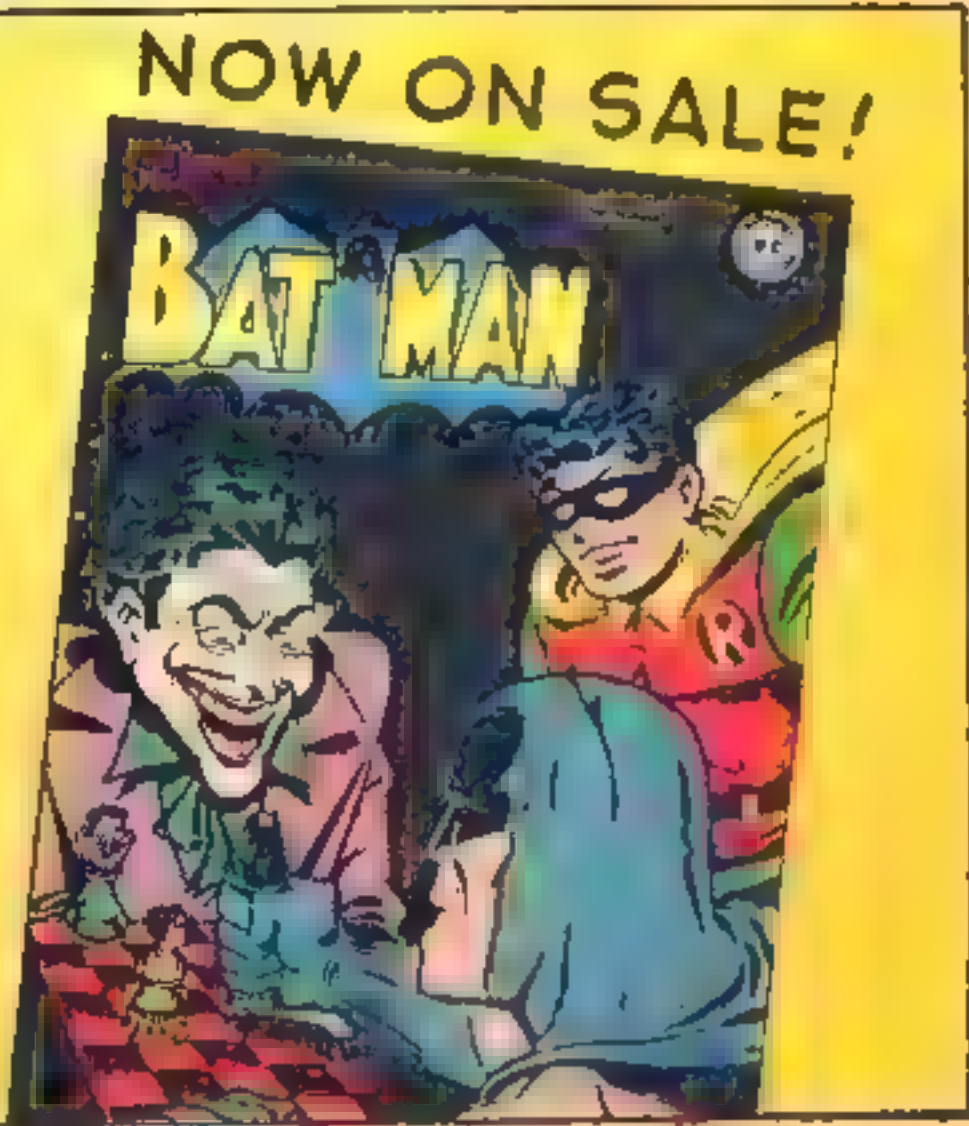
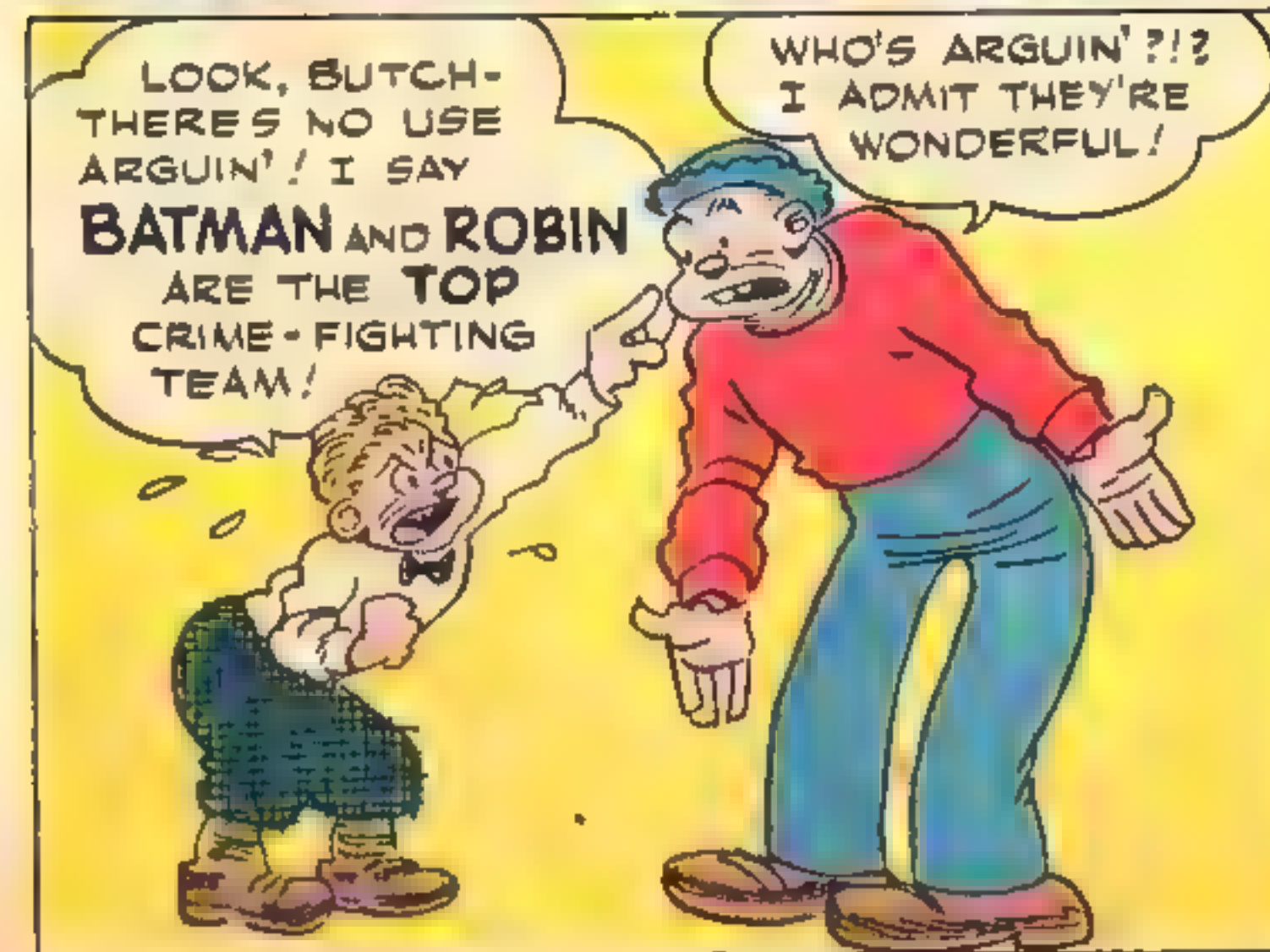
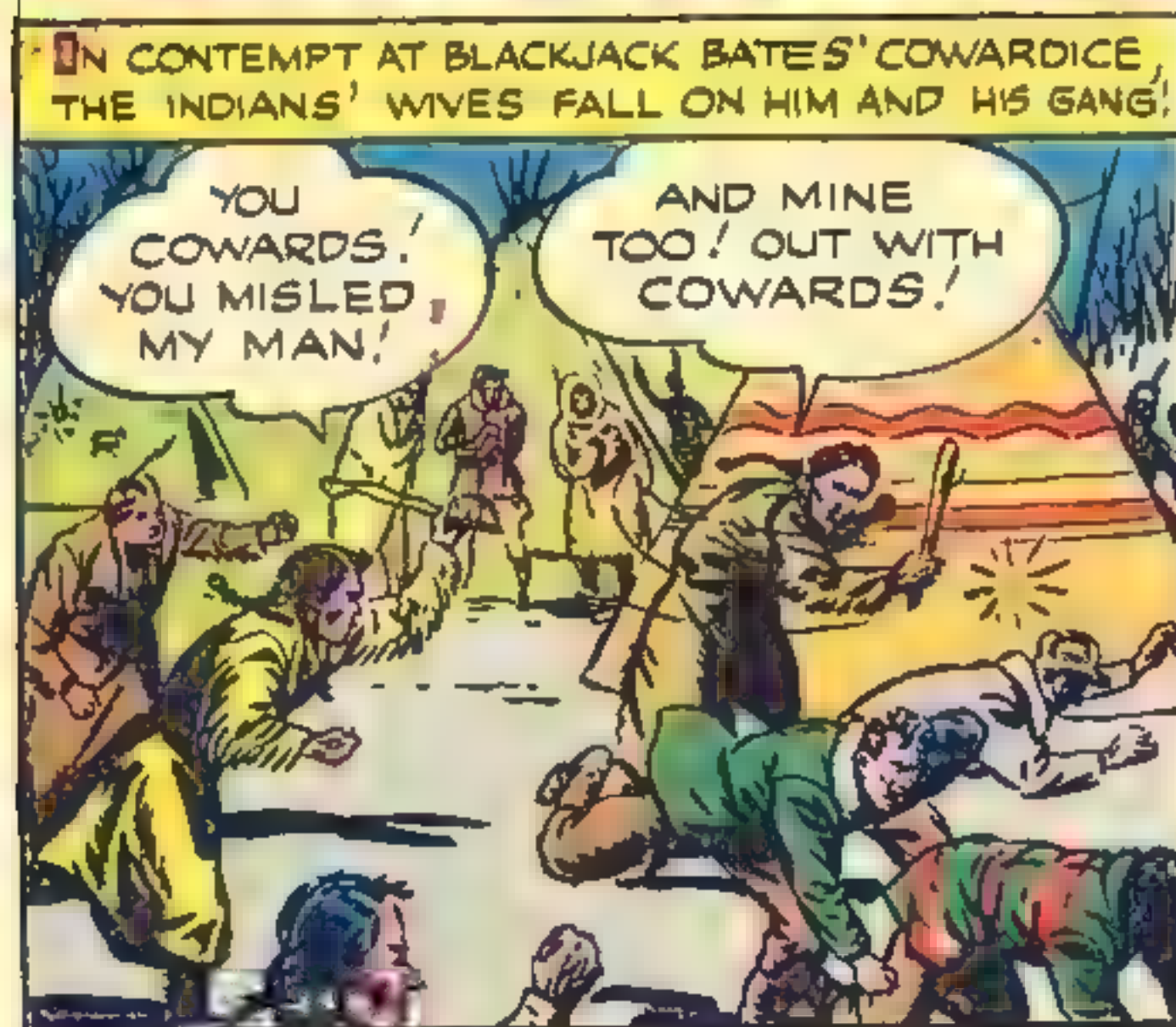


SO THAT'S HIS GAME, IS IT?



**GONGO BILL'S HUNCH WORKS--BLACKJACK BATES IS IN THE VILLAGE!**





# A GOOD SIGN

by Allan Gerz

SKIPPY GAXTON whistled as he tucked the defense plant payroll into the paper bag he had bought for the purpose. Johnson, the bank cashier, watched young Skippy as he carefully counted the packets of bills and placed them in the bag. Johnson was a chronic worrier, as a lot of bank cashiers are wont to be when an eighteen-year-old boy is entrusted with a large sum of money every week.

"I still can't understand why they don't send a couple of guards with you," Johnson said. "A kid like you carrying all that dough is an invitation to a stick-up."

Skippy didn't look up from his counting. This was old stuff to him now, and so, as usual, he gave the explanation he made week after week to Johnson.

"It isn't that, Mr. Johnson," he said. "Don't you see, nobody would suspect me of going for the payroll. As far as any crook is concerned, I'm just an office boy, going out to get his lunch." He smiled. "Why, they're probably looking for a man, with a couple of guards alongside him."

Skippy finished tucking the last of the bills into the paper sack and placed it under his arm. It was just as he had said. He looked like a kid who was carrying lunch under his arm. Almost paternally, he spoke to Johnson. After all, the man had been there only two months. But he should know that for nearly a year now he, Skippy, had been handling the Apex Machinery Company's money. It was like a patriotic duty.

"My father's a pretty smart man, Mr. Johnson," he said. "You know, he's Captain of Guards at the plant. And he was one of the best detectives on the police force before he retired. He wouldn't let me do this if he didn't feel it was safe."

"I suppose so," Johnson said. "Ed Gaxton has quite a reputation. Maybe he is right."

"I know he is," Skippy said,

positively. He added, boastfully, "Besides, he taught me how to take care of myself. It's a formula."

"Formula?" Johnson looked straight at Skippy, who flushed as he caught the cynical look in the cashier's eyes. "You mean a magic charm?"

Nettled, Skippy answered the cashier. "No, nothing like that. Only Pop said that a smart cop can always think his way out of a tight spot. That's what he did." He walked toward the door. "And I'm going to be a smart cop some day, Mr. Johnson. Just the way Pop is."

Johnson laughed. "I don't doubt it, Skippy." He placed a hand on the lad's shoulder. "But don't count too much on that quick thinking, son. You know, there are a lot of smart crooks around, too. They can think."

Red flushed Skippy's face. "I don't like to contradict you, Mr. Johnson," he said, "but you ought to remember, no matter how smart they are they always get caught in the end."

For an instant, Johnson looked at Skippy. And in that same instant, the boy thought he saw anger in the man's eyes. Thinking he had offended him, Skippy hastily apologized.

"Oh, it's okay, son," Johnson said. "Don't mind me. I guess we cashiers are always sort of scared. You know, we're easy prey for holdup men." He looked at the wall clock. It said eleven. Within an hour, the men would have to be paid. "But you'd better hurry along, Skippy. Going out the front door as usual?"

"Sure thing. Well, goodbye, Mr. Johnson." The package tucked securely under his arm, Skippy went out into the bright sunshine.

The streets teemed with people. Berton was a busy defense town. It was playing host now to more people than it could hold. Houses were at a premium and not even the prefabricated cottages the defense authorities had constructed

were enough to take care of the workers, who were pouring material to the men on the fighting front. In Skippy's house, alone, there were seven boarders, most of them crammed two to a room.

The shrill sound of a hand organ interrupted his thoughts, brought him back to the present. In front of him, a man, dressed in corduroy pants, with a gay bandana on his head, was turning an organ while a monkey darted about, hopping first on the man's shoulder, then to the organ, then to the street. The man, catching Skippy's eyes, smiled through a long row of even, shining white teeth.

"You wanta da fortune told, younga fellow?" He stopped, almost in Skippy's path.

"No, thanks," Skippy moved to the side. His father had always told him never to stop on his way from the bank. Now, Skippy attempted to pass the man. "Some other time," Skippy said. "Not now."

People were moving past, but no one seemed to be paying attention. Suddenly, Skippy realized that the monkey had popped beneath the man's coat. And the man was looking at Skippy with narrowed eyes, edging him toward the curb. Flustered, Skippy said, "Hev, what are you trying to do?" He was almost pushed into a large black sedan, standing at the curb.

The next thing he knew a hand grasped his shoulder, was pulling him into the car. Without seeming effort, the man with the organ stepped swiftly in front of Skippy, blocking his view. Only one thought ran through Skippy's mind, a quick decisive thought. "I'm being held up."

He opened his mouth to cry out. And then, something descended on his head. Everything went black.

Pain throbbed in Skippy's head when he opened his eyes. He was lying on a sofa in a sparsely-furnished room. It was a moment before he could get his eyes to focus. And then he saw them.

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There were three of them, sitting around the table. One of the men was the organ grinder. In front of them, on the table, was the pile of money Skippy had been carrying to the men at the plant.

Skippy's heart sank as he saw it. For an instant, he felt the hot tears come into his eyes. He had been held up. And these men are taking the workers' money. In that anguished moment, he didn't realize that they had also taken him. And that his life might be in danger.

It was, too, he suddenly realized. For one of the men, who seemed to be the leader, was talking to the organ grinder. Angrily, he was saying: "You could have handled the kid differently. I told you he might cry out. Now we've got him on our hands. And when the Big Boy finds it out. . . ."

"It couldn't be helped," the organ grinder said, sullenly. "Suppose the cops had heard him." He shrugged. "We can handle the kid when he comes to. We'll take him out and dump him someplace and let him find his way back."

There was a sudden, sharp rap on the door. "The Big Boy!" One of the men went to the door, opened it. Skippy gasped. It was Johnson, the bank cashier. Hurriedly, Skippy tried to close his eyes, feign unconsciousness. It was too late, Johnson had seen him.

Johnson's face contorted with wrath. "That kid. How'd he get here?" His malevolent gaze withered the men around the table. "You fools!" His burning eyes bored into Skippy's frightened face. "Well, kid, I told you crooks were smart. Now you see what you got yourself into."

Skippy's face went white as he

saw the murder in Johnson's eyes. But Johnson turned, spoke sharply to one of the other men. "Get that kid into the next room, and stand guard outside. If he tries to get away, shoot him." He looked at Skippy, as one of the men came over, pulled the boy to his feet. "And don't think I won't do it, kid. You're dangerous to us, now. If you behave you might live, so watch your step."

His mind awl, Skippy let himself be led into the next room. It was dirty, and filled with old papers. Roughly, the thug thrust him in. "I'm sitting outside, kid, so don't try to yell for help. Or you'll get it before they get us."

He wasn't fooling, either. Skippy knew. His father had told him of maddened killers before. Miserable, the boy threw himself down on the floor, and sobbed, not from fear but because of his own weakness. Then, as suddenly as he had started, he stopped crying; for he thought of his father's advice. "A smart cop thinks his way out of tough spots, son." And this was a tough spot. Skippy got to his feet, went to the window. His heart leaped as he walked toward it. Then, he saw that it was nailed down. He looked out, realized where he was. It was a thickly-populated part of the waterfront, and the room in which Skippy was imprisoned was on the sidewalk floor. Outside, people were passing in the afternoon sunshine. It was almost too much to bear. If only he could let them know he was a prisoner. But how? He didn't dare make a sound.

Dejected, he kicked at the papers on the floor. Suddenly, he blinked, went down on his knees as one of the papers turned over. The next moment, Skippy was smiling. Once again now, with the

paper in his hand, he ran to the window. If only this would work. "But it has to work," he told himself. "It just has to."

A moment later he was back, seated in a rickety chair, almost unconcerned. Nevertheless, his nerves were taut. For a few moments he sat there then, suddenly, he heard a bell ring. His heart jumped into his throat, then stopped almost still.

Outside the door, in the hall, he heard the organ grinder's voice in argument with someone. Then another voice joined in, then another. "We want to see the room," voices chanted. "You've got one." More argument. Suddenly, a police whistle sounded. Skippy ran to the door. There was no one guarding it. But the hall was filled with a mass of struggling men and women. They were enveloping Johnson and his thugs. And in the middle of the crowd, three policemen were struggling, trying to restore order. Skippy's heart leaped as he recognized them. "Mr. Willis," he called. "It's me, Skippy." He screamed above the noise of the crowd. "Those men took the payroll!"

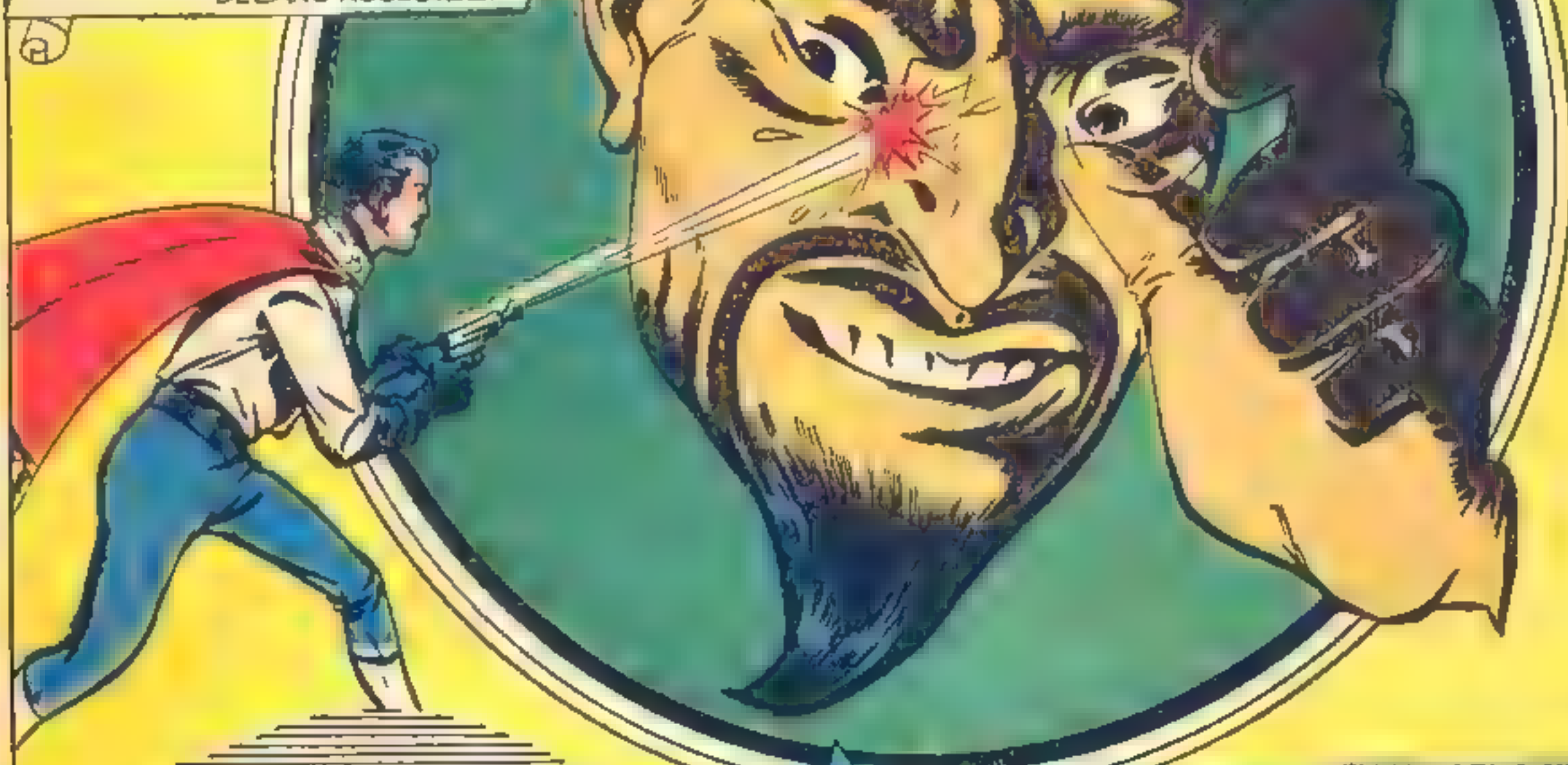
Johnson's eyes flashed murder. But it was too late. Before he and his men could move, the crowd had seized them, turned them over to the police. Twenty minutes later, Skippy, proud and happy was standing in the President's office at the defense plant. Skippy's father was at his side. And Officer Willis was explaining to Skippy's father. "Young Skippy sure used his head, Ed," he chuckled. "He knew what a 'Room for Rent' sign would do in this town. Johnson and his crooks never had a chance against those wild room hunters after Skippy hung that sign in the window!"

# AMERICOMMANDO

by BERNARD  
BAILY...

"THE ENEMY MUST BE HIT,  
AND HIT HARD, FROM SO  
MANY DIRECTIONS THAT HE  
NEVER KNOWS WHICH IS  
HIS BOW... AND WHICH IS  
HIS STERN!"

...PRESIDENT FRANKLIN  
DELANO ROOSEVELT

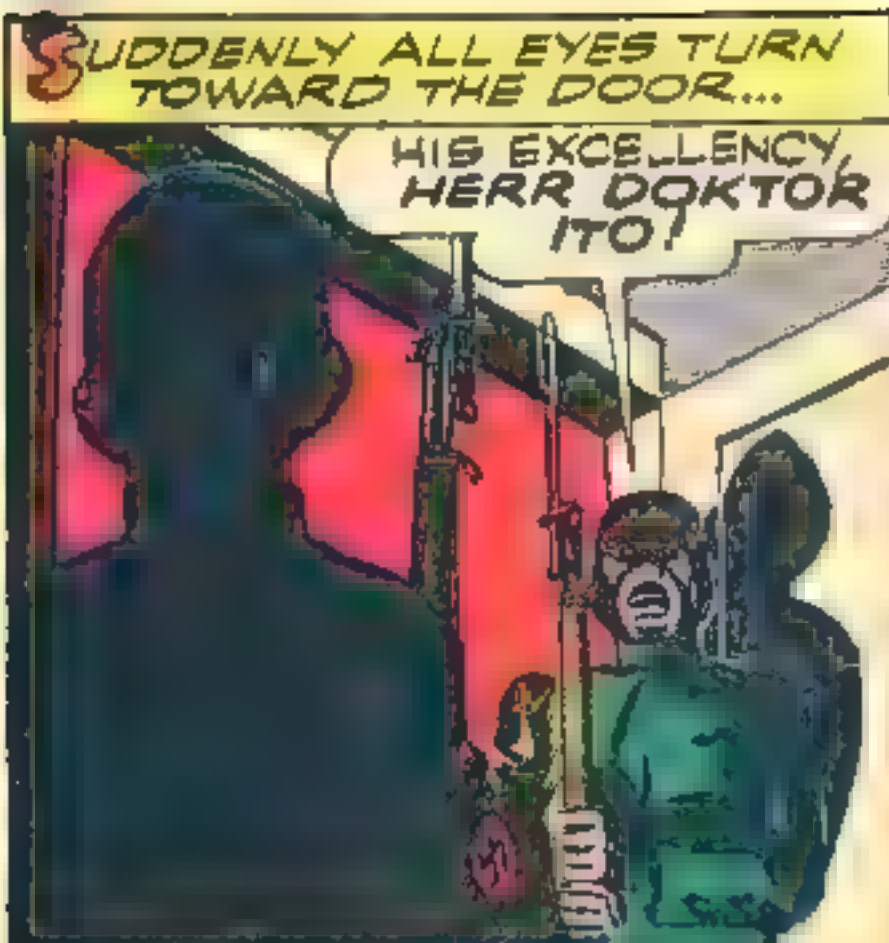


ONCE AGAIN THAT  
TERRIBLE MASTER OF  
ASSASSINATION, DR. ITO,  
MATCHES WITS WITH  
AMERICA'S LONE WOLF  
SOLDIER, AMERICOMMANDO  
...BUT THIS TIME THE  
DEADLY DUEL TAKES  
PLACE IN TOKYO--THE  
SINISTER DOCTOR'S HOME-  
GROUNDS!--AND THE  
FIGHTER FOR FREEDOM  
MUST CALL UPON EVERY  
OUNCE OF HIS COURAGE  
IN COUNTERACTING...

**THE RETURN  
OF DR. ITO**

AN  
AIR  
OF  
EXPECT-  
ANCY  
GRIPS  
THE  
GERMAN  
EMBASSY  
IN  
TOKYO...



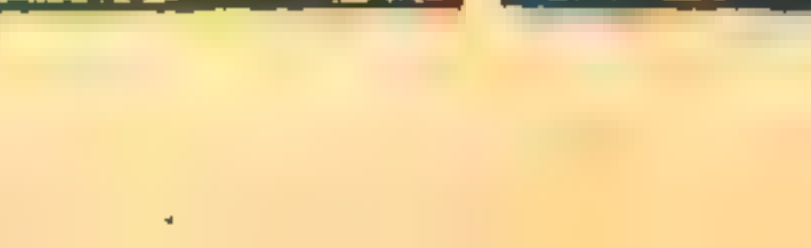
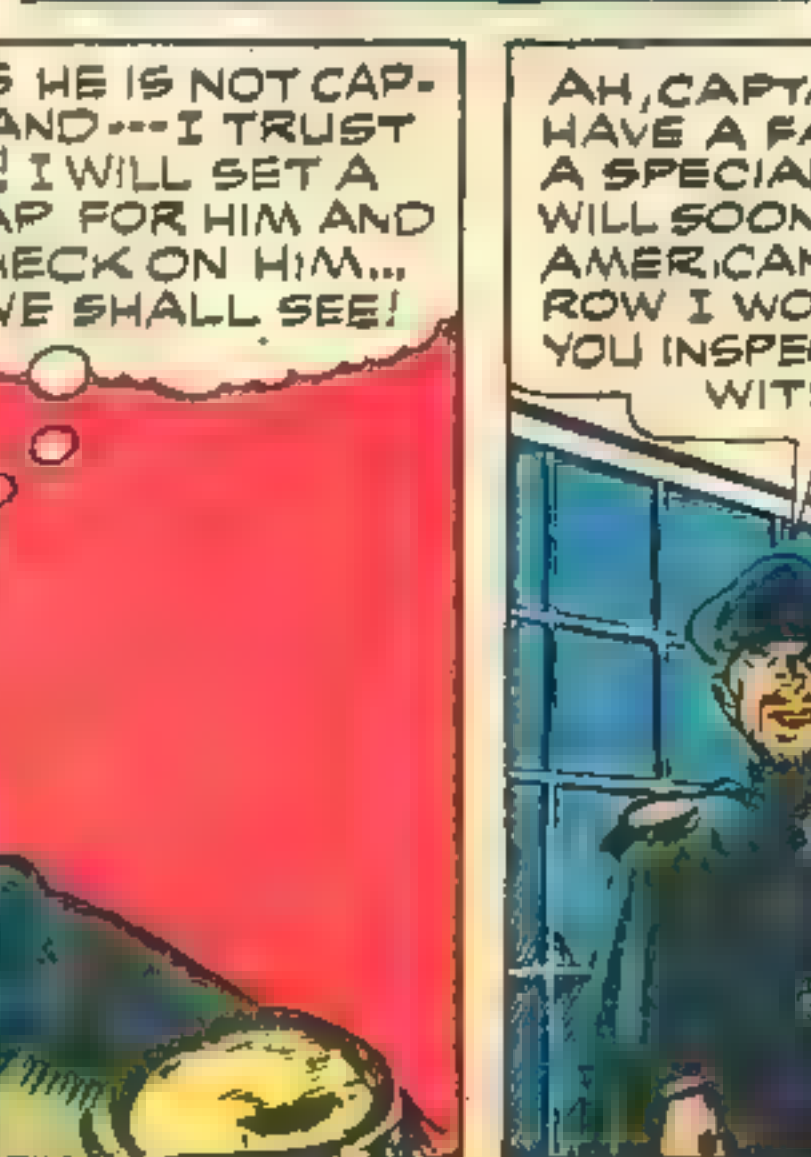
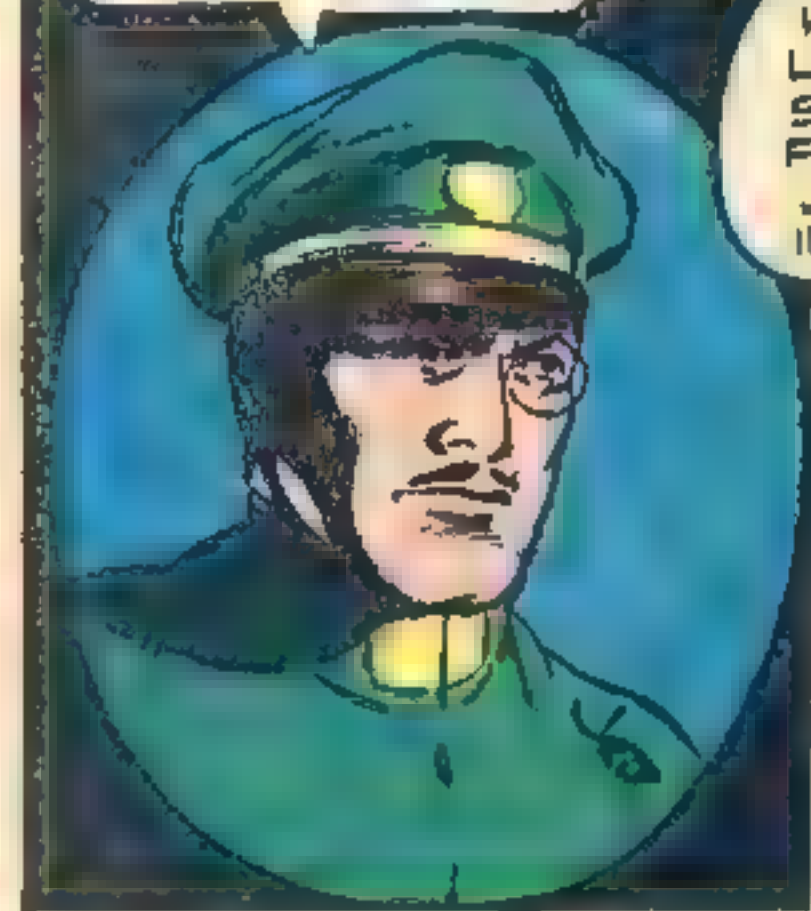


SUDDENLY ALL EYES TURN TOWARD THE DOOR...

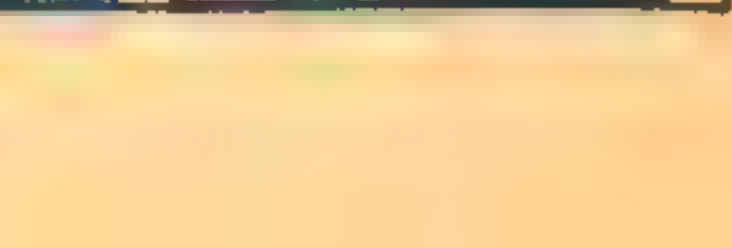
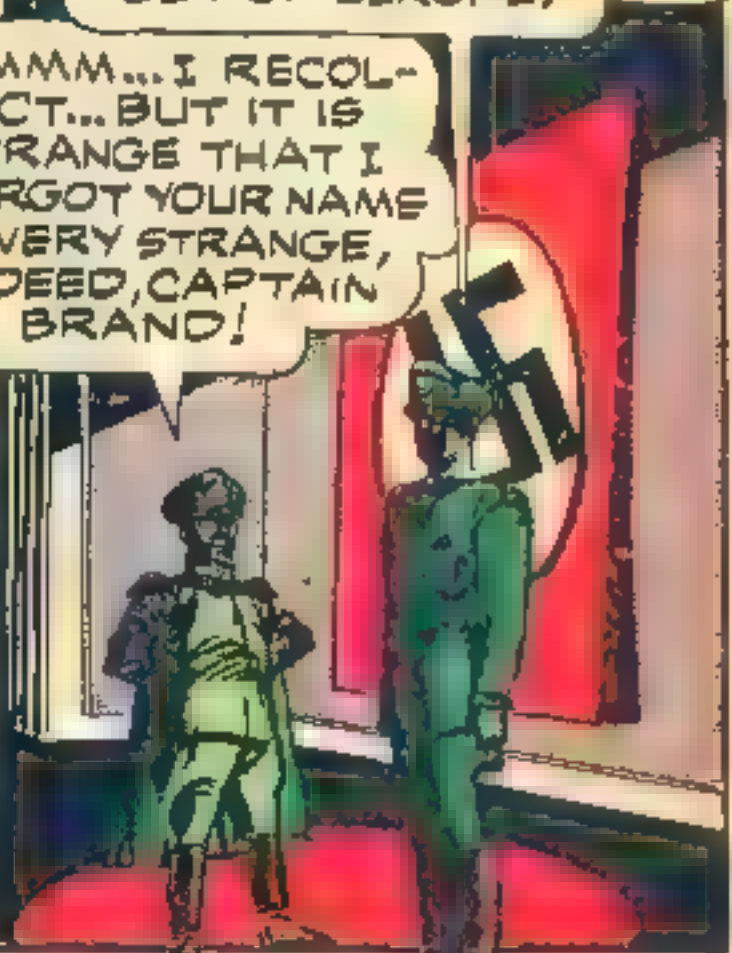


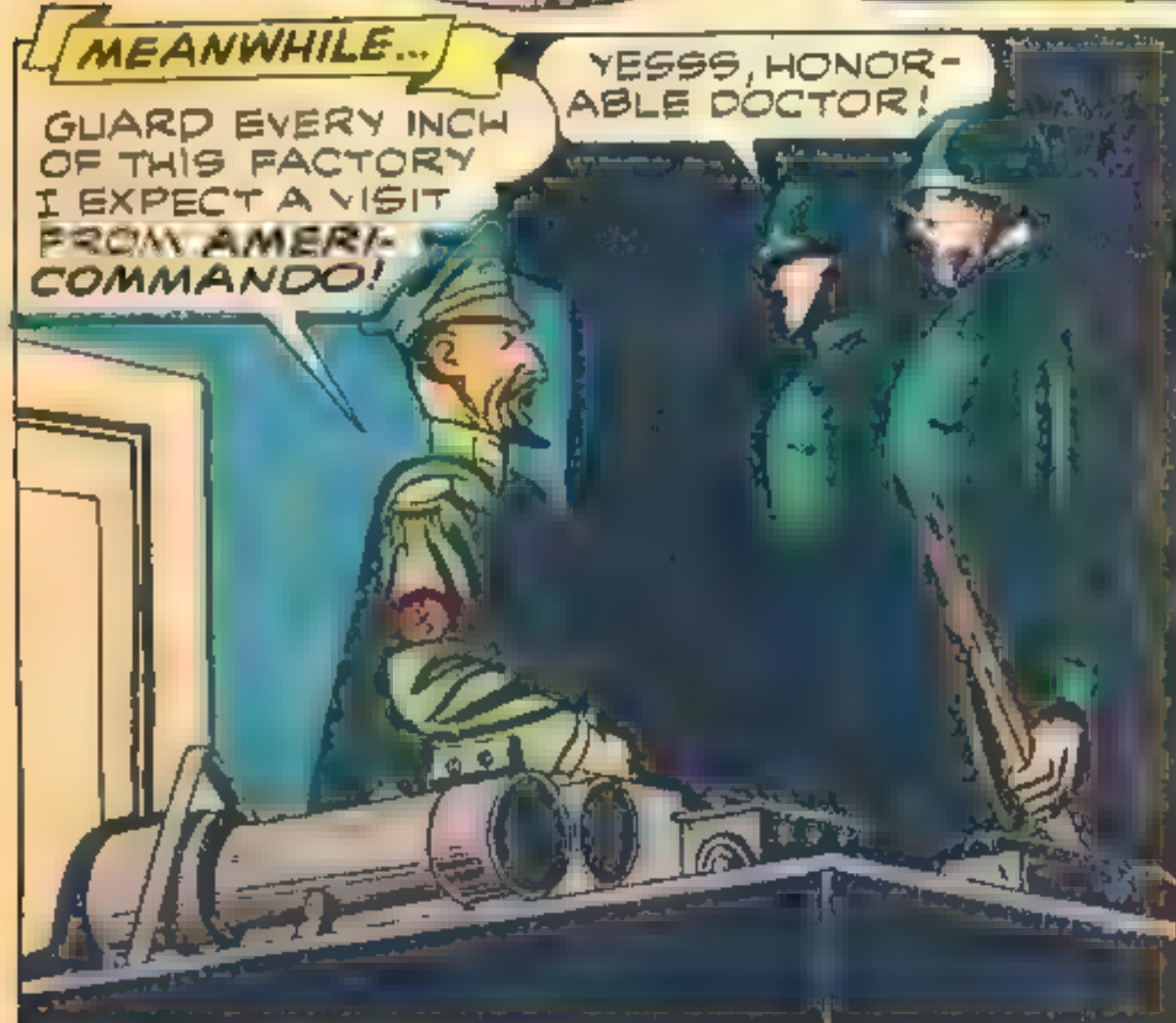
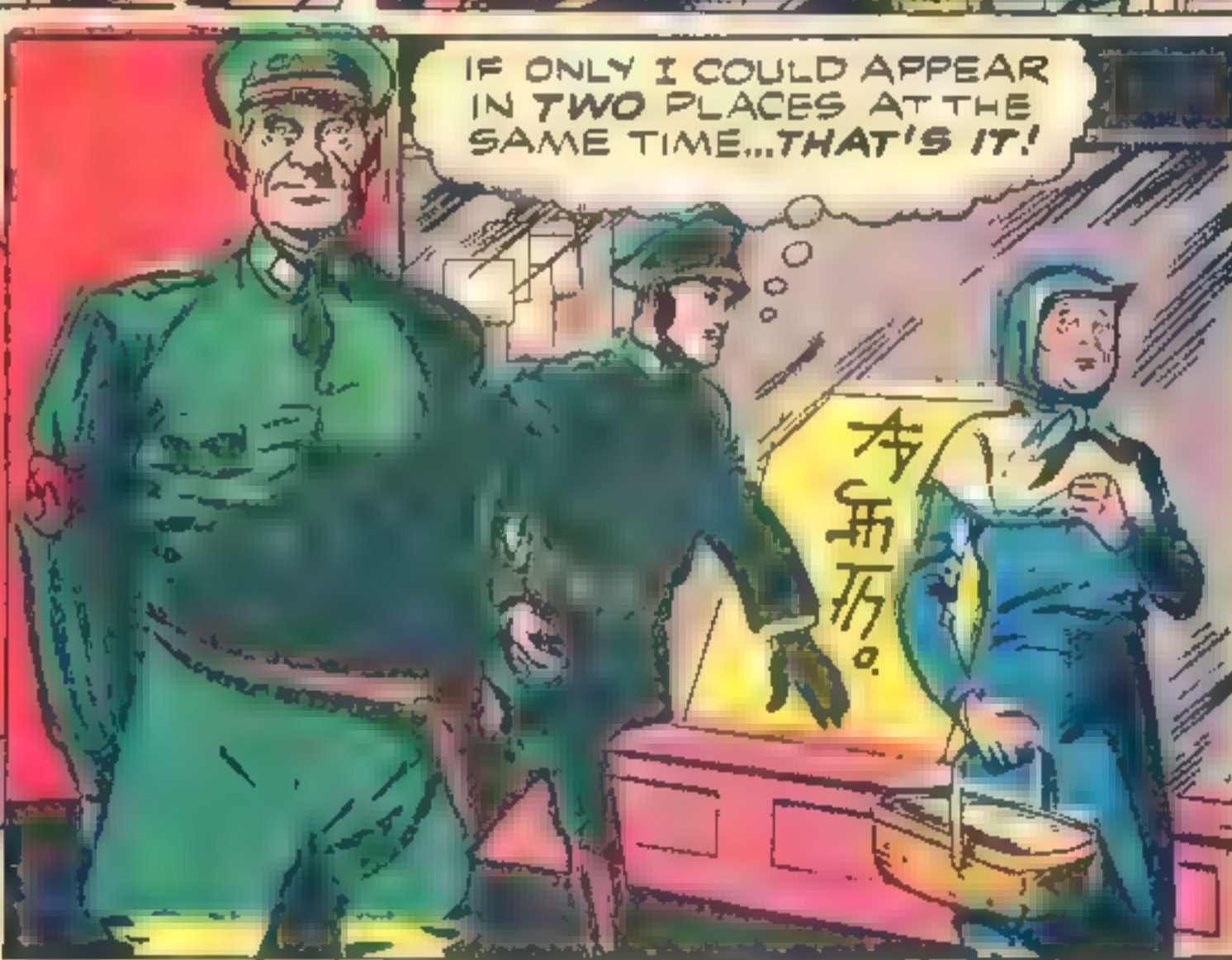
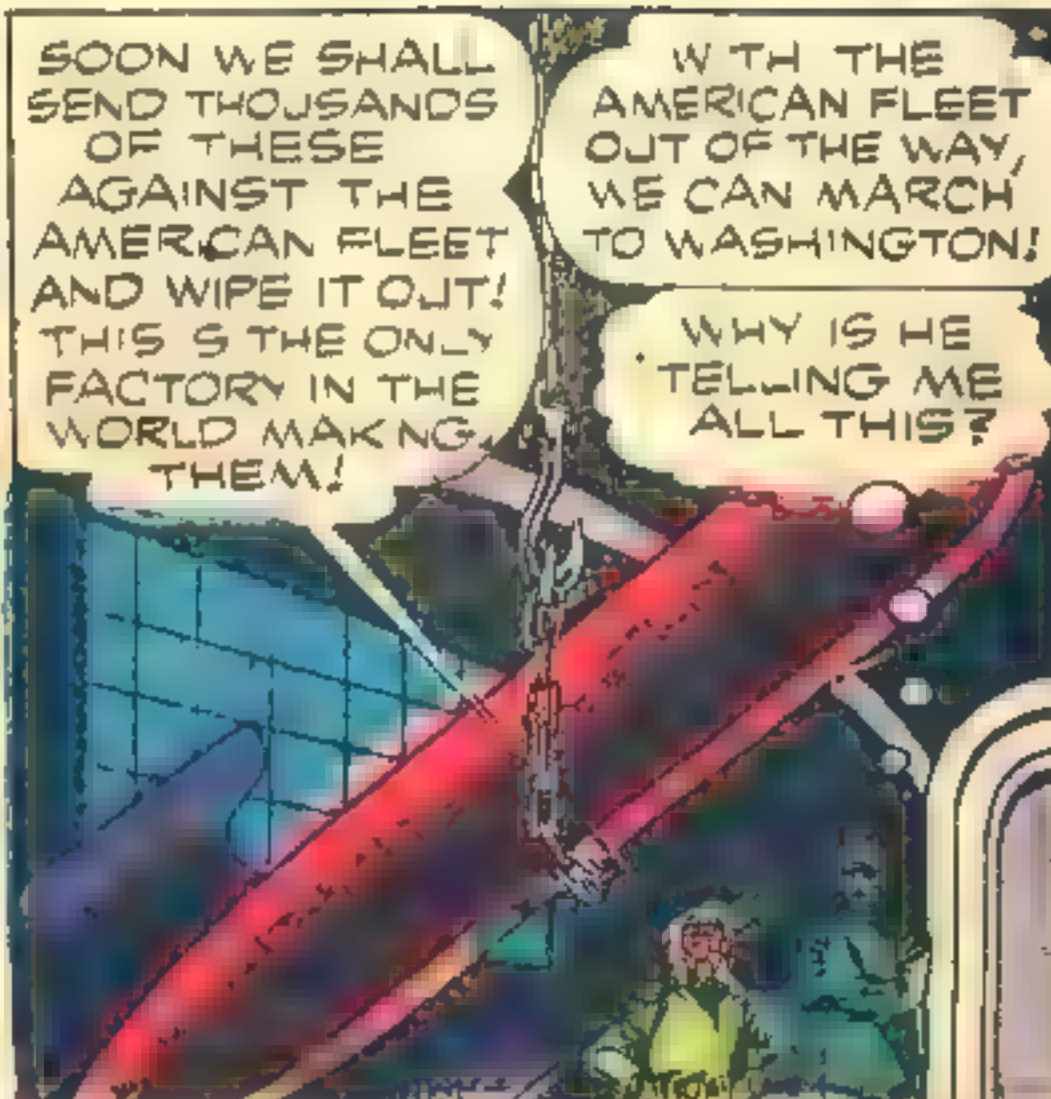
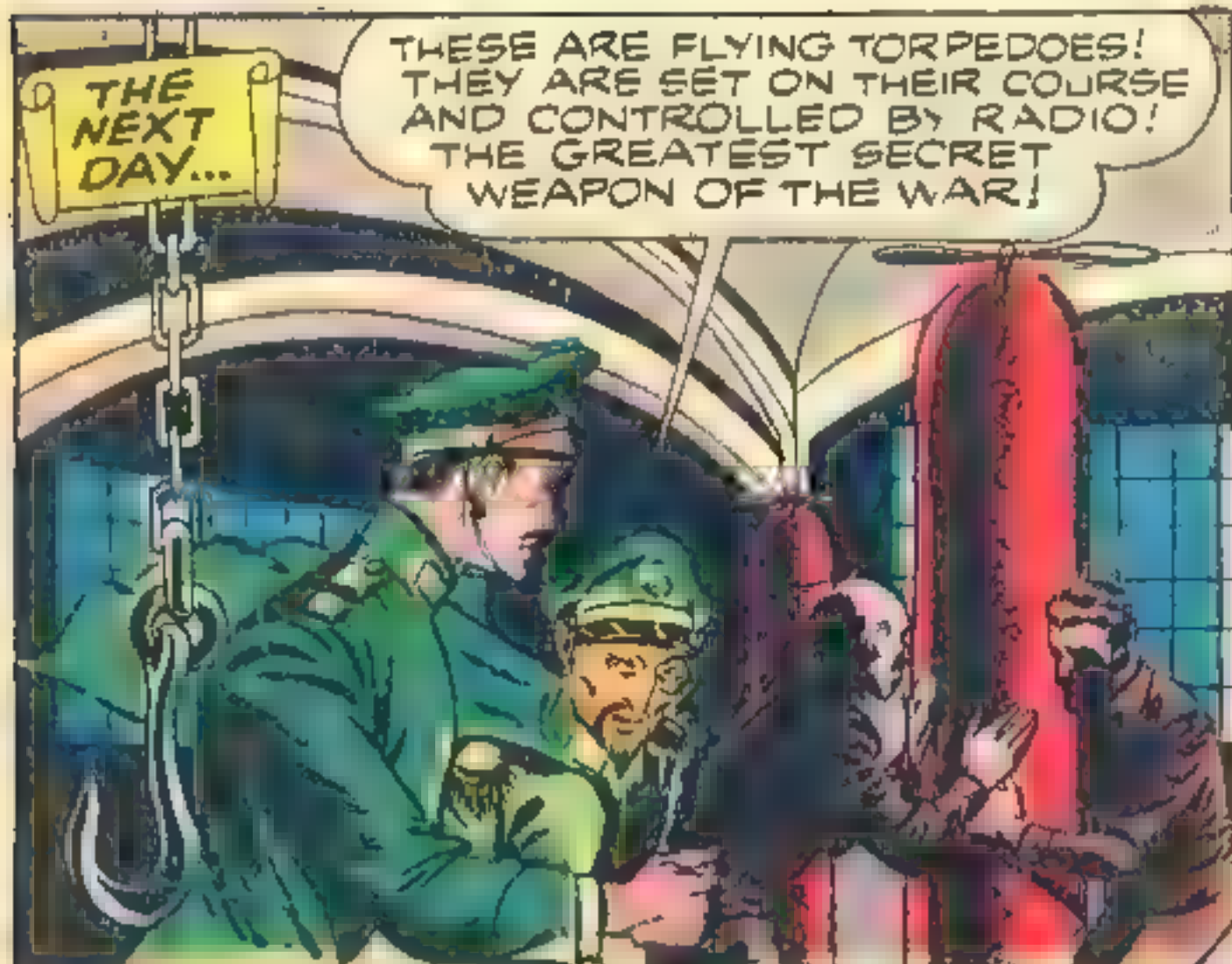
NOW WE DON'T HAVE TO FEAR THAT VERDAMMTE AMERICOMMANDO!

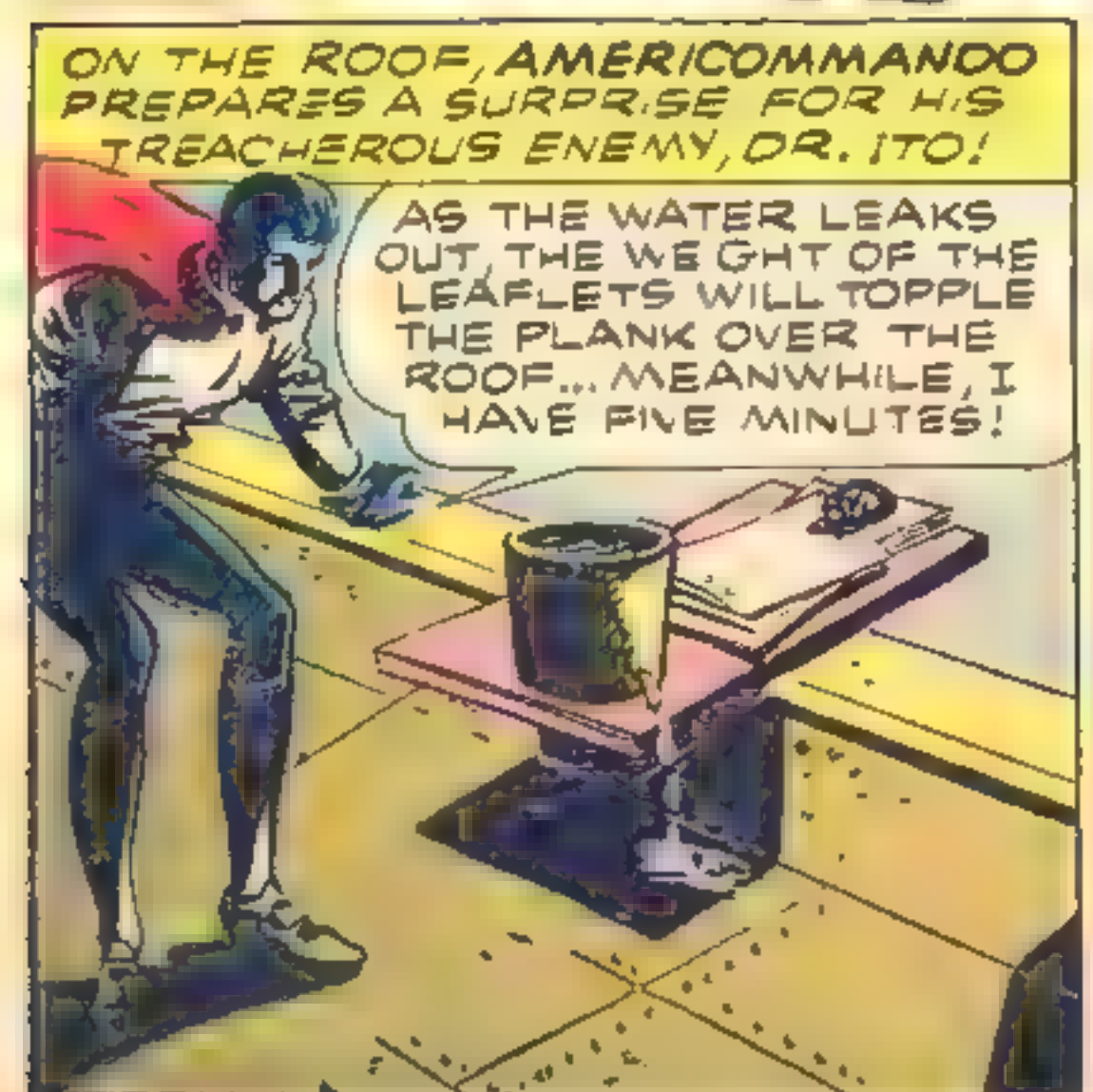
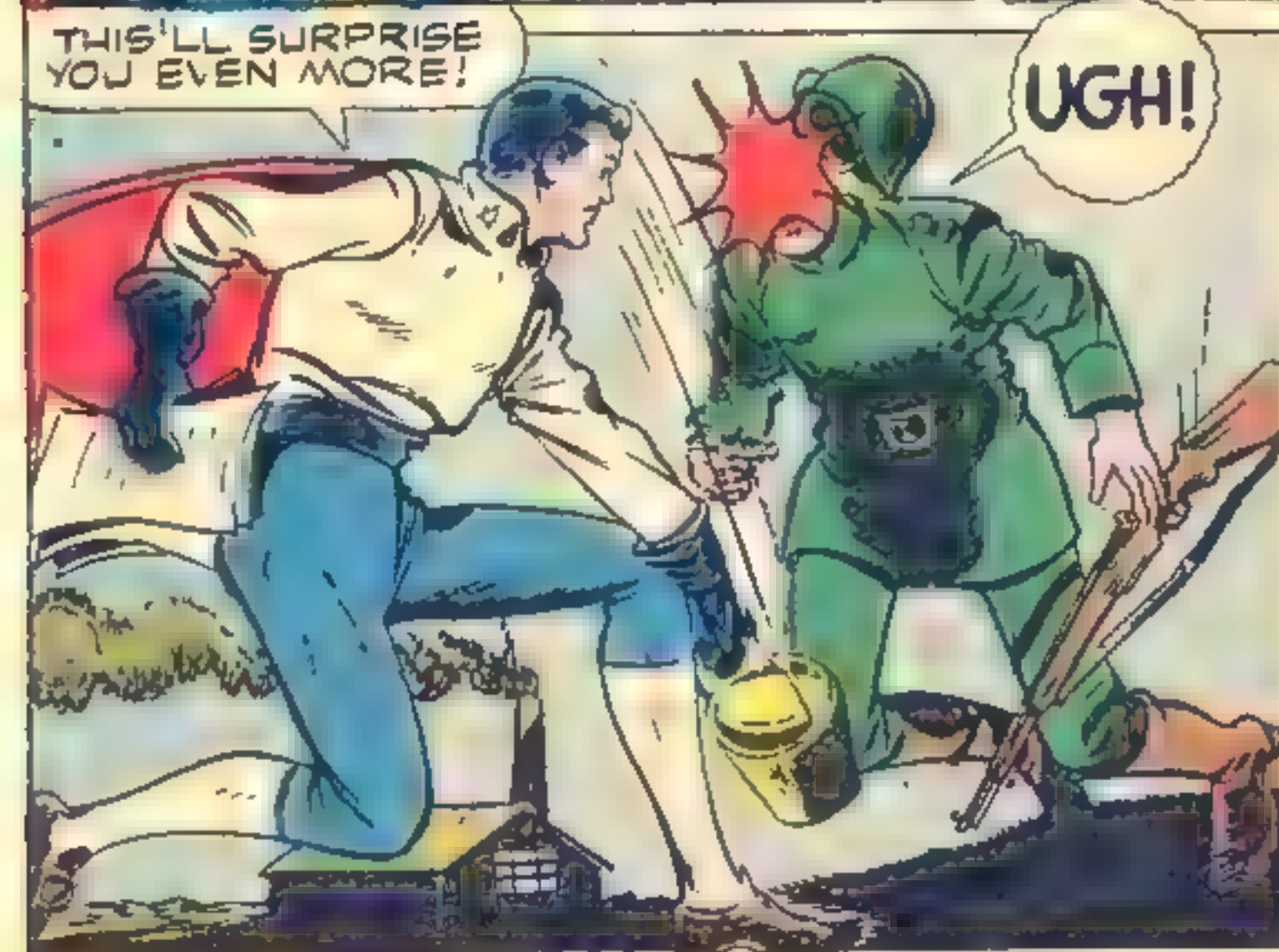
BANZAI!

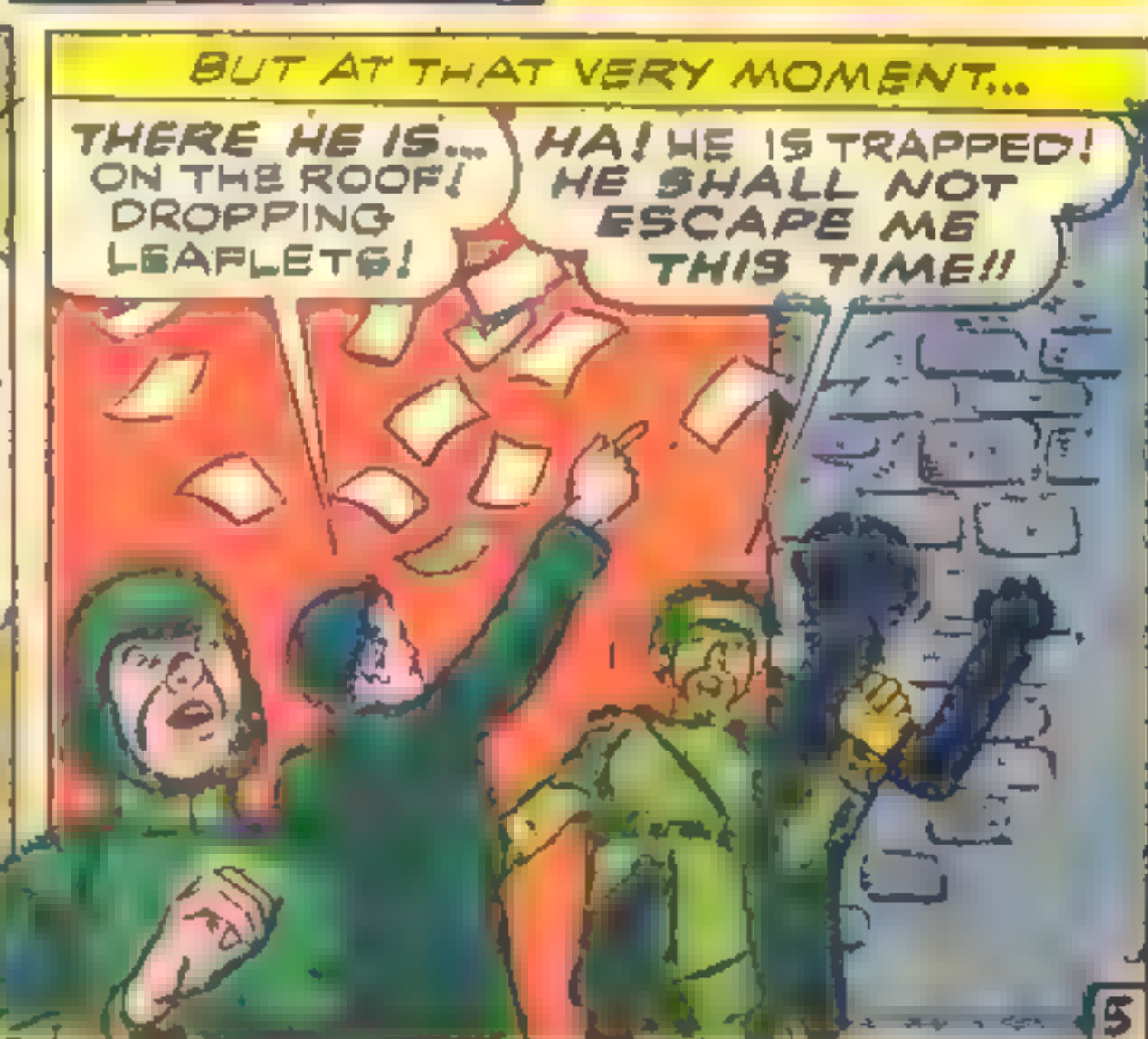
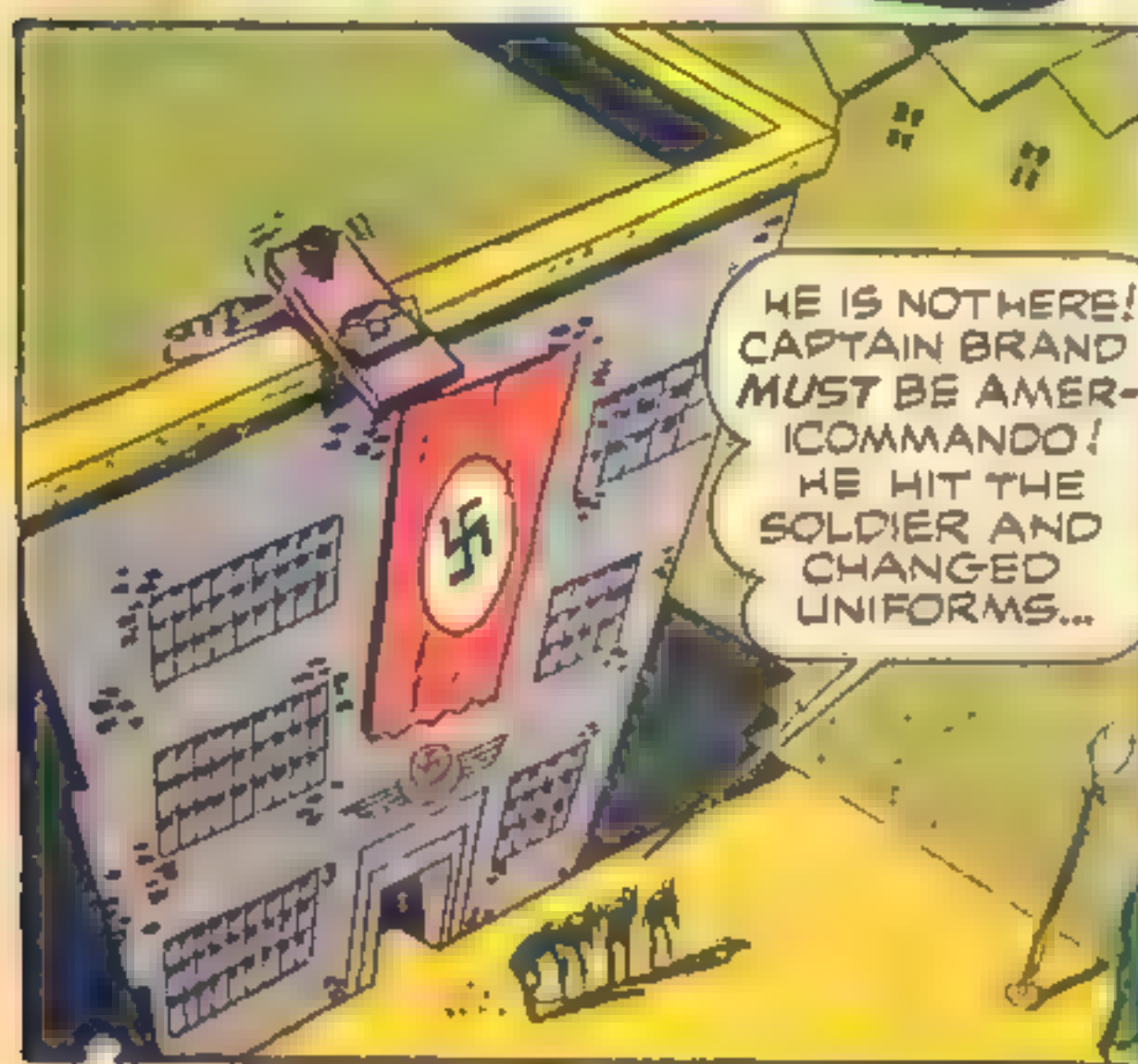
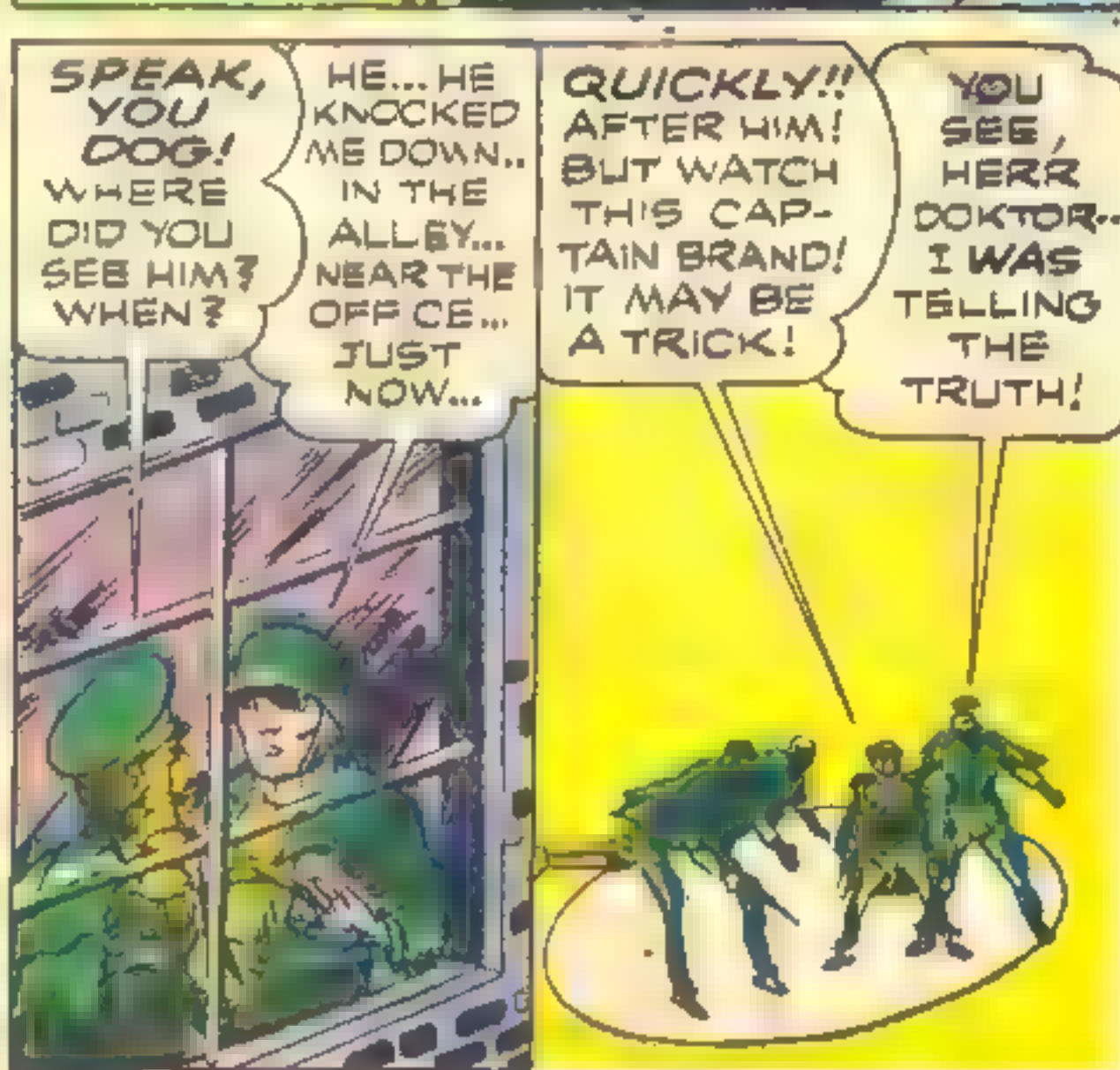
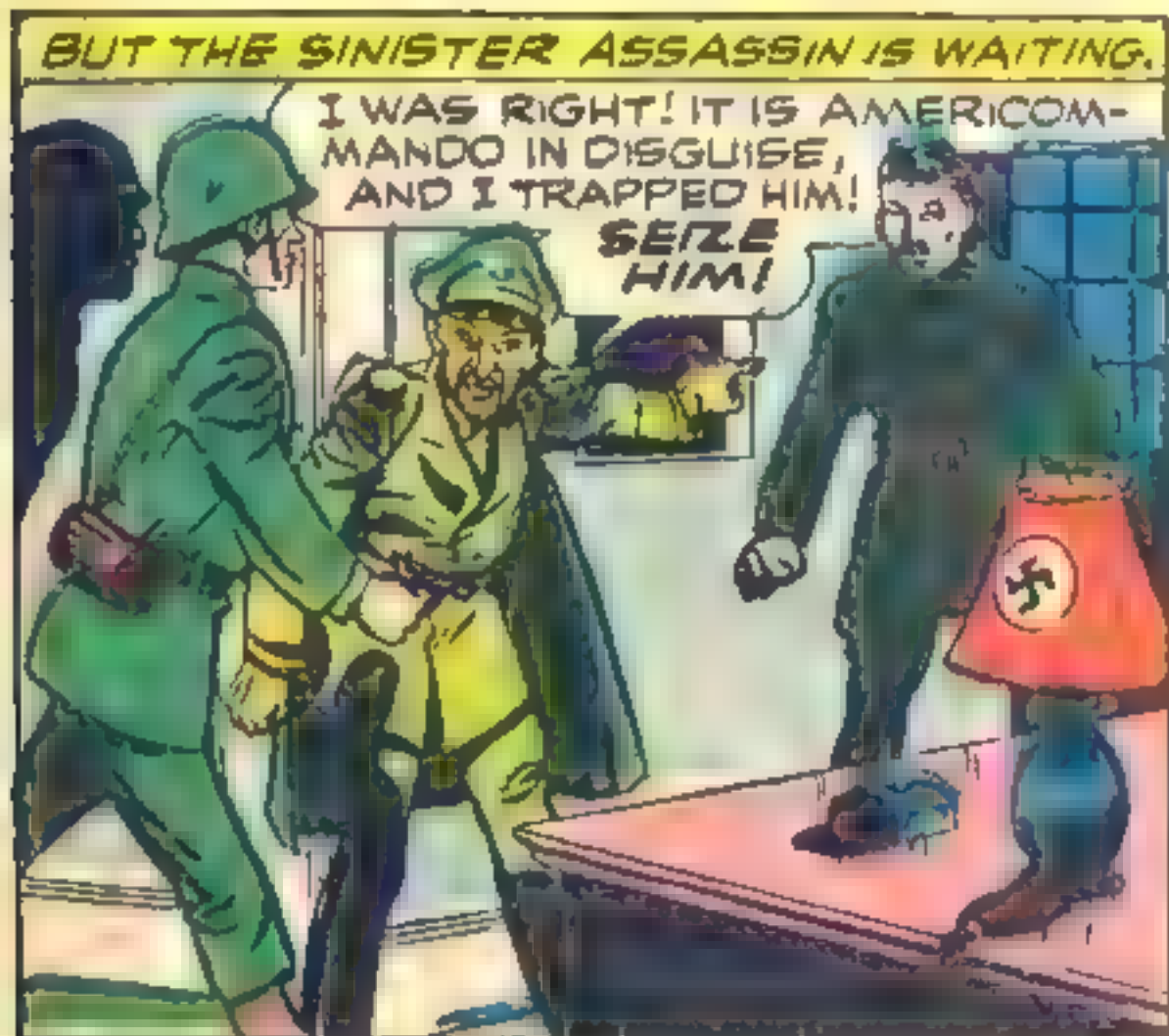


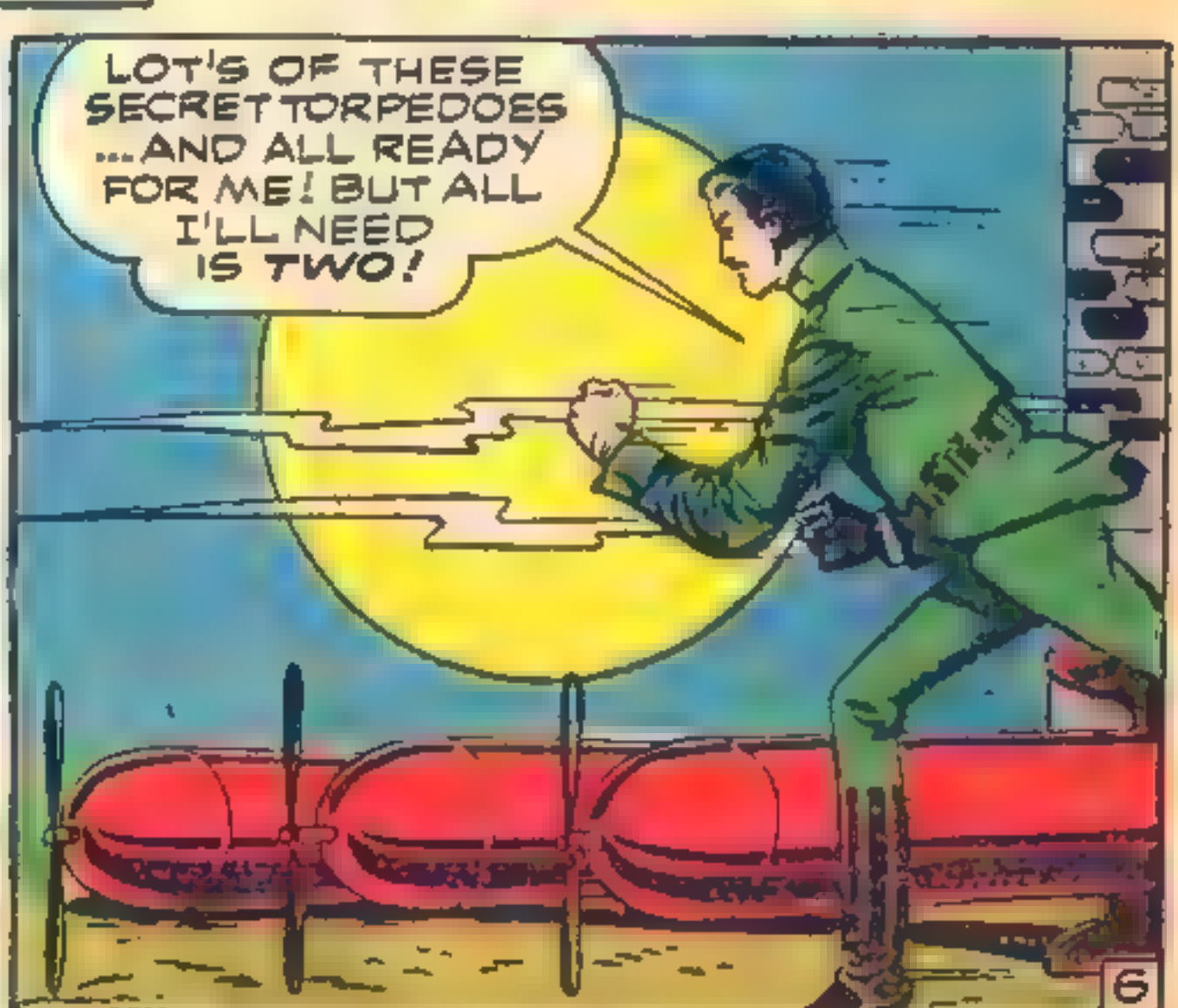
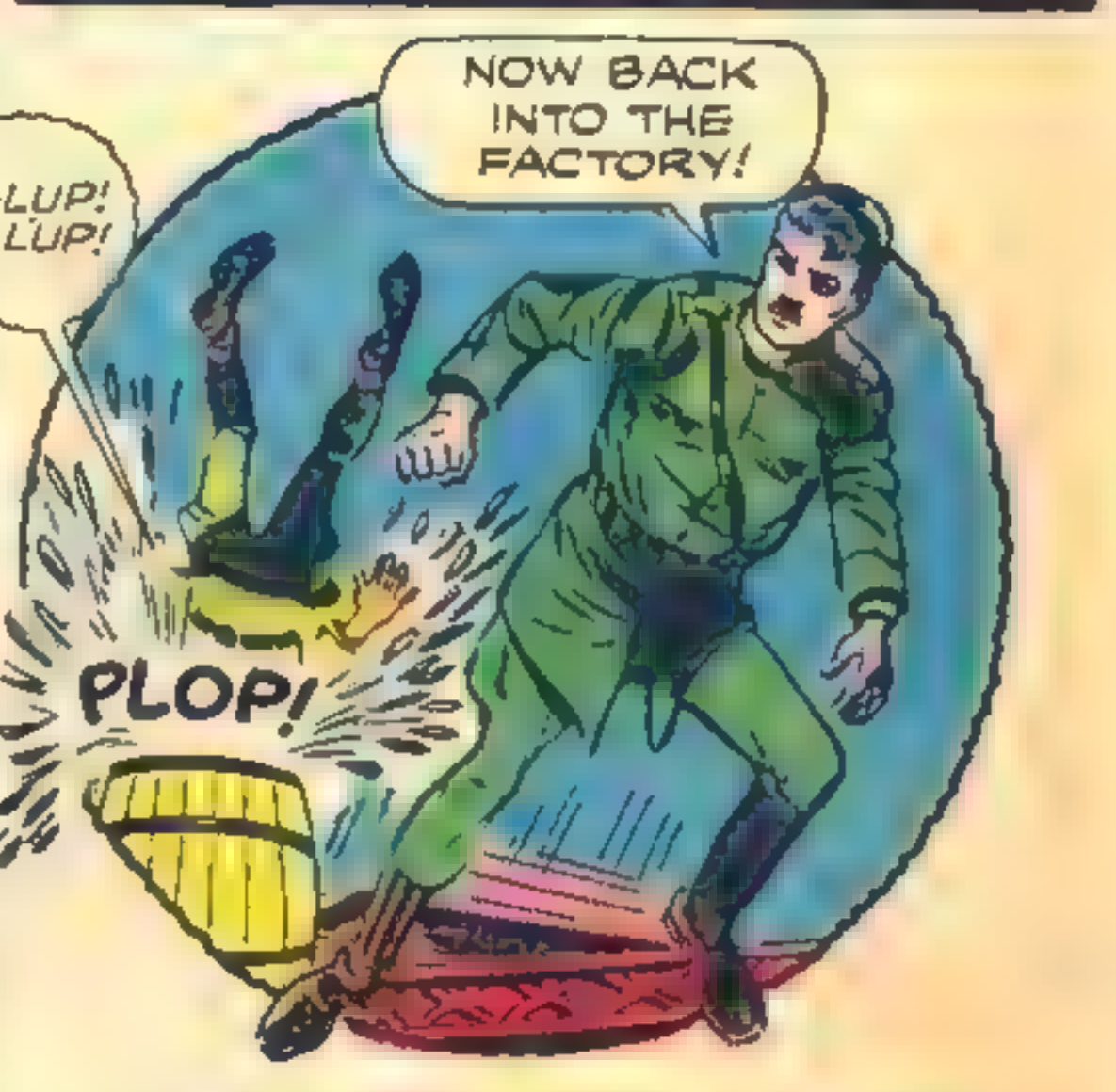
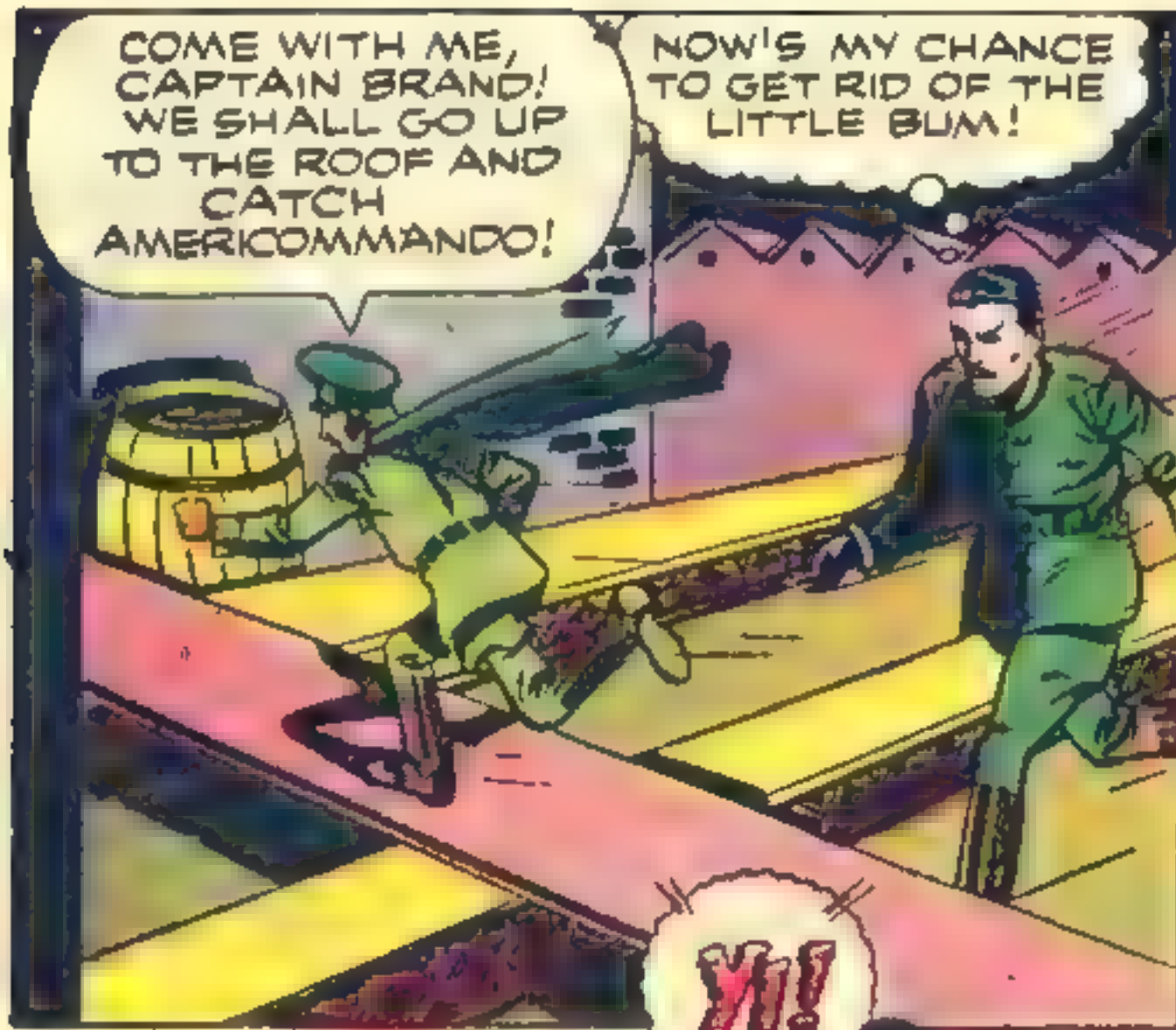
AS THE CUNNING EYES OF THE LITTLE ONE SWEEP OVER THE CROWD...











**S**WIFT, UNERRING FINGERS SET THE TORPEDO DIALS!

ONE FOR THE FACTORY!  
AND ONE FOR THIS WAREHOUSE! BOTH MUST BLOW UP AT THE SAME TIME!

WITH MY COMPLIMENTS!  
BON VOYAGE!

**W**ITH UNCANNY AIM, THE FLYING-TORPEDO SPEEDS TOWARD THE FACTORY!

NOW TO JOIN MY GOOD FRIEND, DR. ITO...

ACH! HERR DOKTOR! I CHASED THAT SCHWEIN-- BUT HE GOT AWAY!

I'LL...I'LL KILL HIM!

LOOK! THE TORPEDO PLANE IS IN THE AIR! QUICK! WE MUST GET OUT OF HERE!

HIMMEL!! YOU ARE RIGHT, HERR DOKTOR!

AND AT THAT MOMENT...

**BOOM!**

HE HAS FOILED ME AGAIN! BUT I WILL NEVER REST UNTIL I ASSASSINATE THAT--THAT--

ACH, HERR DOKTOR, HE HAS ALL THE LUCK! --- HERE IS SOMETHING, HE DROPPED, HERR DOKTOR---

HA! PERHAPS IT ISS A CLUE ---

READ IT FOR YOURSELF, HERR DOKTOR! AMERICOMMANDO DROPPED MANY OF THESE, I BELIEVE...

"...THE ENEMY MUST BE HIT, AND HIT HARD, FROM SO MANY DIRECTIONS THAT HE, NEVER KNOWS WHICH IS HIS BOW...AND WHICH IS HIS STERN!"

AMERICOMMANDO DARES TO INSULT ME! I WILL YET KILL HIM--BOIL HIM IN OIL--OR DIE IN THE ATTEMPT!

**DON'T MISS THE NEXT ISSUE OF ACTION COMICS... FOR DR. ITO... THE LITTLE ONE... DOES NOT MAKE IDLE THREATS! HE HAS A CLEVER PLAN IN MIND TO RID HIMSELF OF AMERICA'S ACE CRIME FIGHTER... AMERICOMMANDO!**

WE HAVE FRIENDS IN AMERICA --- PEOPLE WHO DO NOT BUY WAR BONDS!

YOU'RE NOT GONNA BE FRIENDS WITH THOSE GUYS, ARE YOU?!? WELL, THEN--- **BUY MORE WAR BONDS!**

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*Breakfast*  
*of*  
*Champions*  
WITH MILK AND FRUIT

# OUR FRIENDS IN WAR, WORK & SERVICE

MUSEUM EXHIBIT SHOWING  
EVOLUTION OF HORSE

HELLO, BIG FELLOW!  
IT'S NO WONDER  
WE ARE FRIENDS—  
FOR YOUR REMOTE  
ANCESTOR WAS  
SMALLER EVEN  
THAN I AM!

NO WONDER? WHAT  
TIME HAVE I TO PAL  
WITH YOU? I'VE  
GOT TO 'WORK'  
WHILE  
YOUR  
KIND  
ONLY  
PLAYS!

WRONG, MATEY!  
WE DOGS WORK  
AND HARD! FOR  
INSTANCE —

'IN BELGIUM, DOGS  
ARE MILKMEN'



ST BERNARDS SAVE  
LIVES IN THE ALPS



'WE HAVE GONE TO WAR—  
TO CARRY MESSAGES &  
RESCUE THE WOUNDED'



'SEEING EYE DOGS  
GUIDE THE BLIND'



DOGS AIDED ADMIRAL  
BYRD IN ANTARCTICA





# ZATARA

## THE MASTER MAGICIAN

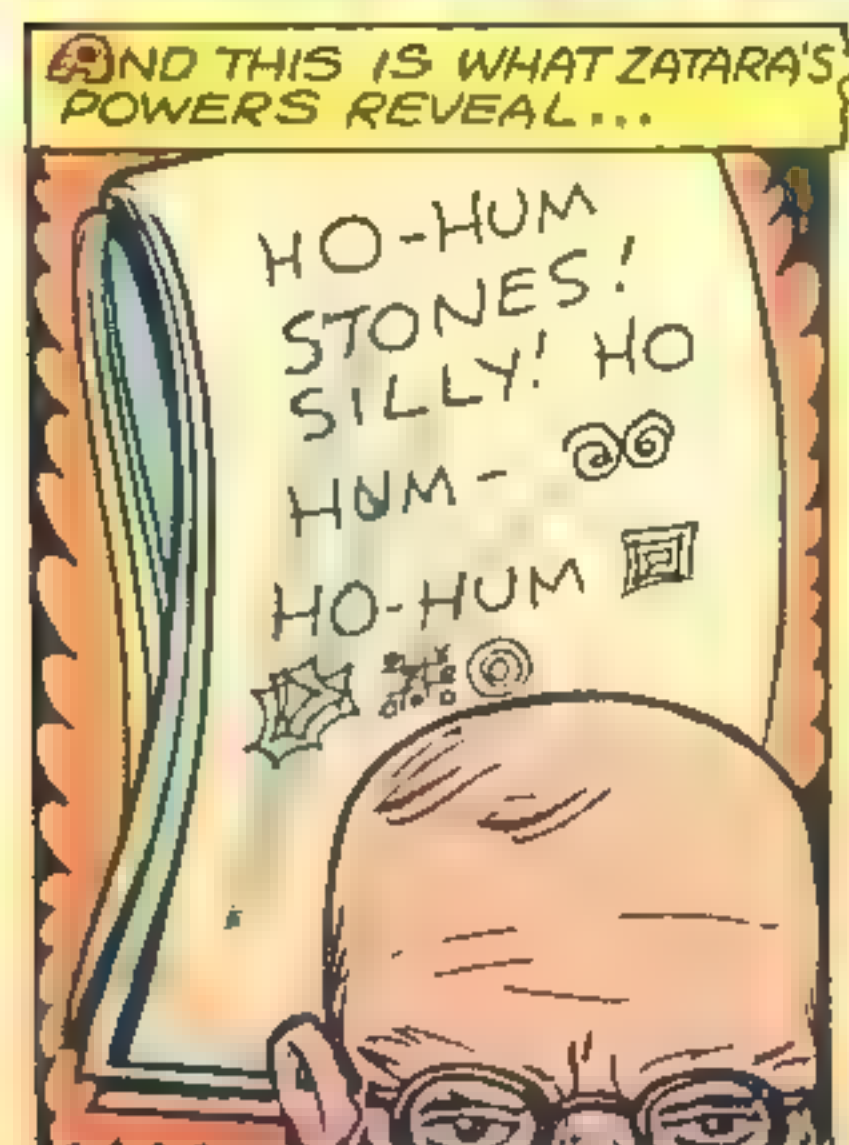
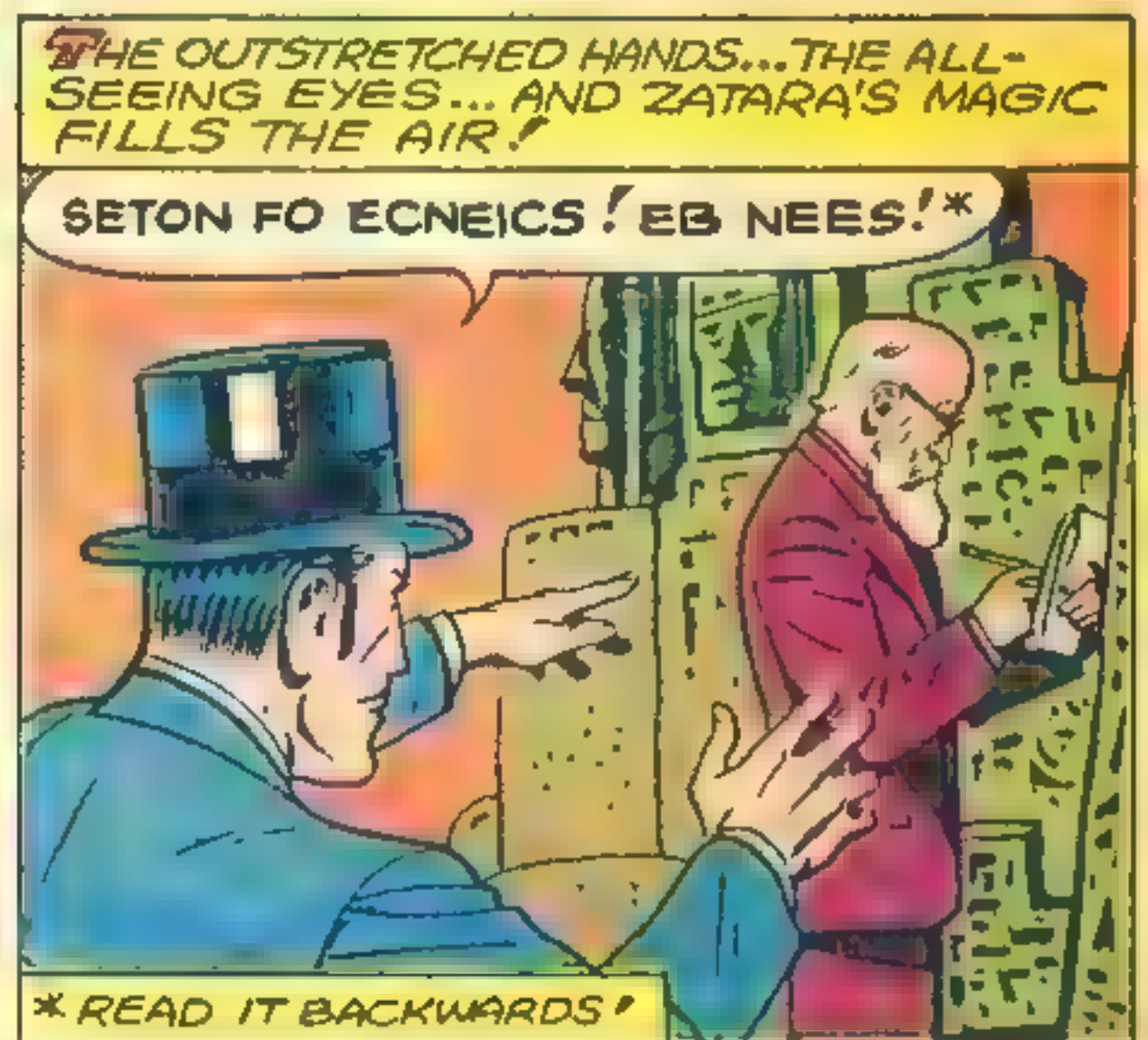
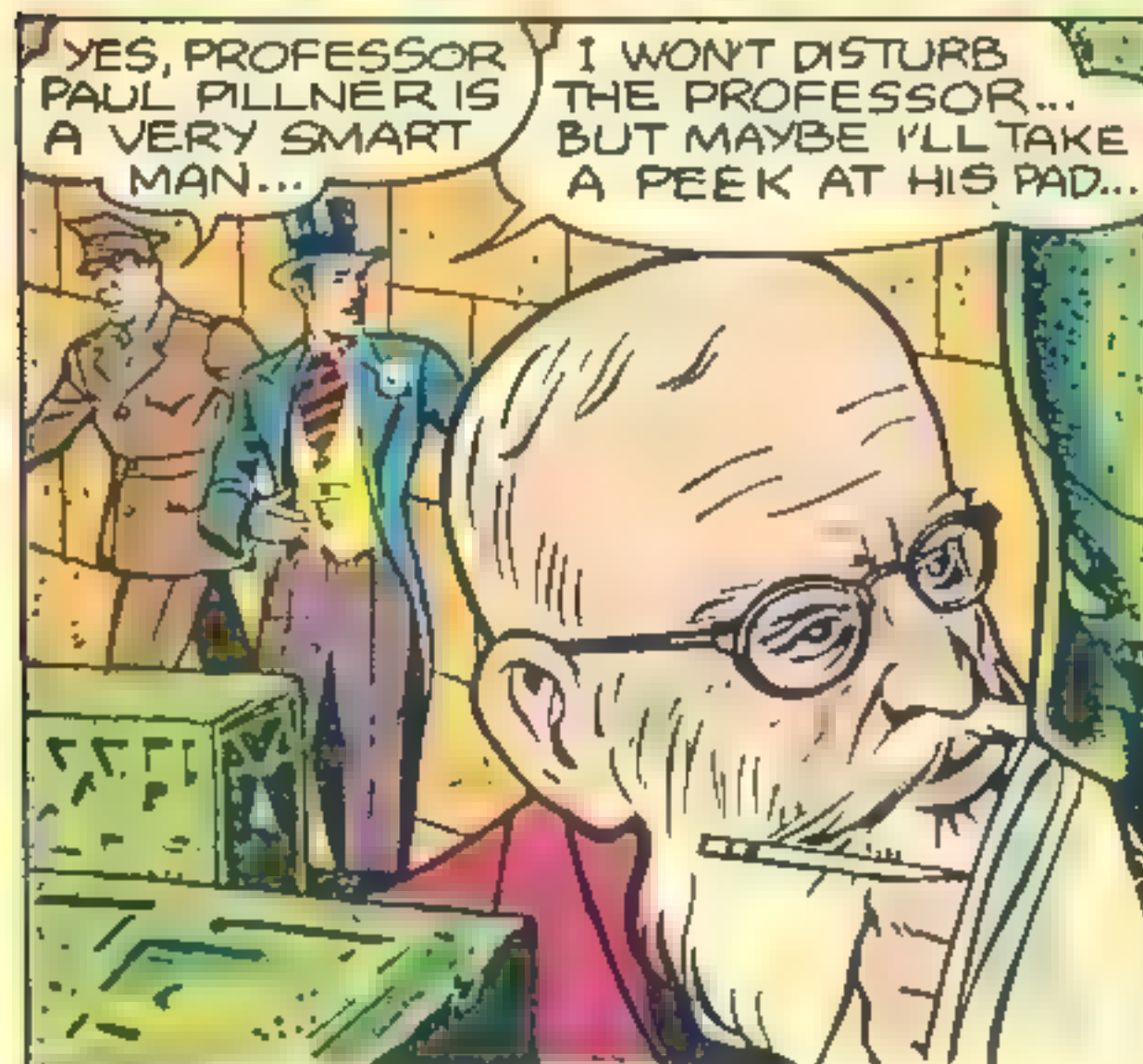
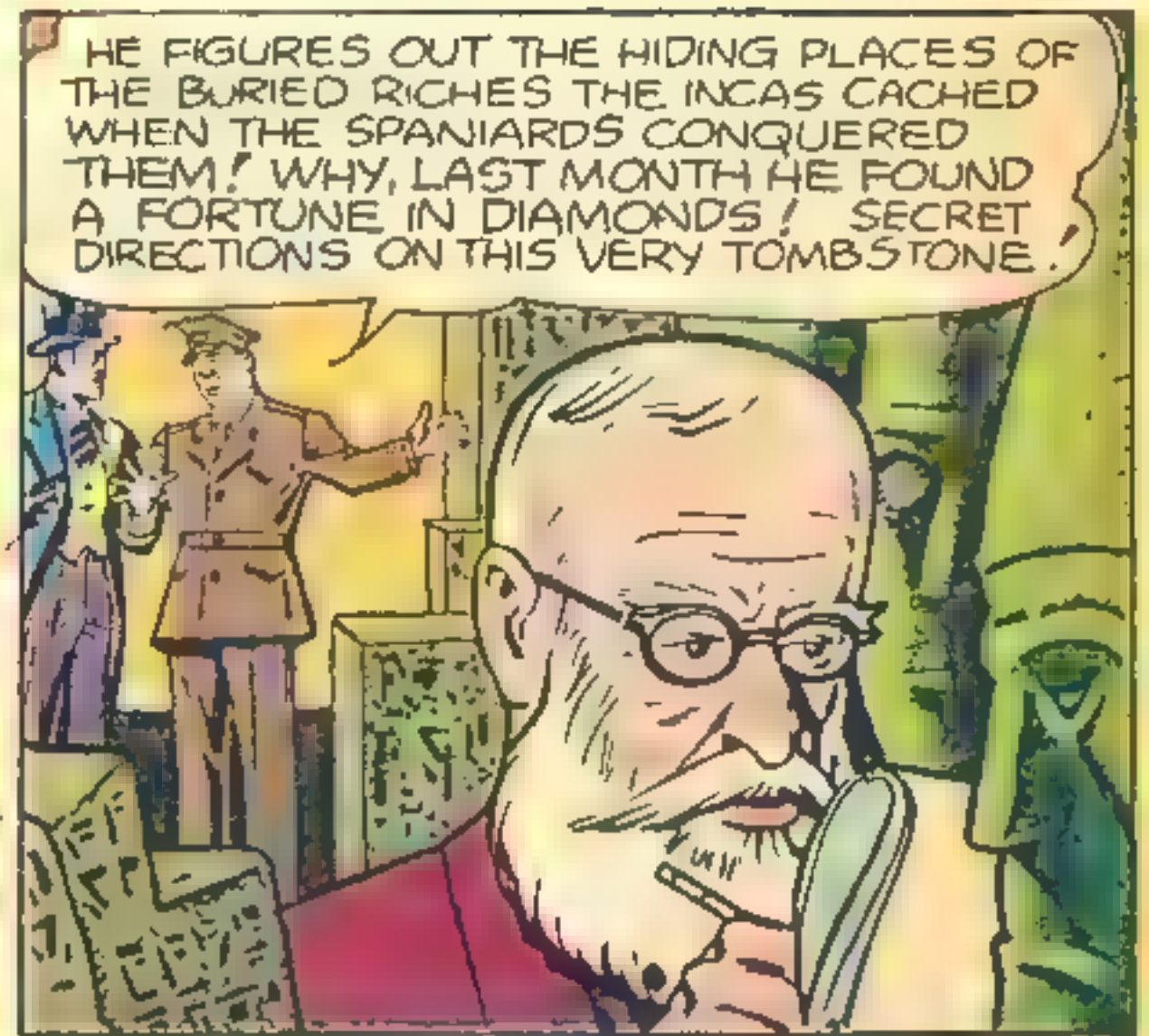
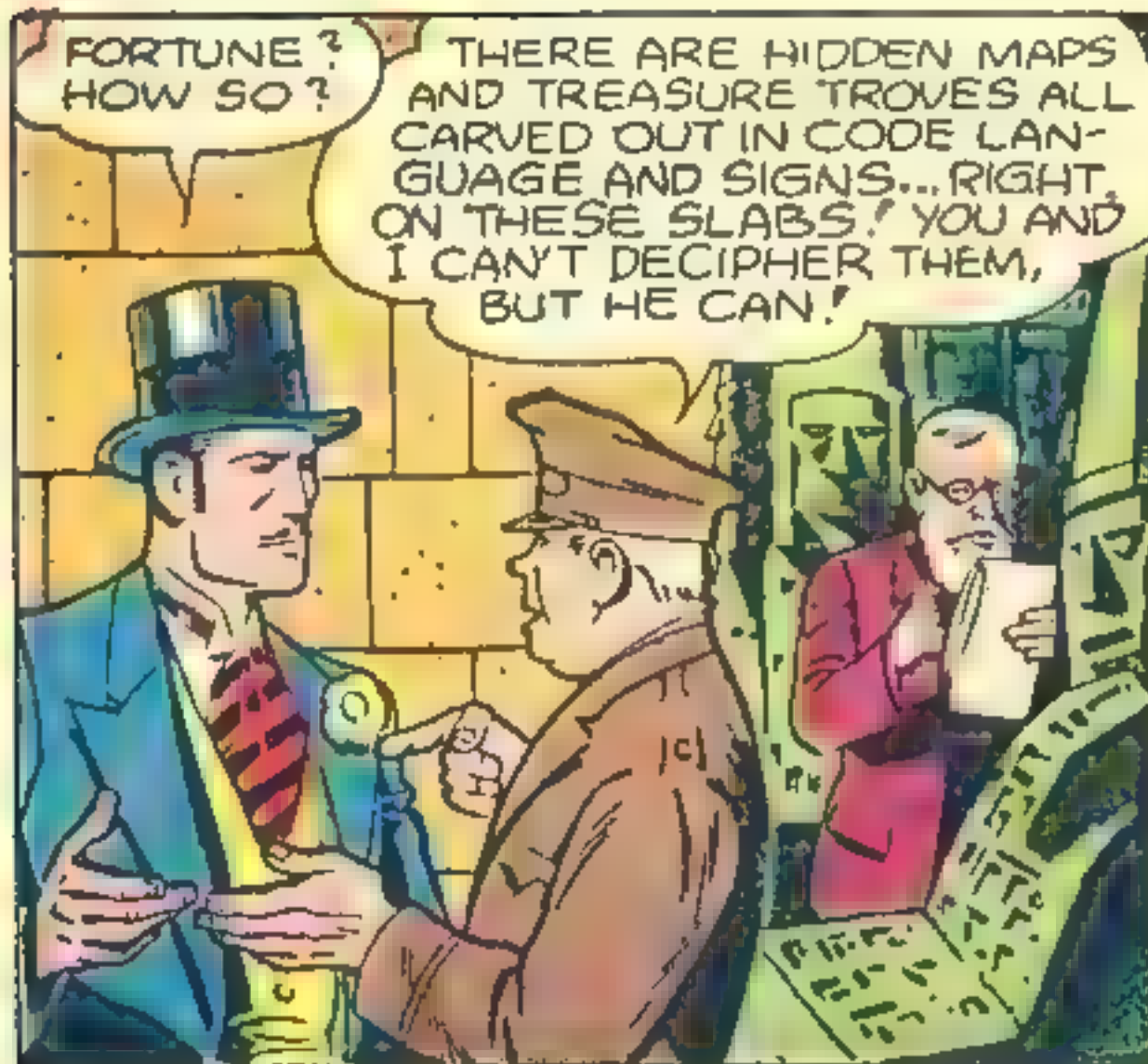
WHAT WEIRD WONDERS LIE DEEP-HIDDEN IN THE TEMPLES AND TOMBS OF THE MYSTERIOUS PAST? NOT EVEN ZATARA... THAT MIGHTY MYSTIC IN A TOP HAT... HAS LEARNED ALL OF THE CURIOUS CHARMS CARVED ON THE FADED STONES OF COUNTLESS CENTURIES! SO COME WITH ZATARA... THE MAN OF MANY MARVELS WHO FOREVER SEEKS MORE POTENT POWERS... AS HE EXPLORES THE SILENT SECRETS OF THE INCA INDIANS... ONLY TO FIND HIMSELF ENMESHED IN THE SUSPICIOUSLY TOO-MODERN MYSTERY OF THE... "ROCKS of RICHES!"

ON THE CITY MUSEUM, ZATARA SCANS AGE-OLD INCA RELICS...

HMM... I WISH I COULD DECIPHER THE INSCRIPTION ON THESE STONES...

BUT THE MASTER OF MAGIC IS NOT THE ONLY ONE WHO PROBES FOR SECRETS IN THE SILENT STONES...

THAT MAN CAN, MISTER... HE DISCOVERS FORTUNES THAT WAY!



**ZATARA OVERTAKES THE PROFESSOR AT HIS DOOR...**

PARDON ME...BUT AREN'T YOU THE FAMOUS AUTHORITY ON INCA INDIANS?

OH...BOTHER AND NUISANCE! YOU MUST BE ANOTHER OFFICIAL FROM THE GOVERNMENT IN SOUTH AMERICA... COME TO STUDY MY RESEARCH!

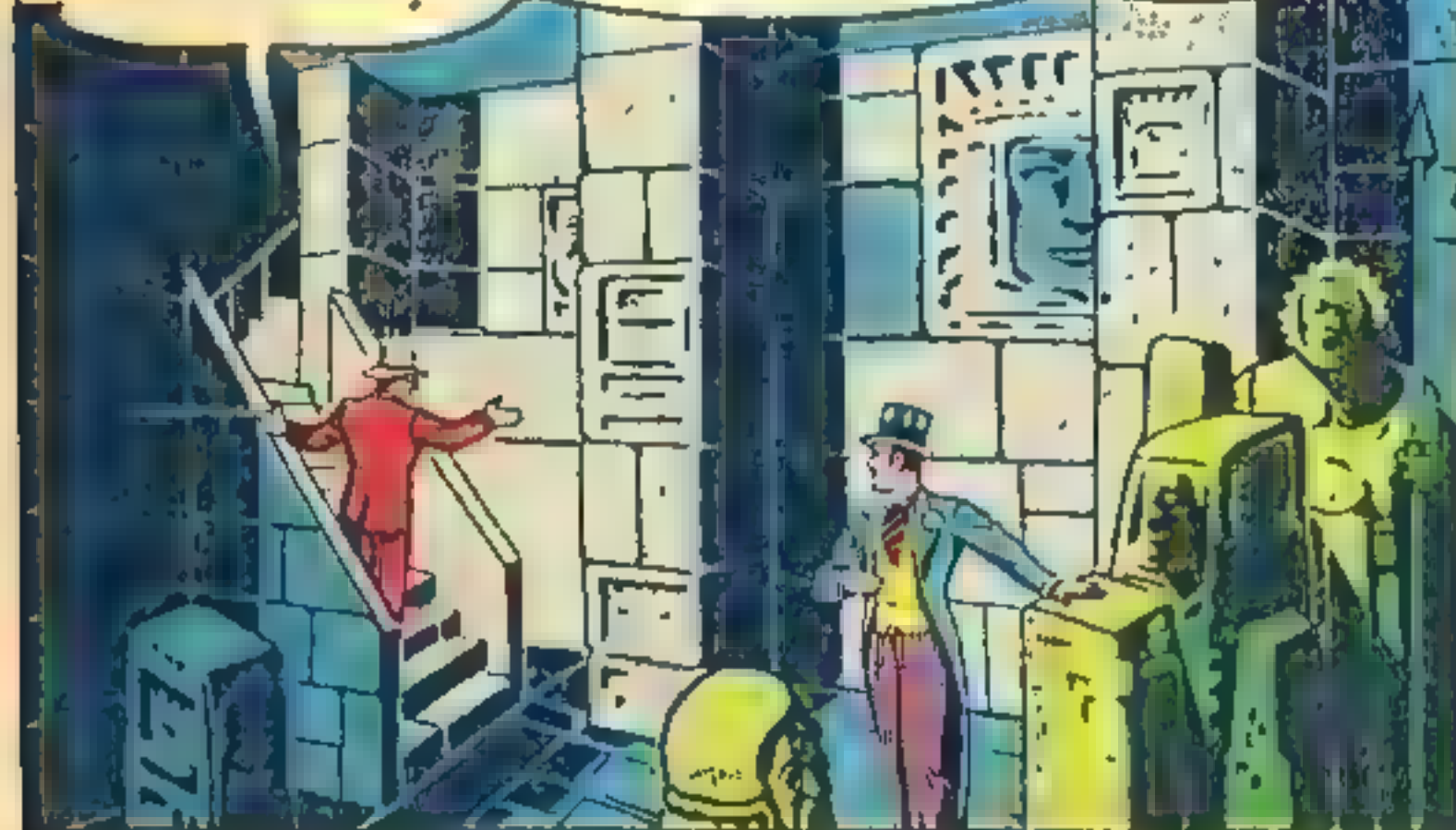


WELL, YOU SEE...

DON'T EXPLAIN! I'LL LET YOU IN! THERE'S NOTHING UNLAWFUL ABOUT FINDING BURIED GOLD AND JEWELS THAT YOUR PEOPLE ARE TOO STUPID TO TRACE. I HAVE NOTHING TO HIDE!



LOOK AROUND FOR YOURSELF! TRY TO READ THE SECRETS OF THESE ANCIENT STONES... YOU WILL FIND ONLY CARVINGS... BUT I FIND TREASURE!



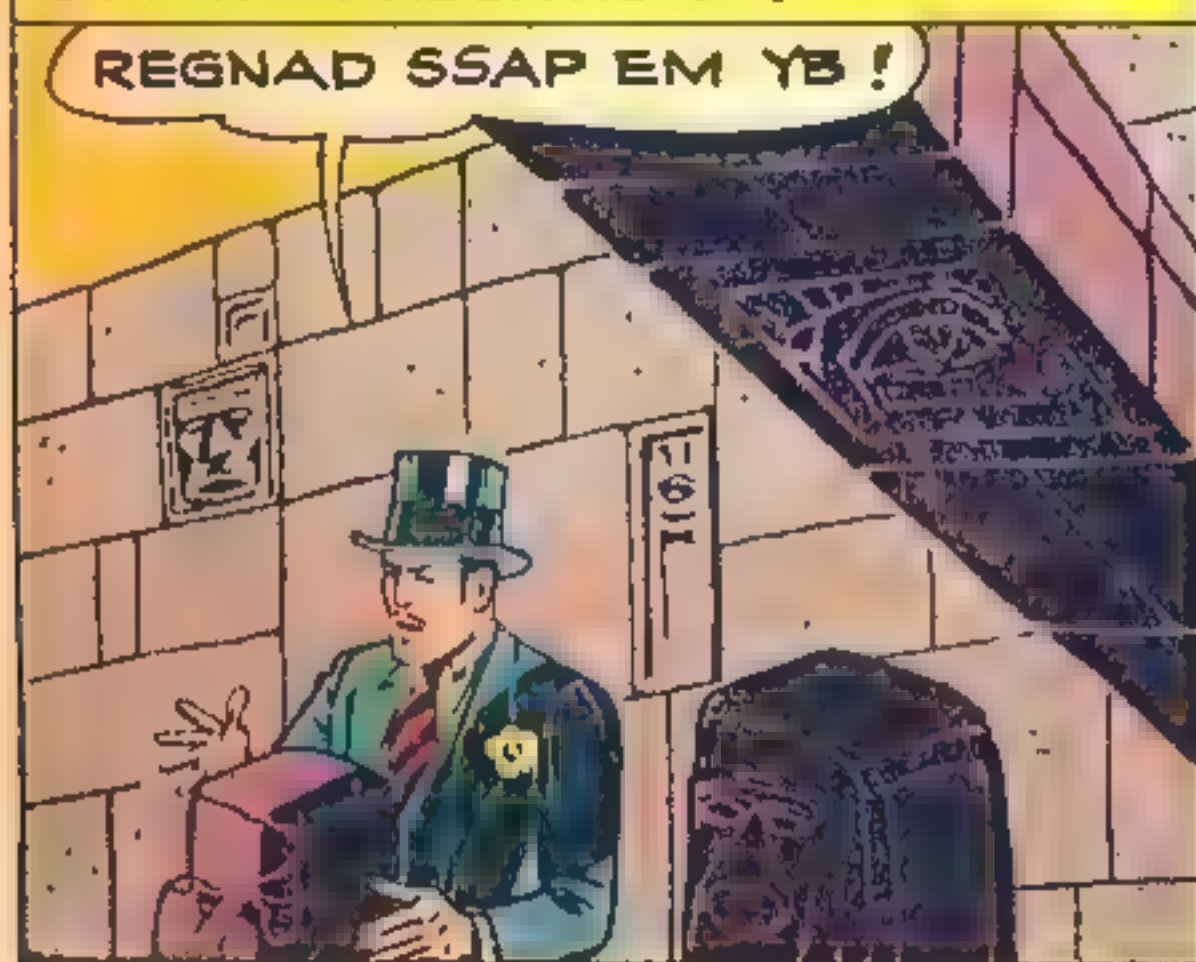
**AS THE MINUTES PASS...**

I CAN MAKE OUT SOME OF THIS... 4000 YEARS OLD... AND TREASURE BURIED UNDER... BUT WHAT'S THAT?



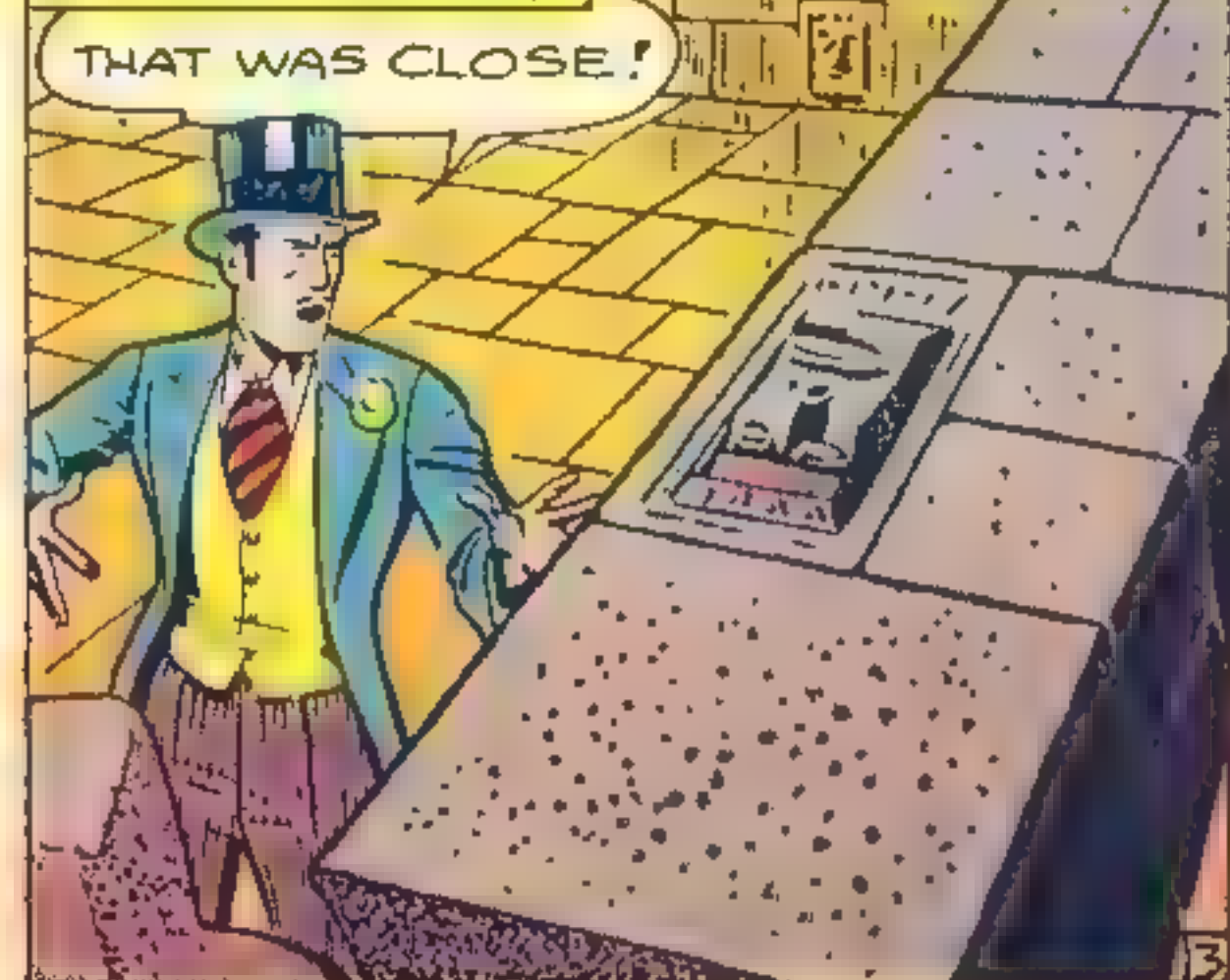
**WARNED BY SOME SAVING SEVENTH SENSE... ZATARA QUICKLY SPEAKS WITHOUT EVEN LOOKING UP!**

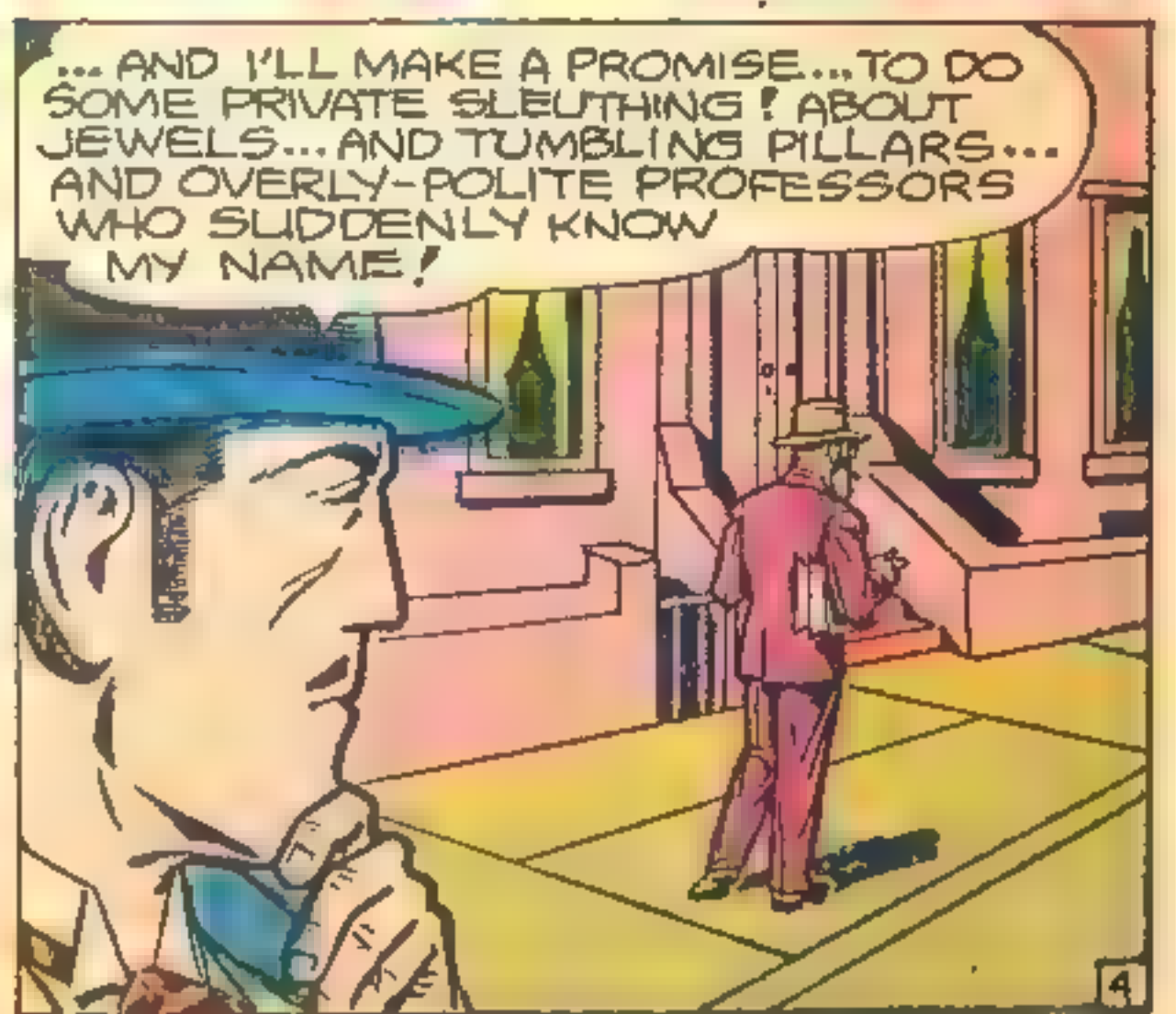
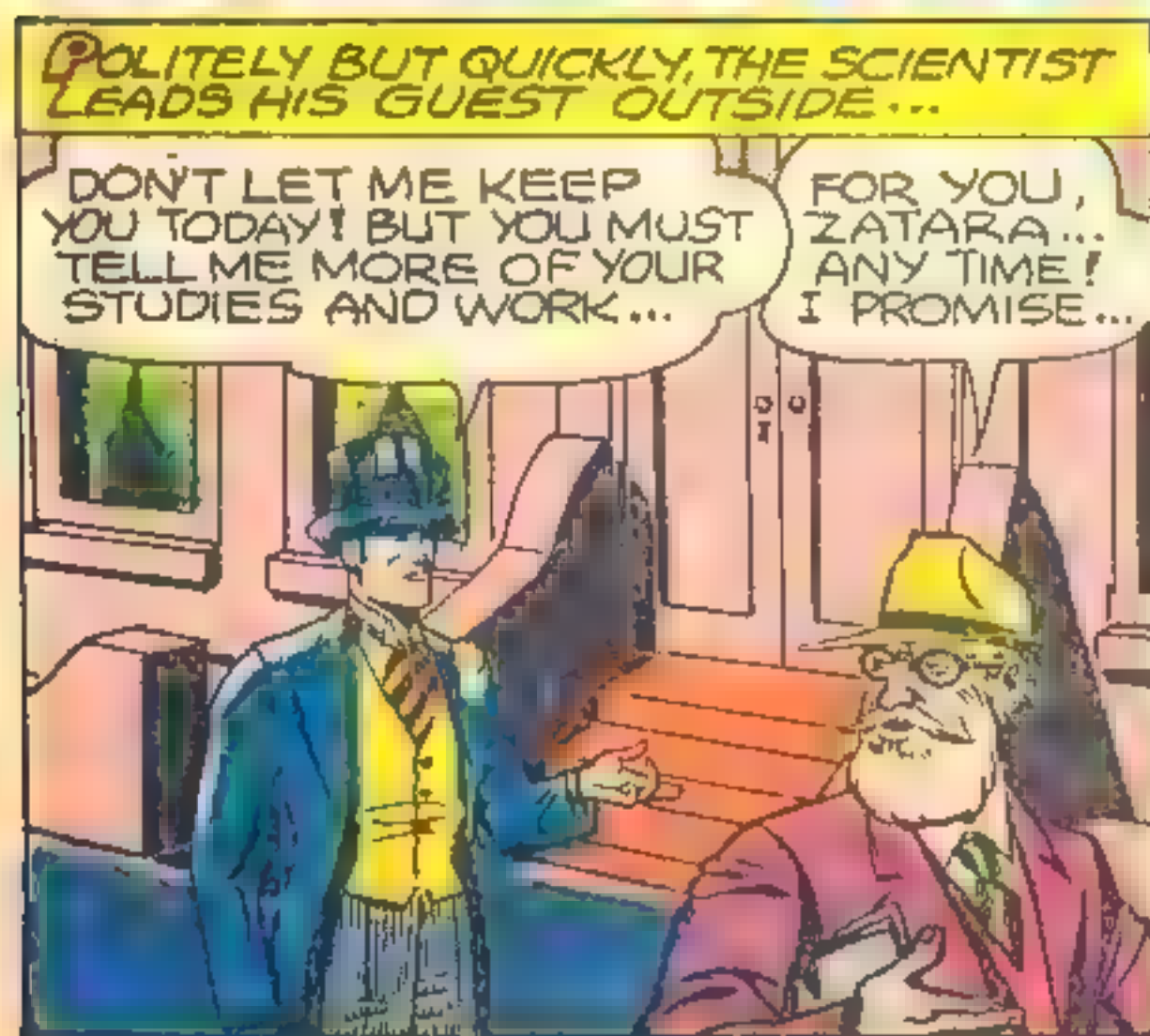
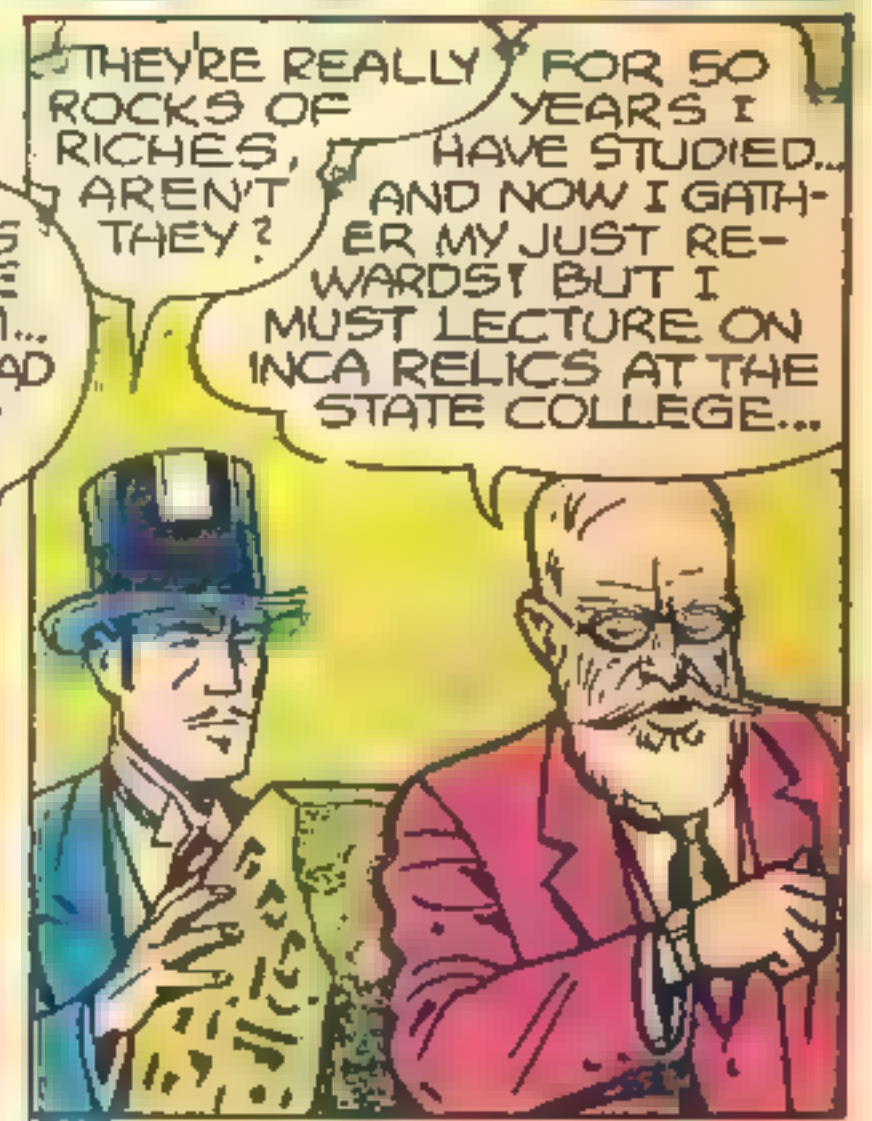
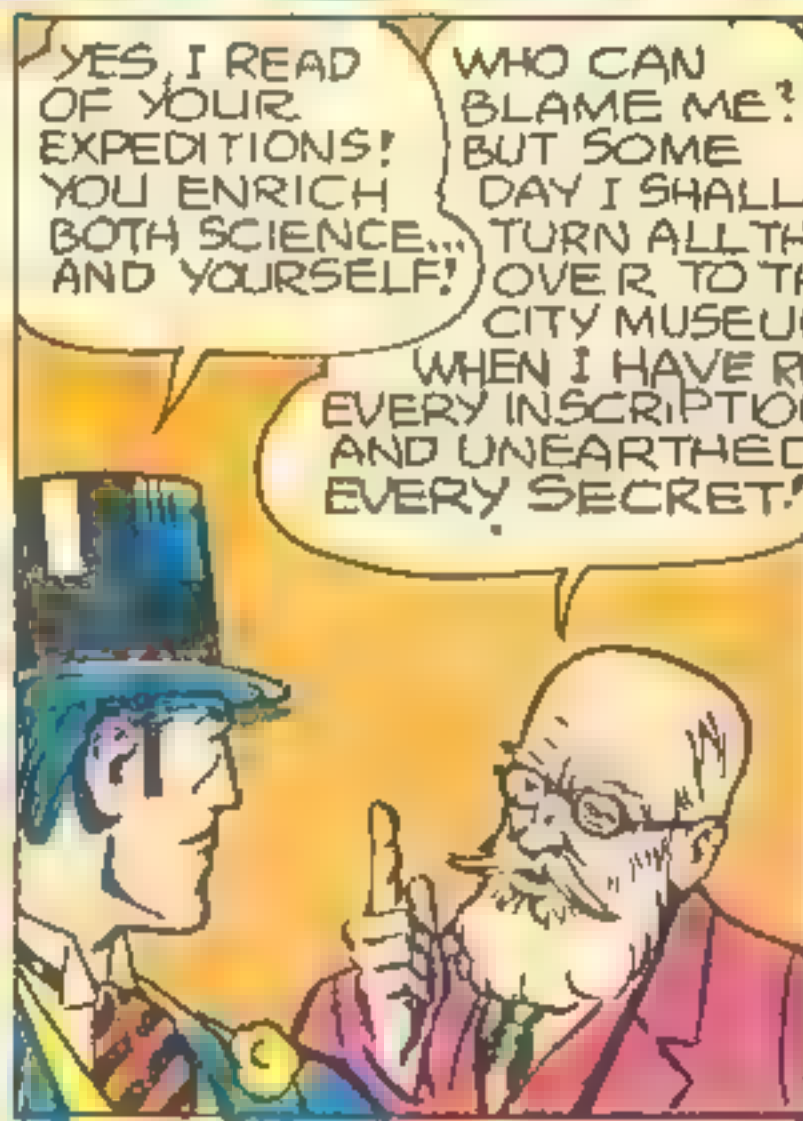
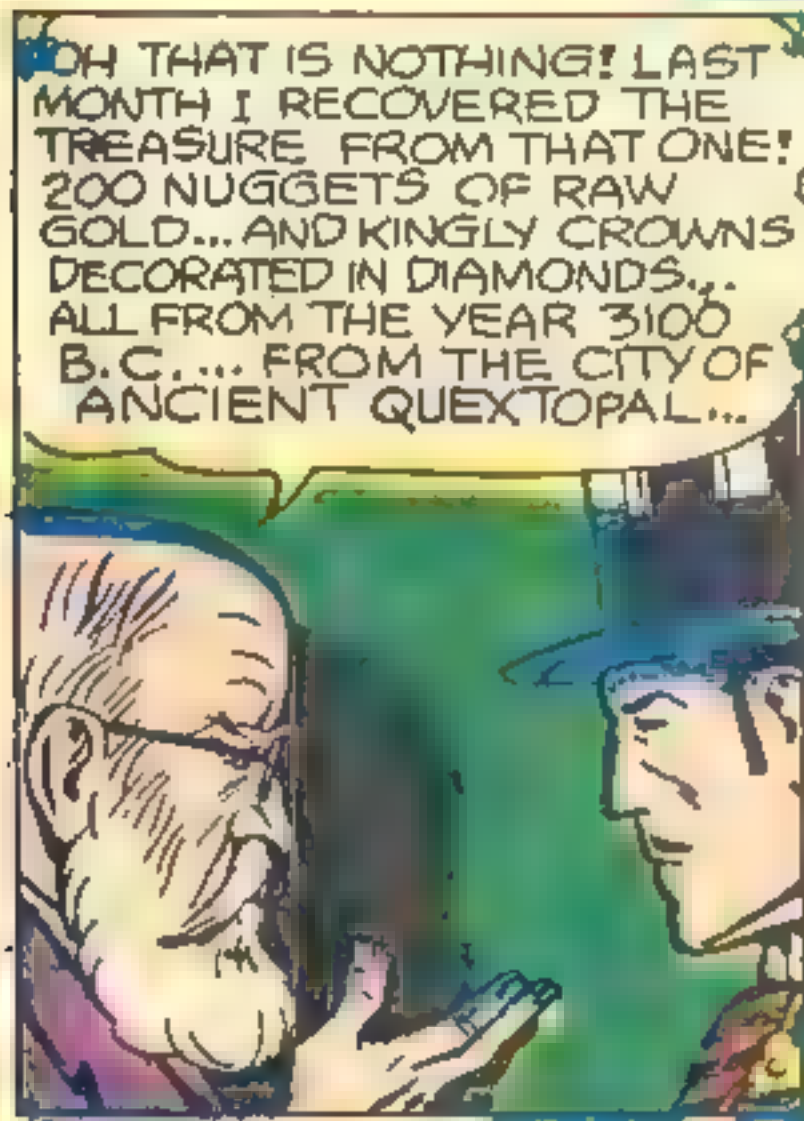
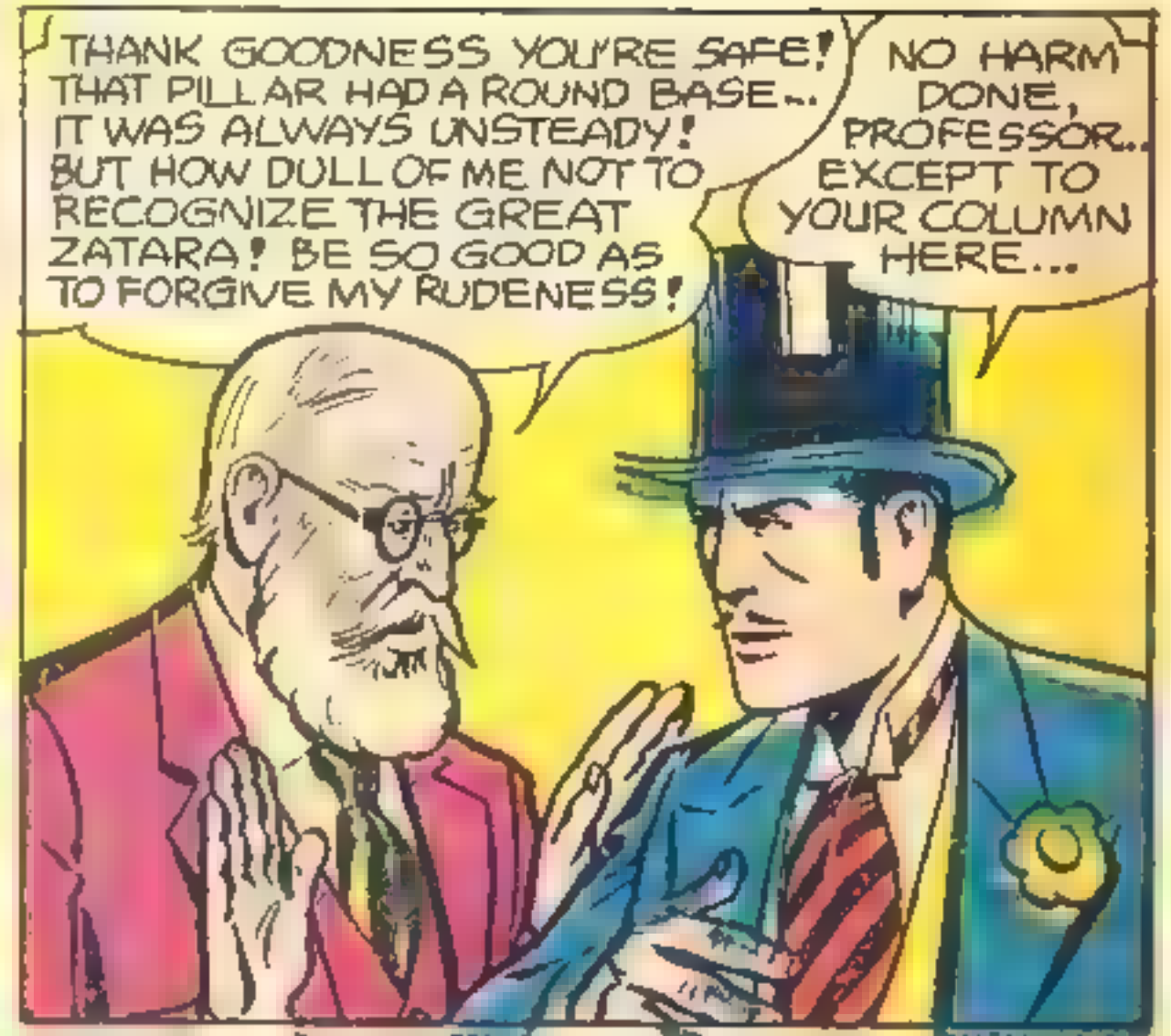
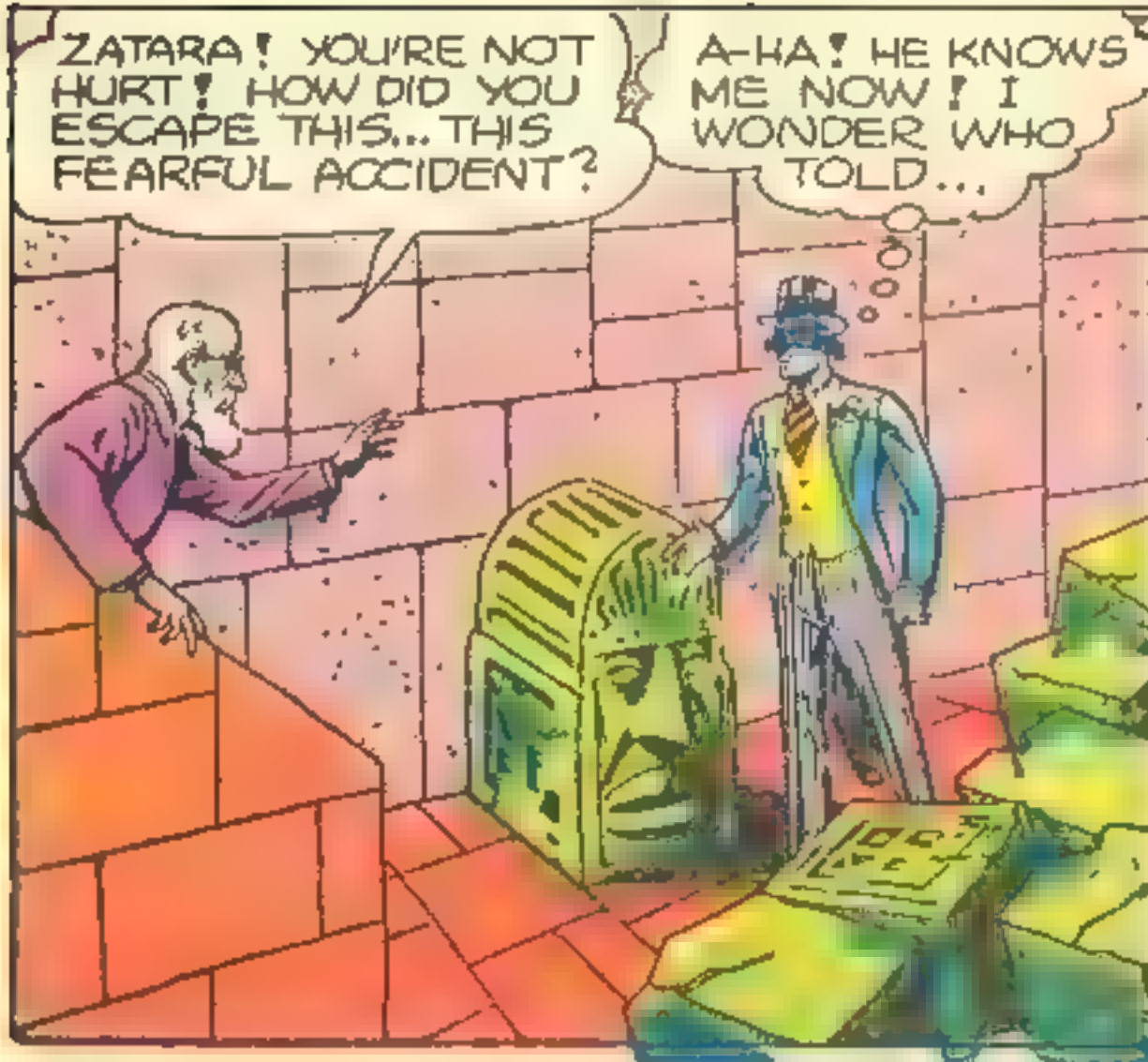
REGNAD SSAP EM YB!



**AND TEN TONS OF CRUSHING DEATH PLUNGE PAST!**

THAT WAS CLOSE!





SOON . DOWNTOWN AT THE WORLD JEWELERS EXCHANGE BUILDING...

YES.. WE ARE GRATEFUL THAT PROFESSOR PILLNER SELLS US HIS INCA TREASURES OF DIAMONDS AND GOLD... ALL BURIED FOR AGES BEFORE HE TRACES THEM! SO CLEVER! HE IS A MAN OF SCIENCE... AND HE SELLS THEM TO FINANCE HIS EXPEDITIONS!

WITHOUT PILLNER WE COULD NOT REPLACE ALL THE GEMS THAT ARE CONSTANTLY STOLEN AND DISAPPEAR IN THIS CITY..

HMMM! THANK YOU, GENTLEMEN! I'M MUCH OBLIGED...

BACK AT PROFESSOR PILLNER'S MUSEUM .. A MERE TOUCH OF ZATARA'S COMMANDING HAND, AND THE LOCK SPRINGS OPEN...

NOW TO DO A LITTLE MORE INVESTIGATING...

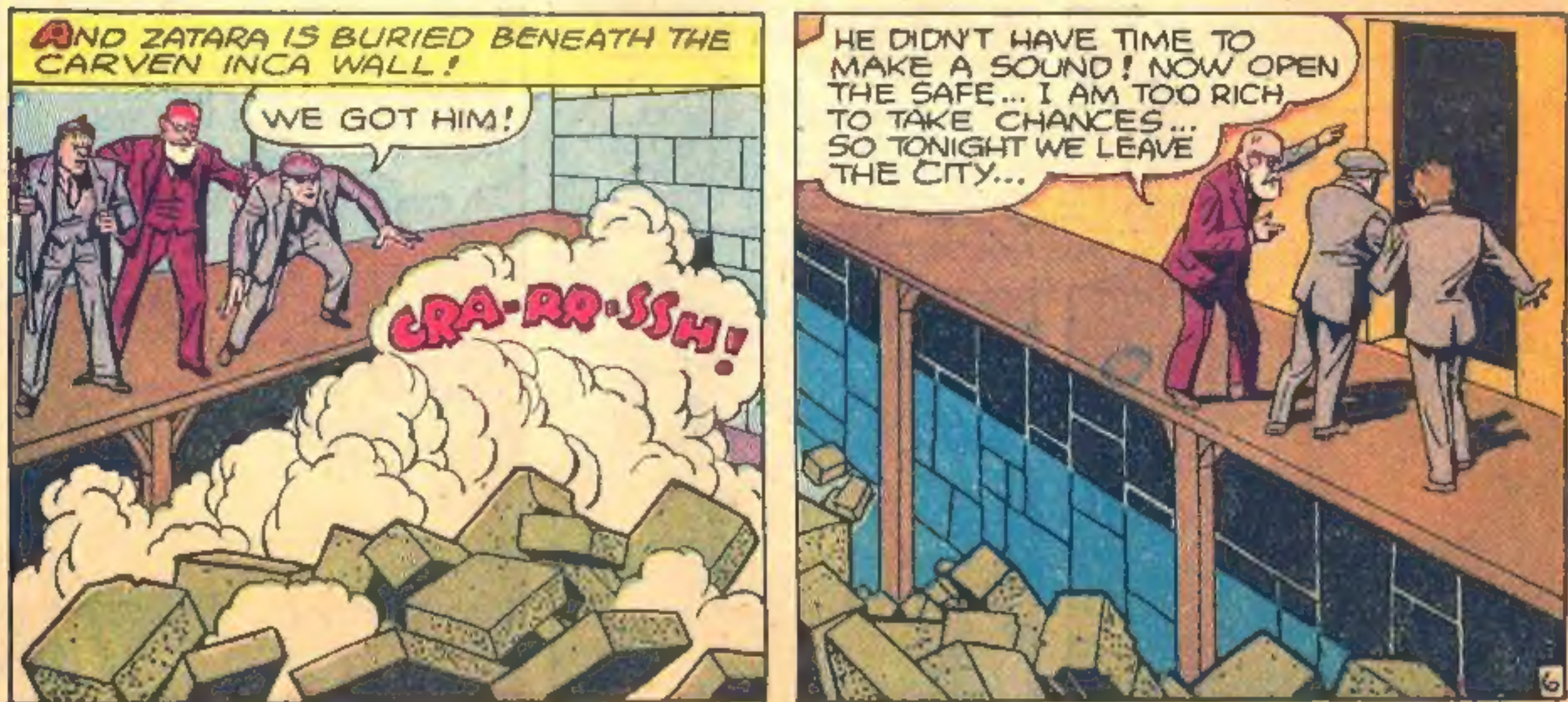
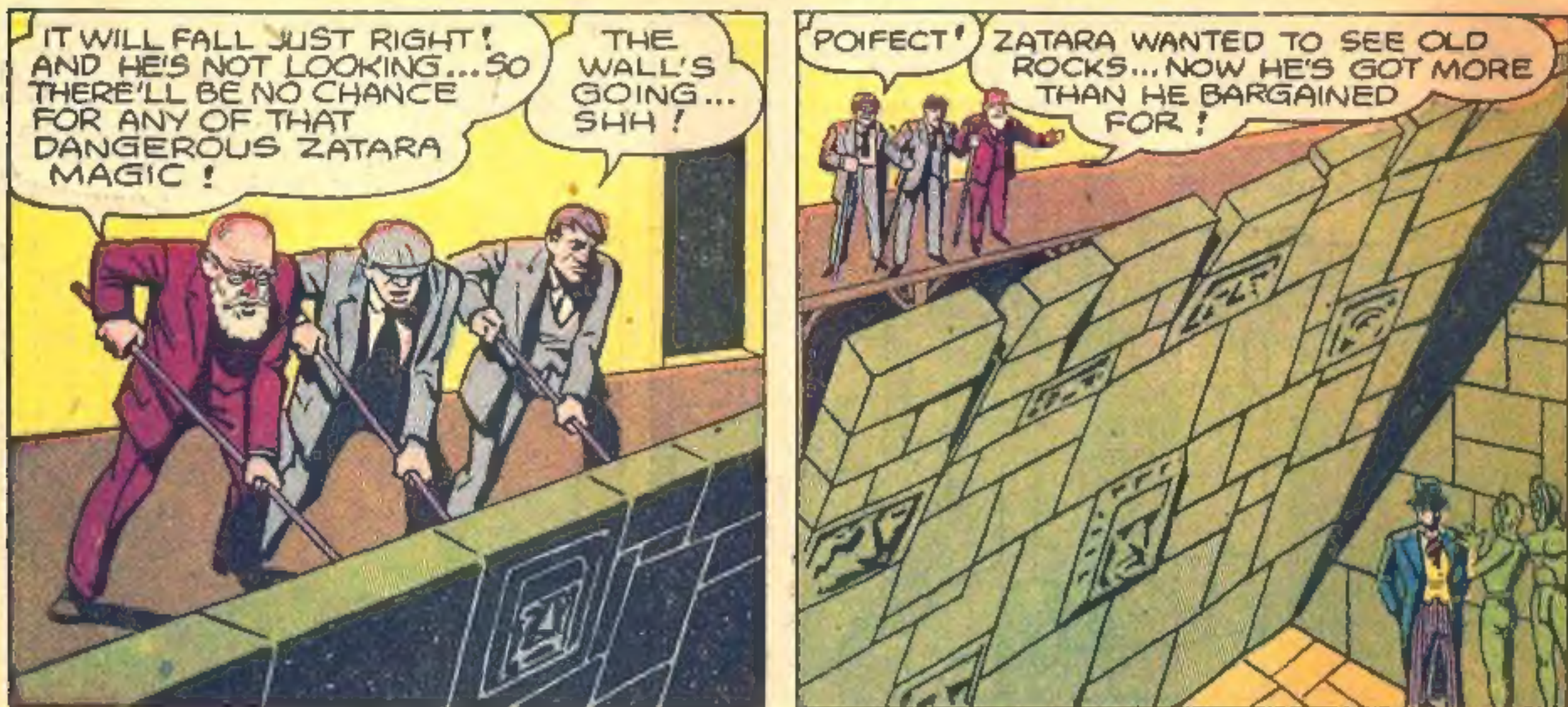
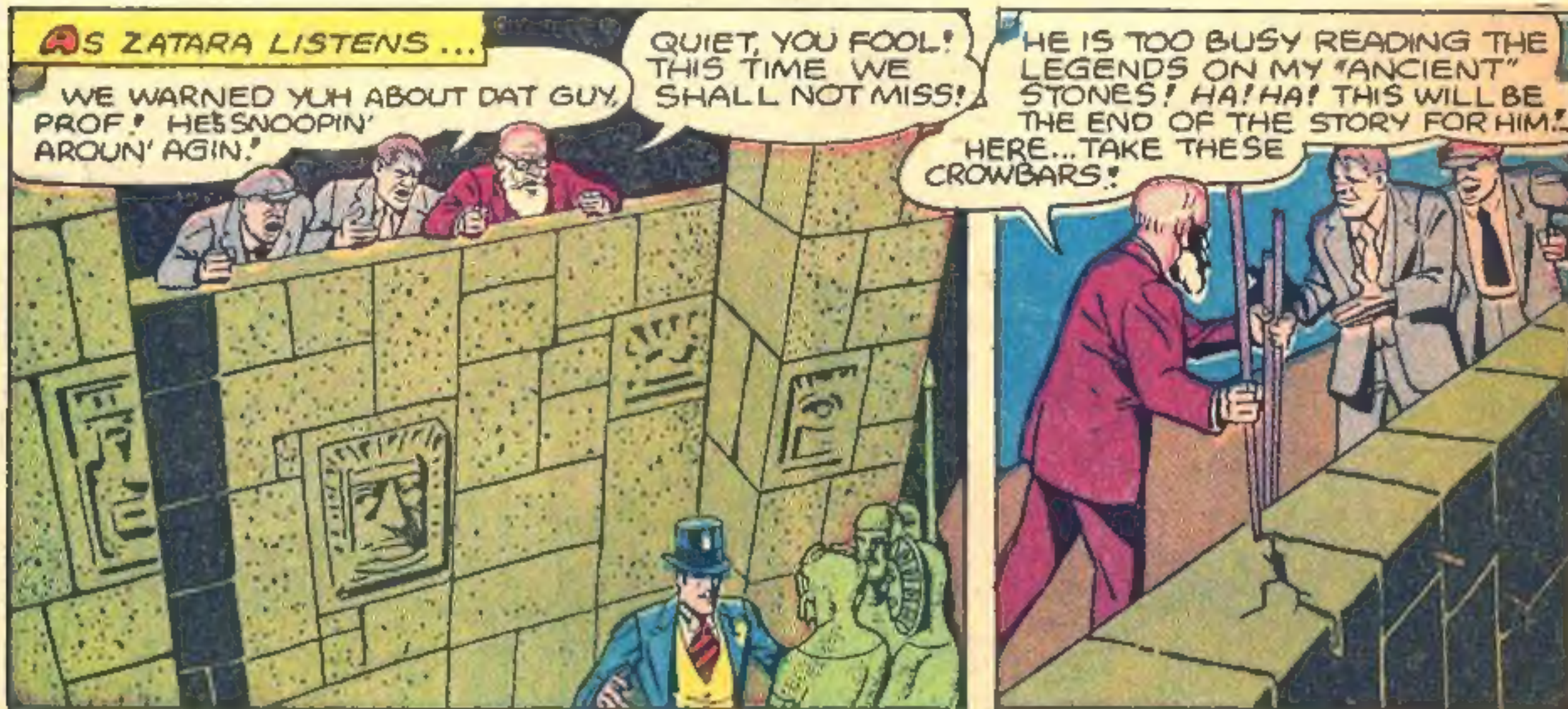
IT'S...IT'S TRUE! THIS TELLS OF THE EXACT LOCATION OF A GREAT TREASURE! IN A CAVE BY A MOUNTAIN... BUT READING THESE BLURRED LINES IS TOO SLOW! I MUST HURRY BEFORE PILLNER RETURNS!

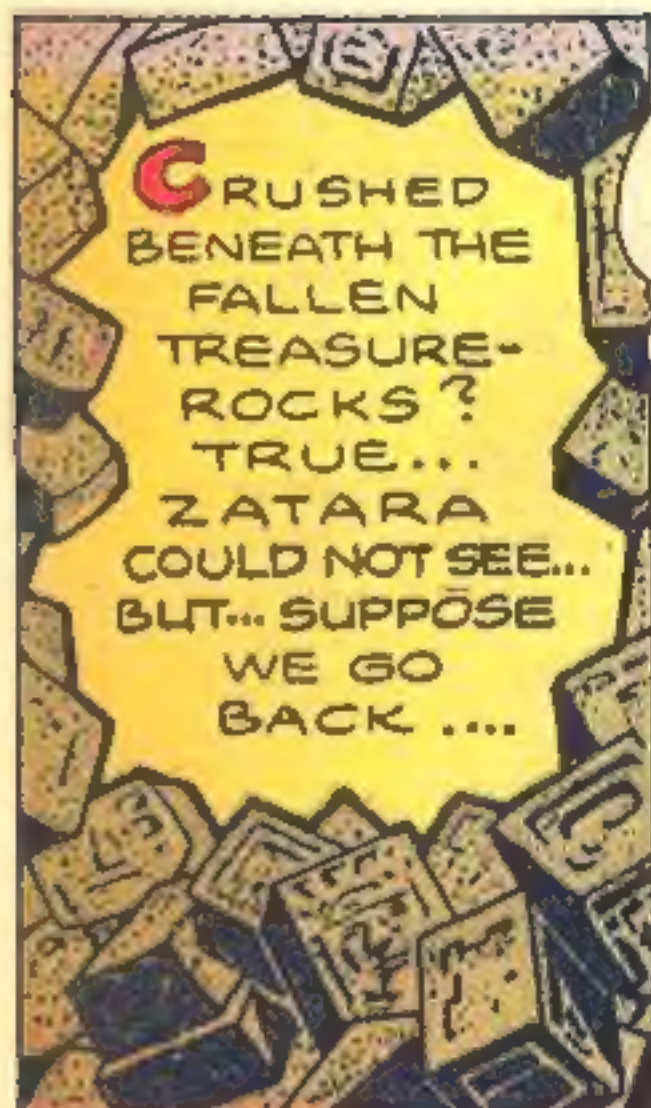
KCOR FO SLEWEJ! LLET YHT ELAT!

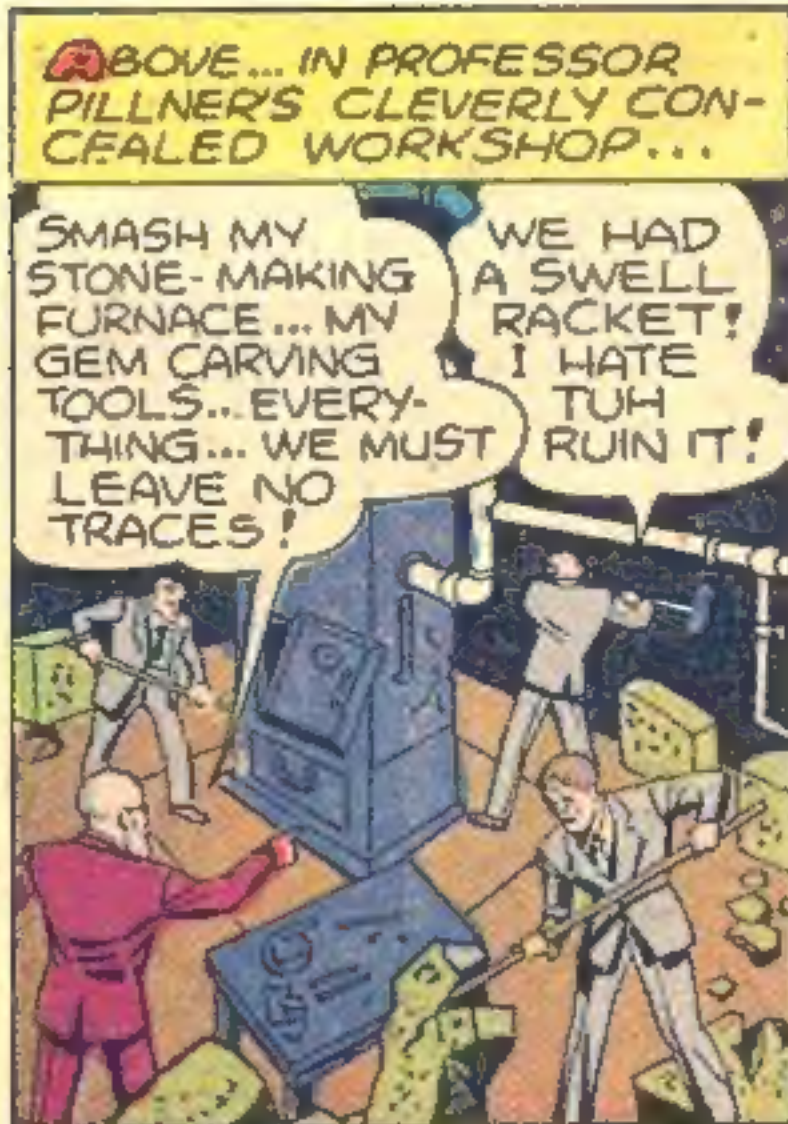
AND THE SILENT STONE SPEAKS!

ZATARA, BEWARE! I AM NO INCA GOD.. ONLY A BAKED DOLL... SHAPED BUT THREE MONTHS AGO! WITH MY ELEVEN EYES I SEE ALL THAT HAPPENS IN THIS HOUSE!

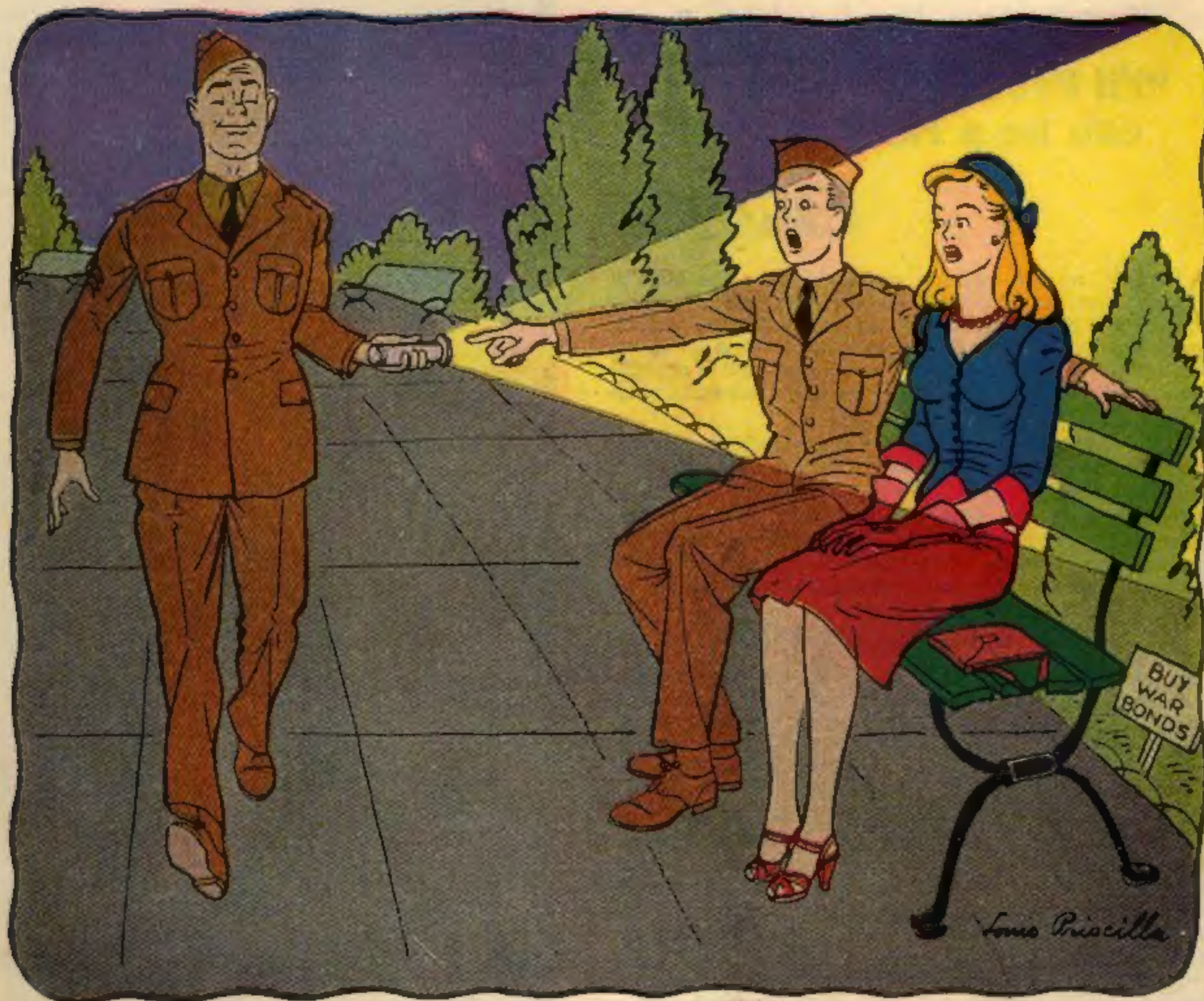
AND I, THE INCA GOD OF EARS.. I HEARD OUR MAKERS AND THEIR PLOTS! HEARKEN .. ZATARA... WHILE WE TELL THEE ALL...







# **LIGHTER MOMENTS** with **fresh Eveready Batteries**



**"You're violating the blackout, Sergeant."**

**A** THOUGHT to keep in mind, next time your dealer is out of "Eveready" flashlight batteries: Nearly all we can make right now are being put to good use by either the armed forces or essential war industries.

*You, personally, can save a soldier's life by giving a pint of blood to the Red Cross. They maintain Blood Donor Centers in 35 cities. Call for an appointment now!*

*The word "Eveready" is a registered trade-mark of National Carbon Company, Inc.*

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